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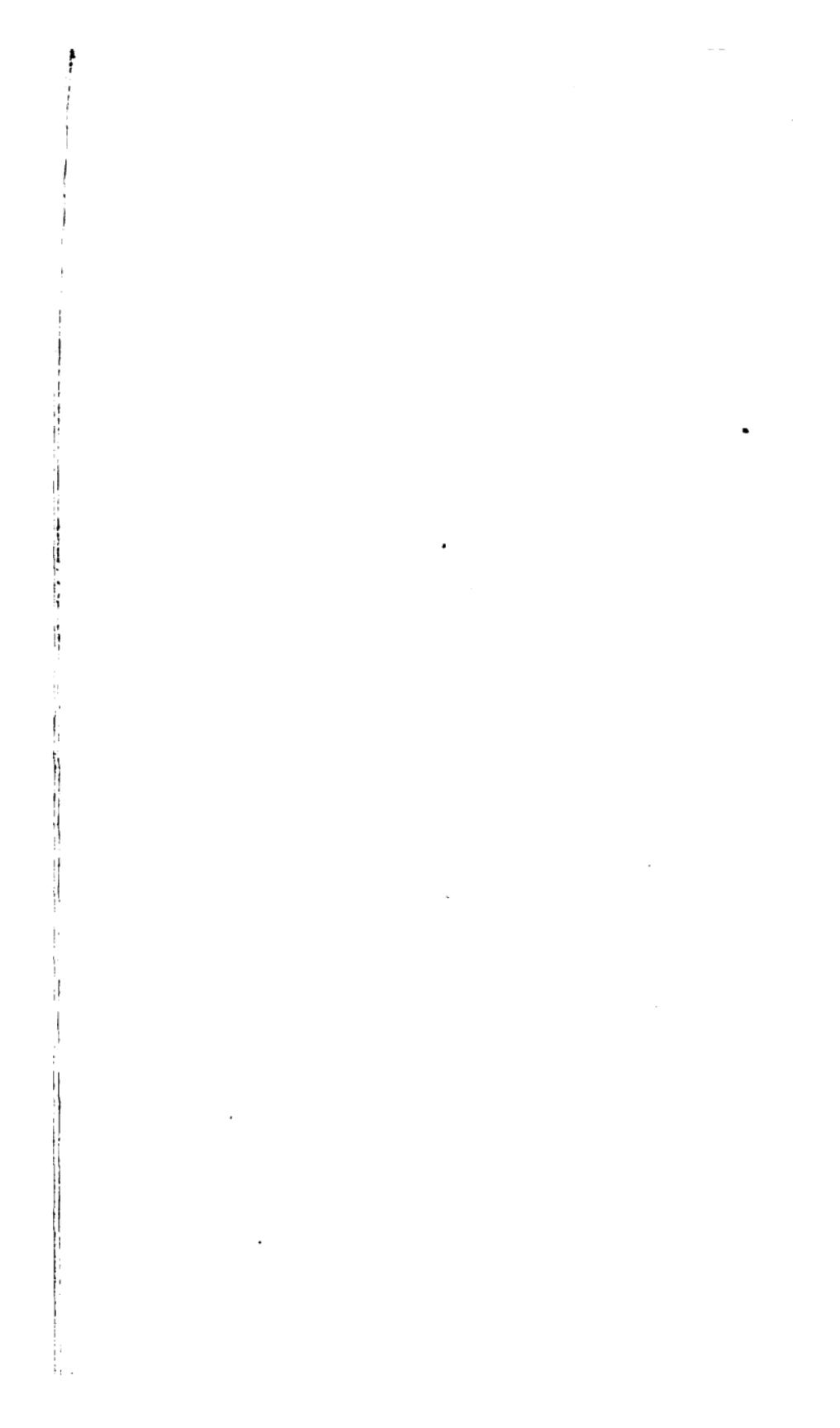
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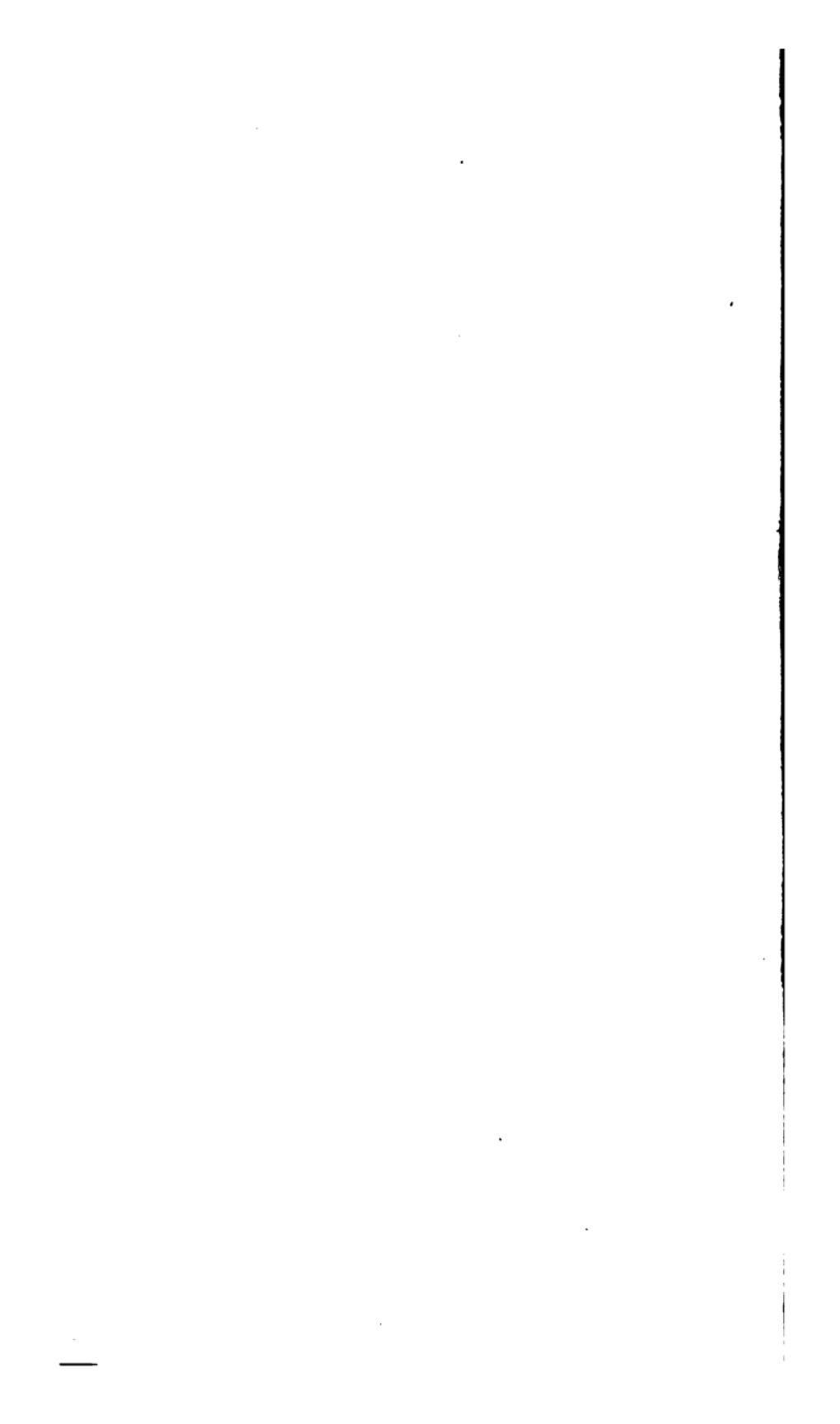
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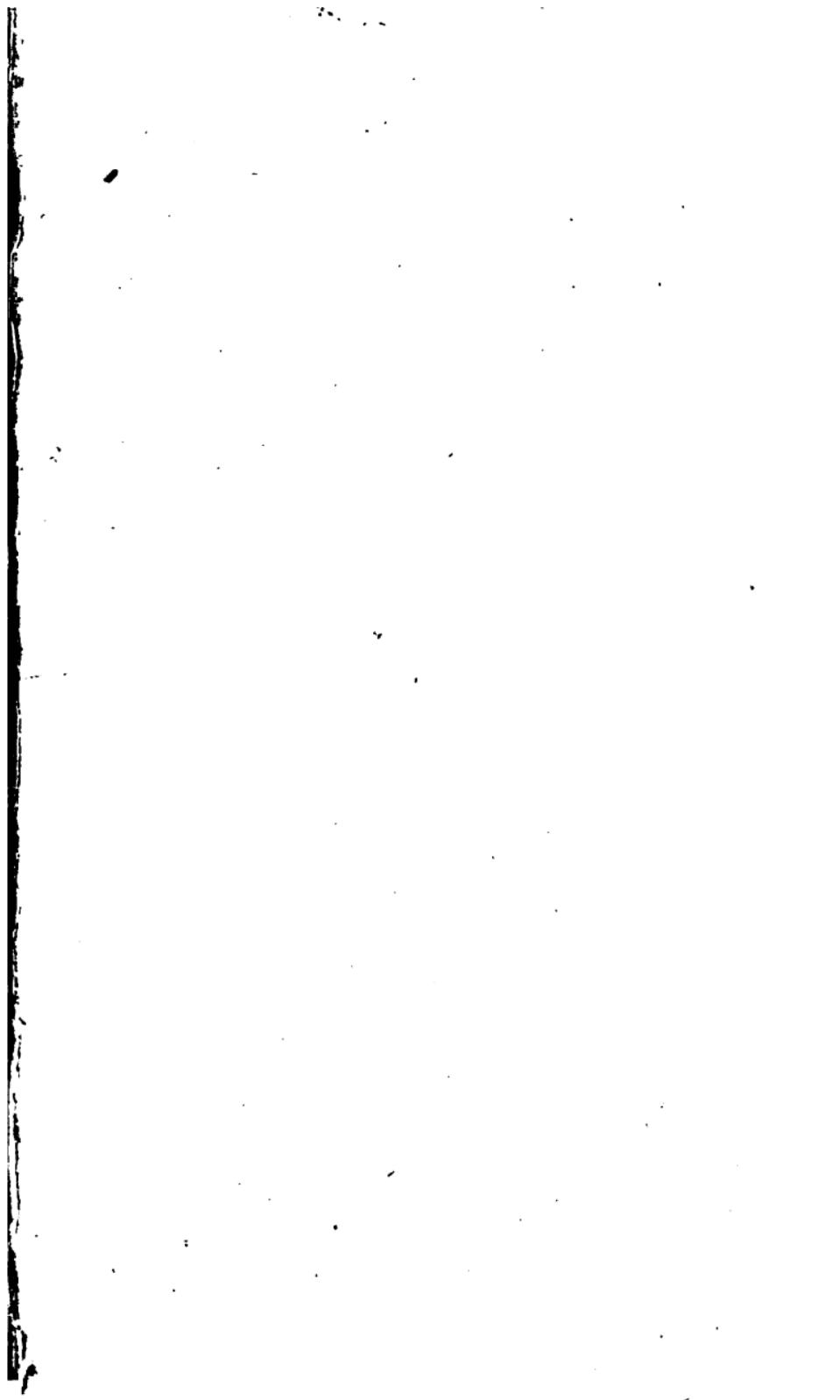
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Eleg

THE
AMERICAN ORATOR;

OR,

Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry;

COMPREHENDING A DIVERSITY OF

ORATORICAL SPECIMENS,

OF THE

Eloquence of Popular Assemblies,

OF THE BAR, OF THE PULPIT, &c.

Principally intended for the use of Schools and Academies.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

A DISSERTATION ON

Oratorical Delivery and the Outlines of Gesture.

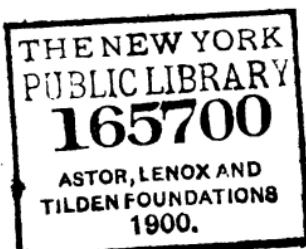
"There is as much Eloquence in the Tone of Voice, in the Look, and in the Gesture of an Orator, as in the Use of his Words."

BY INCREASE COOKE.

SIDNEY'S PRESS.

For John Babcock & Son, New-Haven, and
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1819.



District of Connecticut, to wit.

BE it remembered, That on the nineteenth day of October, in the thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Increase Cooke, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit, "The American Orator, or elegant extracts in prose and poetry, comprehending a diversity of oratorical specimens of the eloquence of popular assemblies, of the bar, of the pulpit, &c. principally intended for the use of schools and academies. To which are prefixed a dissertation on oratorical delivery, and the outlines of gesture.—By Increase Cooke.—" There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the use of his words."—In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

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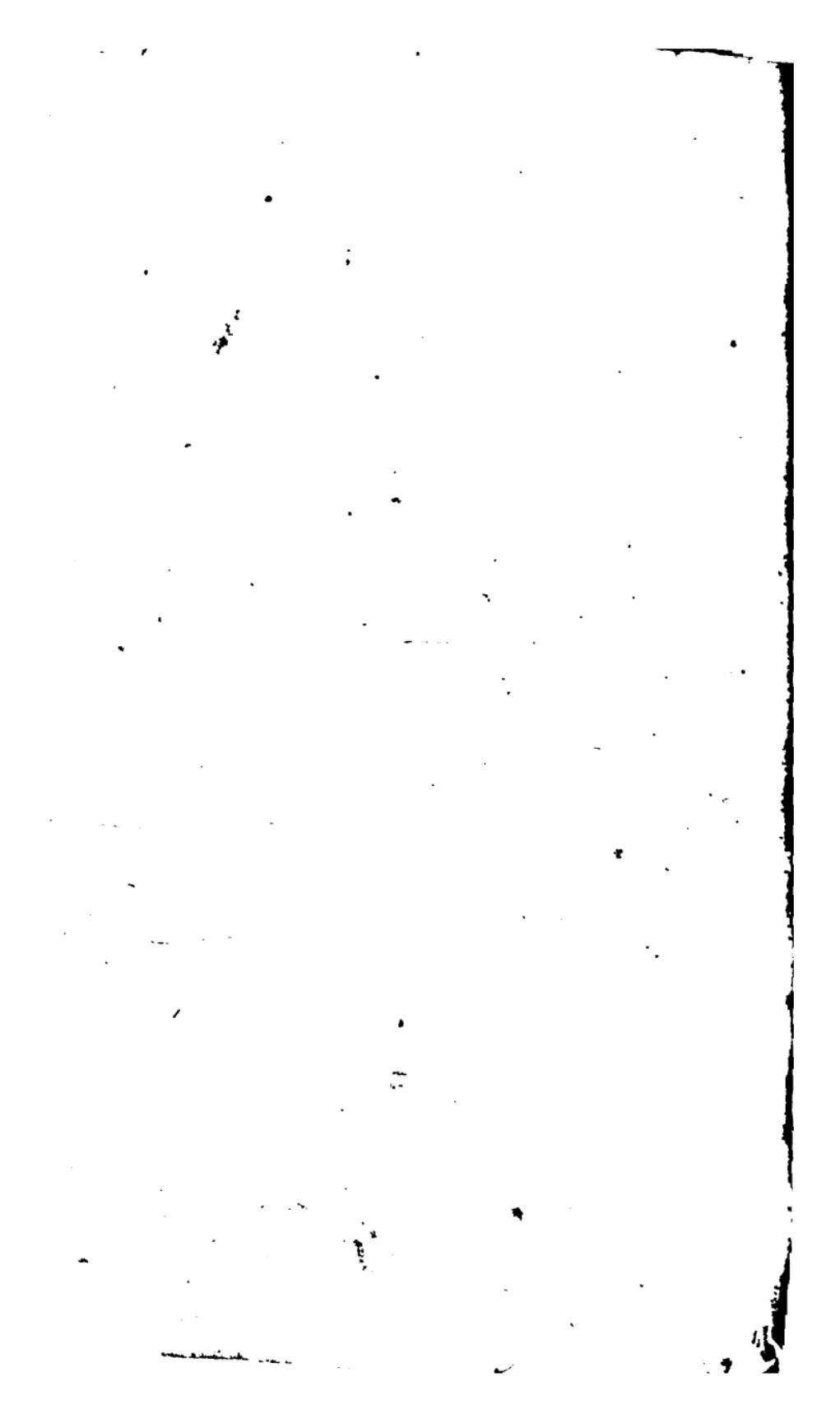
IN
Knowledge, Taste, and Virtue,
THE FOLLOWING
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is respectfully inscribed

BY

The AUTHOR.

NEW HAVEN, }
OCTOBER, 1811. }



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Publication is principally intended for the accommodation of TEACHERS of ELOCUTION, and of YOUNG PERSONS, who are in the course of their EDUCATION; yet to Readers of every class.....to the private Citizen, and to the Christian, as well as to the advanced Scholar, and to the Orator.....it presents an agreeable companion, particularly suited to fill up short intervals of accidental leisure.

A GENERAL VIEW of the variety comprehended in this volume; with the names of the Authors from whose works extracts have been made, so far as they could be ascertained with certainty, is exhibited in the following TABLE

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THE DISSERTATION ON ORATORICAL DELIVERY, and the OUTLINES OF GESTURE, which are

prefixed, are mostly abstracted from Chapman's Orator, and are fuller and more minute, it is believed, than what is commonly to be met with in compilations of this sort.

LIVING AUTHORS, it is hoped, will not be displeased that useful and elegant passages have been borrowed of them, since, as they wrote to reform and improve the age, they will perceive at once, that to place their most important instructions, and salutary admonitions, in the hands of Young Persons, and to adapt them to the use of SCHOOLS and ACADEMIES, is to contribute most effectually to the accomplishment of their benevolent design. The works themselves at large are so voluminous and expensive, as to be precluded from ~~a~~ general circulation..... extracts, therefore, are highly expedient, or ~~re~~ther absolutely necessary.

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A

DISSERTATION

ON

ORATORICAL DELIVERY.

Part I.

Reading, Recitation, Declamation, and Oratory.

THE general objects of public speaking are, instruction, persuasion, or entertainment. These objects are sometimes kept distinct, sometimes they are combined in various proportions.

In their various modes of exercise, these objects will attain their ends, that is, succeed in influencing the hearer in the degree proposed, not only by the interesting matter which may be presented to him, but also by the manner in which it is presented. The manner is called the delivery. And the advantages of good delivery are such, as to conceal in *some degree* the blemishes of the composition, or the matter delivered, and to add lustre to its beauties ; in so much, that a *good* composition, well delivered, shall, with any popular audience, succeed better in its object, whether that be instruction, persuasion, or entertainment, than a *superior* composition not delivered so well.

The modes adopted in public speaking are, reading, recitation, declamation, oratory, and acting. Of which, the three first are often practised for the purpose of exercise or preparation, as well as on real occasions.

B

Reading may be defined, the art of delivering written language with propriety, force, and elegance.—This, if not the simplest mode of public speaking, is, among cultivated nations, the most useful and the easiest. Because, any man can, in this mode, deliver the sentiments of the wisest of all ages and nations, in language already prepared and approved ; and the public speaker has, on ordinary occasions, only to pronounce *intelligibly*, what he has before him ; or, if he would perfectly discharge his office on higher occasions, *impressively*. Reading may be described under the following kinds, beginning from that which requires the lowest efforts of the talents of delivery, and proceeding to that which requires the highest. The scale of reading, will then be disposed thus :

1. Intelligible.
2. Correct.
3. Impressive.
4. Rhetorical.
5. Dramatic.
6. Epic.

The lowest degree of reading aloud for the information of others, which can be admitted as useful to the public, is that which is named *intelligible* reading. To a reader of this class, the following are the only requisites, good articulation, proper attention to pauses and accents, and sufficient effort of voice, to render himself audible to all concerned.

To the articulation, pauses, accent, and efforts of voice, necessary to render a reader fully intelligible, the *correct* reader must add something more ; the additional requisites for him are emphasis, purity of pronunciation, and suitable demeanor. The *correct* reader must evince his own just conception of what he reads, by applying proper emphases, which serve as touches of light in a picture to bring forward the principal objects. He must study purity of pronunciation, that he may not offend, and distract the attention of his hearers, by diverting it from his subject, and turning it upon himself. Upon this principle, it is necessary that he be most careful not to offend by affectation ; which, even in a greater degree, than provincial vulgarity itself, disturbs the attention

from the proper objects of public speaking, persuasion, and instruction.

In addition to the requisites necessary to the *correct* reader, the *impressive* reader must possess the following: expression of the voice, expression of countenance, direction of the eye, variety of manner as to rapidity of delivery, and rhetorical pauses.—Hence, *impressive* reading comprehends two entire divisions of the art of delivery, the modulation of the voice, and the expression of the countenance; of gesture, the third division, it partakes but little, and that little, is very different from what is proper for oratory.

Within the whole range, through which the exercise of this valuable talent, the art of reading, is extended, *impressive* reading will be found no where so requisite, as in delivering the Scriptures. Their composition is of that original and various character, which demands every effort on his part, who is called upon to deliver them for the instruction of others. Hardly is there a chapter, which does not contain something, which requires the most *impressive* reading; as remonstrance, threatening, command, encouragement, sublime description, awful judgements. The narrative is interrupted by frequent and often unexpected transitions; by bold and unusual figures; and by precepts of most extensive application, and most admirable use.

In the narrative, the reader should deliver himself with a suitable simplicity and gravity of demeanor. In the transitions, which are often rapid, he should manifest a quick conception, and by rhetorical pauses and suitable changes of voice, express and render intelligible, the new matter or change of scene. In the figurative and sublime, which every where abound, his voice should be sonorous, and his countenance expressive of the elevation of his subject. In the precepts, he should deliver himself with judgement and discretion; and when he repeats the words

and precepts, as recorded of our Lord himself, with more distinguished mildness, mingled with dignified authority. Such reading, would be a perpetual and luminous commentary on the Sacred Writings ; and would convey more solid information, than the most learned and brilliant sermons.

If to the *impressive* stile of reading, be added such a degree of acquaintance with the subject, as that it shall be nearly committed to memory, and that it be also accompanied with gesture to a certain degree, and more decided expression of the eyes and countenance, it constitutes a more forcible stile, which may be termed *rhetorical* reading. This stile of reading is adapted to popular discourses from the pulpit, which if intended to be so delivered, should be composed in all the form of a regular oration. Because, as one subject of discourse, requires a different stile of composition, it requires also a different manner of reading. *Correct* reading suits a discourse on evidences ; *impressive* reading, on exhortation ; and *rhetorical* reading, those subjects which call for the higher exertions of pulpit eloquence, as funeral orations, great public occasions, the solicitation of alms for useful charities, and in all discourses where the orator has to excite passion and emotion. Public reading within these limits, will be found, if not capable of all the brilliancy that can be desired, yet to possess great and solid advantages. To read well, should be esteemed a very high attainment in public speaking ; and no labour should be thought too arduous for its acquirement, by those who are likely to be called upon, in any situation to read in public ; that is, by any men of liberal education or rank in life, above the lowest vulgar ; each of whom, will probably on some occasion, be obliged to exhibit his talent.

Reading in private is seldom carried farther than that description called *impressive*. But in the reading of a play, when one person goes through the

whole drama, a manner is almost necessarily adopted, which may be called *dramatic* reading. In this style of reading, the voice, the countenance, and the delivery, as to rapidity or slowness, force or feebleness, are nearly suited to the character which is supposed at any time to speak; and even provincial and foreign accents, are also in some degree imitated; moderate gesture of the hand is used, accompanied now and then with the head, in passages requiring particular discrimination. But the efforts of the reader, in mere private and family society, seldom go farther.

The talent for *dramatic* reading in its highest excellence is very rare. It includes not only all the requisites for *correct*, *impressive*, and *dramatic* reading of the ordinary kind, which is sufficient for the mere presenting the scenes of a play to a domestic circle: but the fine *dramatic* reader must be possessed of the quickest conception, and of an eye which intuitively comprehends the whole dialogue at a glance, of a versatility of manner capable of adapting itself to every character, and such a power of modulation of the voice as shall also present each changing character to the hearer, within the bounds of decorous imitation, without naming him, which would often break the interest of the scene; and above all, he must possess a true and lively feeling of the situation and interest of every person in the drama.

History, which is the most improving subject of private reading, in the mere narrative parts, requires no greater efforts on the part of the reader, than the style which is termed *correct*. But in lively description of places, situations, and great actions, *impressive* reading is altogether necessary; and in the speeches which sometimes occur, *rhetorical* reading should in some measure, be introduced.

The same circumstances occur more frequently and more heightened in epic poetry: and, therefore,

as well as on account of the lofty measure and elevated language, an epic poem requires of the reader a more dignified and exalted strain, and a manner almost constantly sustained above the ordinary level. Descriptions, in such poetry, abound more, and are more highly ornamented than in the most interesting history: similes and other poetical figures are introduced in all their grandeur and beauty; battles are described with the most terrible and striking precision, and speeches are delivered with all the ornaments, and all the powers of eloquence. Thus, every thing sublime and beautiful, awful and pathetic, being assembled in an epic poem, as in a tragedy, the reader must be all awake, if he would deliver either with just effect; he must be filled with his subject, governed by taste and judgement, alive to feeling, and inspired like the poet himself, with a degree of enthusiasm.

Of Recitation and Declamation.

If the public speaker desire to give to the composition, which he delivers, more interest than it can derive from mere reading; or rather desire to give it the highest interest of which it is capable; he must commit it perfectly to memory, and adorn and enforce it with all the aids of the various modulations of the voice, expression of the countenance and suitable gesture. So that, even though he should deliver the sentiments of another person, he must appear altogether to adopt and feel, and recommend them as his own. When the composition thus delivered is poetical, this mode of public speaking is called *recitation*. When it is argumentative, and pronounced or composed on an imaginary occasion, for the purpose of exercising the speaker's rhetorical talents, it is called *declamation*. And when the speaker delivers in this manner, a composition of his own on a real occasion, it is *oratory*: for the acquiring of the

external art of which *récitation* and *declamation* are chiefly practised.

Recitation, as not implying the composition of the speaker, may be considered according to the order of the requisite acquirements in the place, immediately after rhetorical reading : to all the requisites for which, *recitation* must add perfect memory and suitable gesture. In *recitation*, and all the other modes of public speaking, the whole person is, or may be exhibited, and every part takes its share in the gesture. *Recitation* being properly the rhetorical delivery of poetical compositions and pieces of imagination, the performer should stand apart from the company. In its first degrees, *recitation* is practised in private, as a rhetorical exercise by young persons ; in its most perfect degrees, it is exhibited in public, as a very high species of dramatic entertainment. The great variety in poetical composition and works of imagination, must afford equal variety for the modes of *recitation*.

Declamation, which is properly a prose exercise, composed by the speaker on some imaginary subject or occasion; on account of the requisite ability in composition, as well as in the exercise of all the arts of delivery, may be considered as next in order above *recitation*. The ancient Roman orators bestowed extraordinary attention upon the composition and practice of *declamation*.

Cicero continued this practice many years after he had arrived at the highest eminence as an orator ; and, after his example, the most celebrated of the Roman orators followed the same plan.

Of Oratory.

Oratory, which is public speaking upon real and interesting occasions, is the most splendid object of all literary exertion, and the highest scope of all the study and practice of the art. To *oratory* belongs whatever the perfection of composition can produce, as well

as all which the perfections of delivery can externally recommend and enforce. Oratory is the power of reasoning, united to the various arts of persuasion, presented by external grace, and by the whole energy of the human powers. Reasoning divested of rhetorical composition and rhetorical delivery, becomes strict demonstration. Such reasoning is found in logic, mathematics, evidences of facts, and law arguments. Reasoning, in this sense, is distinct from oratory : both, indeed, aim at bringing over men to their opinions, but by different means. Reasoning, appeals to the understanding alone ; oratory deals with the passions also. Reasoning, proceeds directly to the truth, and exhibits it in the simplest language. Oratory chooses the most favorable view of the subject, engages the attention of the hearer by the detail of circumstances, interests him by the coloring which he gives them, delights him by ornament, and, having won his favorable attention, appeals at once to his understanding and to his heart. When the subject admits of demonstration, reasoning is the most powerful ; it is irresistible : but when strict demonstration cannot be had, oratory has then the advantage. And since, in a very few of the most interesting inquiries, which occupy the attention of men, strict demonstration can be obtained, so the demand for the talents of the orator is frequent and indispensable in the business of life. Reasoning is, therefore, applied principally to philosophical research, and to objects of science : oratory to the interests of men, and to objects admitting choice. It is an advantage which oratory possesses above reasoning, that oratory constantly avails itself of reasoning ; but strict reasoning does not call in the aid of oratory.

The public speakers of this country have been celebrated as excellent reasoners ; while their orators have been few. For this, various reasons have been assigned : the truest, perhaps, may be indolence with respect to the requisite labour, and inattention to the

high value of eloquence ; as to natural inability, every idea of such an impediment is to be rejected, as no less false than unworthy of a learned and independent people. An extreme attachment to every thing which bears the appearance of demonstration, may also, in part, account for the paucity of orators among us. Accurate reasoners affect to despise the assistance of oratory, and to consider truth and reason, when fairly presented, sufficient to make their way. If sophistry could never delude, under the pretence of demonstration, and if men were constituted without passions, reason would indeed, be sufficiently powerful ; but the passions hold such a dangerous correspondence with the understanding, that mere reason cannot always vindicate the truth ; therefore, the aid of eloquence is required, in order to expose their treachery : and it were well for mankind, if the triple alliance of reason, truth and eloquence, proved always victorious.

Our public speakers, it has often been remarked, content themselves with reasoning well ; and owing to some of the causes mentioned, indolence, inattention, and the want of splendid examples, aim at no higher excellence, and stop short of eloquence.

The true foundation of oratory, no doubt, is sound logic ; but then, it should be remembered, that it is only the foundation ; and that, to complete the plan, the superstructure, with all its accommodations, and with all its ornaments is wanting. To be an orator, is more difficult than to be a reasoner, and demands, in addition, many other talents and perfections, both natural and acquired. The consummate orator is therefore, rare, and a wonder in every age and in every country. And, perhaps, Demosthenes in Athens, and Cicero in Rome, were the only perfect orators (if even they reached perfection) whom the world has yet seen. But there are many degrees of excellence far below theirs, and below perfection, by reaching any of which, a public speaker may acquire considerable

fame and honour. The high degrees of excellency, should a man aspire to them, can be attained only by those whom nature has endowed with great abilities, and who attempt perfection itself. For this object, long and laborious exertion must be made ; but the very effort will bring its adequate reward in every stage, and will carry the aspiring mind, farther and farther, beyond the dull boundaries of mediocrity ; and place him within the regions of honorable excellency*.

A correct speaker, does not make a movement of a limb or feature, for which he has not a reason. If he addresses heaven, he looks upward. If he speaks to his* fellow creatures, he looks round upon them. The spirit of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his look. If he express amazement, or would excite it, he lifts up his hands and eyes. If he invites to virtue and happiness, he spreads his arms, and looks with benevolence. If he threatens the vengeance of heaven against vice, he bends his eyebrows into wrath, and menaces with his arm and countenance. He does not needlessly saw the air with his arm, nor stab himself with his finger. He does not clap his right hand upon his breast, unless he has occasion to speak of himself, or to introduce conscience, or something sentimental. He does not start back, unless he wants to express horror or aversion. He does not come forward, but when he has occasion to solicit. He does not raise or lower his voice, but as the nature of the sentiment requires. His eyes by turns, according to the humour of the matter he has to express, sparkle fury ; brighten into joy ; glance disdain ; melt into grief ; frown disgust and hatred ; languish into love, or glare distraction.

There is a true sublime in delivery, as in the other imitative arts, in the manner as well as in the matter of what an orator delivers. As in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and the other elegances, the true sublime consists in a set of masterly, large, and noble

* Austin's Chironomia.

strokes of art, superior to florid littleness ; so it is in delivery. The accents are to be clear and articulate ; every syllable standing off from that which is next to it, so that they may be numbered as they proceed. The inflexions of the voice are to be distinctly suited to the matter, and the humour or passions so oppositely applied, that they may be known by the sound of the voice, although the words cannot be heard. And the variations are to be, like the full swelling folds of the drapery in a fine picture or statue, bold, and free, and forcible. In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of corporeal dignity or beauty, the majesty of the human face divine, the grace of action, the piercing glance, gentle languish, or fiery flash of the eyes ; whatever of lively passion, or striking emotion of mind ; whatever of fine imagination, of wise reflection, or irresistible reasoning ; whatever is excellent in human nature, all that the hand of the Creator has impressed of his own image, on the noblest creature with which we are acquainted : all this appears in the consummate speaker to the highest advantage. And whosoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither eye, nor ear, nor passion, nor imagination, nor taste, nor understanding.

Part II.

A proper application of the inflexions of the voice, constitutes a principal part of that beauty, variety and harmony, which afford so much pleasure in good reading and speaking.

Besides the pauses which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence, and a conclusion of the whole, the peculiar inflexions of voice which ought to accompany these pauses, are equally necessary to the sense of the period, with the pauses

themselves.—With whatever degree of accuracy we may pause between the different parts of a sentence, unless we accompany each pause with that inflexion necessary to the sense, we will not only divest the composition of its true meaning, but produce a meaning totally different from that intended by the author ; and uniformly destroy the beauty, variety, and harmony of the period.

All vocal sounds may be divided into two kinds, speaking sounds, and musical sounds. They may be thus defined practically.

First, musical sounds : a series of sounds moving distinctly from grave to acute, or from acute to grave, either gradually, or by intervals, and always dwelling, for a perceptible space of time, on one certain tone.

Second, speaking sounds, or the melody of speech, moves rapidly up or down by slides, wherein no graduated distinction of tones or semitones can be measured by the ear ; nor does the voice, in our language, ever dwell distinctly, for any perceptible space of time, on any certain or uniform tone ; except when the *monotone* is introduced, which approaches nearer to common music, than to any other sound used in speaking, and may be considered as more allied to musical, than to speaking sounds.

The inflexions of the voice are totally different from either the varieties of modulation, or the tones of passion. For whether we pronounce words in a high or low, in a loud or a soft tone ; whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of the passion, or without it, they must necessarily be pronounced with the voice sliding upwards or downwards, with these two combined, or the voice must go into a monotone or species of song. These two inflexions of voice may, therefore, be considered as the axis, on which the beauty, variety, and harmony of speaking, turn.*

* Those who wish to see a more minute investigation of this subject, may consult Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*, and Walker's *Elements of Elocution*.

The five following modifications of voice, therefore, may be considered as absolute ; since they are the only possible ways of varying it, so as to make one mode different from another.

1st, The rising inflexion or upward turn of the voice, marked with the acute accent, thus (').—This inflexion is not confined to any particular pause, though most generally used at a comma, and when a question is asked for the definite form.

2d, The falling inflexion or downward turn of the voice, marked with the grave accent, thus (').—This inflexion, like the above, is not confined to any particular pause, though most generally used at the semicolon, colon, and period ; and when a question is asked in the indefinite form.

3d, The rising circumflex, which begins with the falling, and terminates with the rising inflexion, marked thus (^).—

4th, The falling circumflex, which begins with the rising, and terminates with the falling inflexion, marked thus (˘).—These two circumflexes are generally used to express irony, contempt, reproach, sneer, and railing. The inflexions are made upon one syllable, as yôu, yôu ; sô, sô.

5th, The monotone is the continuation of the voice upon certain syllables without any variation, and may be marked thus (˘). This modification of the voice may be used with wonderful effect, and peculiar beauty, in a solemn tone and sublime passages in poetry ; and by the uncommonness of its use, when the subject is grand and the language dignified, it may be used in prose, where it adds greatly to that variety, with which the ear is so much delighted.

The following sentences are defined, and the manner of reading them pointed out, particularly with regard to the inflexions.

1st, A period or compact sentence, is an assemblage of such words or members, as do not form sense independent of each other; or, if they do, the former modify the latter, or inversely.—This sentence must be read with the rising inflexion, accompanied with the longest pause where the sense begins to form.

Examples.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguished characteristic of a man of merit.

Ambition is the first and great cause of those troubles, that tear and destroy the peace of the world.

The difference between a languid and vigorous exertion of our faculties, forms the chief point of distinction between genius and dullness.

Where men of judgement creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without delay.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain';
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind.

2d, When compact sentences have their principal constructive parts connected with corresponding conjunctions, the rising inflexion and the longest pause are required at the end of the first constructive member, whether the corresponding conjunction be expressed or understood.

Examples.

Both conjunctions expressed.

As we must remember, that the riches, grandeur, and reputation of the world, are not the greatest happiness we have to hope for; so earthly poverty,

obscurity, and meanness, are not the greatest evils we have to fear.

As you are not to fancy yourself a learned man, because you are blessed with a ready wit; so neither must you imagine, that large and laborious reading, and strong memory, can denominate you truly wise.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause be, to a generous mind, an ample reward; yet, the desire of distinction was undoubtedly implanted in our nature, as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

Without the corresponding conjunction.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on the one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other.

Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find, that if others knew his weakness as he himself does, he would not have the imprudence to expect the public esteem.

As words which are opposed to one another are always emphatic, and as emphasis controls all inflexion, it causes exceptions to almost all the general rules.

If we have no regard for religion in youth, we ought to have some for it in age.

If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others.

3d, When the first part of a sentence forms perfect sense, but is modified, or determined in its meaning by the latter, it is called an inverted period.—This sentence is to be read with the rising inflexion, accompanied with the longest pause, at the clause immediately preceding the modifying member.

Examples.

Persons of good taste expect to be pleas'd, at the same time they are informed.

Man, in his highest earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the current.

A temperate spirit, and moderate expectations, are the best safe-guard of the mind, in this uncertain and changeful state.

4th, A sentence forming perfect sense, with an additional member, which does not affect what has gone before, is a loose period.—This sentence is to be read with the falling inflexion at the completion of the sense : *i. e.* immediately preceding the loose member.

Examples.

Moderate and simple pleasures relish high with the tem'perate : in the midst of his studied refinements, the voluptuary languishes.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance : nay, more than upon all external things put together.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the

heart ; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

5th, When a sentence is constructed in such a manner, as to have words or clauses corresponding to one another, so as to form an antithesis ; the opposite parts must always have opposite inflexions.

Examples.

We take less pains to be happy, than to appear so.

We judge of men, not from the merit which distinguishes them, but from the interest which governs us.

As it is the characteristic of great wits, to say much in few words, so small wits, seem to have the gift of speaking much and saying little.

6th, The last member but one of a sentence, called the penultimate, except when affected by emphasis, must have the rising inflexion.

Examples.

He who pretends to great sensibility towards men, and yet has no feelings for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the universe, has reason to distrust the truth and delicacy of his sensibility.

If they do not acquiesce in his judgement, which, I think, never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me.

7th, Interrogative sentences are of two kinds, definite and indefinite. When the question is formed without an interrogative word, it is called definite.— This question must be read with the rising inflexion.

Examples.

Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if instead of playing eternally with his snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent among brute animals should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, appearing upon the stage, or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native language? Will he never have occasion to read in a company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book, or news' paper?

Was he not a great and distinguished orator, who confounded the Jews at Damas'cus? who made a prince, before whom he stood to be judged, confess, that he had almost persuaded him to become a convert to a religion every where spoken' against? who threw another into a fit of trembling, as he sat upon his judge'ment seat? who made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a convert, a member of the court itself? who struck a whole people with such admiration, that they took him for the god of elóquence? and who gained a place among Longinius' list of famous érators?

8th, When the question is made with an interrogative word, it is called indefinite, and must be read with

the falling inflexion, like a declarative sentence, but not so low.

Example.

Who can deny, but that flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives a cur'rency ?

How many have had reason to be thankful, for being disappointed in designs which they earnestly pursued, but which if successfully accomplished, they have afterwards seen, would have occasioned their ruin ?

On whom does time hang so heavily, as on the slothful and laz'y ? to whom are the hours so lin'gering ? who are so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient, which can help them to get rid of themselves' ?

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman' ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Rom'an ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his coun'try ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended.

'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his latest glooms, And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !

How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !

See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years, Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength, Thy sober autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding winter comes at last, And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled, Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?

Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ? Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering tho'ts Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ? All now are lost ! Virtue sole survives,

Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.—

*Exceptions on account of Emphasis, which affect
both the Definite and Indefinite question.*

Simply, Why did you not stud'y? with emphasis,
Why' did you not stud'y? simply, When do you go to
col'lege? with emphasis, Whén do you go to col'lege?
simply, Have you prepared your task'? with emphasis,
Have you prepared your task'? simply, Are you go-
ing to col'lege? with emphasis, Are you going to col'-
lege?

9th, Exclamation is a mark used by grammarians,
to point out, that some passion or emotion of the mind
is contained in the words to which it is annexed.—
Great care should be taken by readers, to ascertain
when this note is properly applied. It is often mis-
taken by printers, for the note of interrogation, and *vi-
ce versa*; and also by bad readers, from their not per-
ceiving the import of the author.—The manner of
reading it; if the exclamation point is placed after a
member that would have the rising inflexion in another
sentence, it ought to have the rising in this; if af-
ter a member that would have the falling inflexion,
the exclamation ought to have the same. But this
rule is very general.

Examples.

How many clear marks of benevolent intention ap-
pear every where around us! What a profusion of
beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of
nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to
the view of man! What a supply contrived for his
wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to
gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to en-
tertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his
heart!

..... O luxury !
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine !
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave,
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great !
 Dreadful attraction !

10th, When a member is inserted into another, and neither affects the construction of the sentence, nor is in any degree necessary to the sense, it is called a parenthesis.—In reading it, the voice ought to be lowered, the words pronounced somewhat quicker than the other parts of the sentence, and with the same pause and inflexion which is given to the clause immediately preceding.

Examples.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life, though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity, (which, indeed, it were not salutary for man always to enjoy,) yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may be justly said to give “rest to them who labour and are heavy laden.”

‘Then went the captain with the officers and brought them without violence ; (for they feared the people, lest they should be ston’ed ;) and when they had brought them, they set them before the council. *Acts.* v. 26. 27.

Young master was alive last whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide ! alas ! cried Trim', (extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon)—what is whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman’s name,) or shrovetide, or any tide or time to this ?

Are we not here now', continued the corporal, (striking the end of the stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability,) and are we not' (dropping his hat upon the ground,) gone in a moment?

Emphasis.

11th, If in every assemblage of objects, some appear more worthy of notice than others ; if in every assemblage of ideas, which are pictures of these objects, the same difference prevail ; it consequently must follow, that in every assemblage of words which are pictures of these ideas, the same degrees of importance will necessarily be found. The art of speaking, then, must principally consist in arranging each word into its proper class of importance, and then giving it a suitable delivery.—There are four obvious distinctions between the sound of words, with respect to force. First, The force necessary for the least important words, such as conjunctions, particles, &c. which may be called feeble or unaccented.—Second, The force necessary for substantives, verbs, &c. which may be called accented.—Third, that force which is used for distinguishing some words from others, commonly called emphasis of *force* ; but only, when properly applied, enforces, graces, and enlivens, without in any degree, *affecting* or *fixing* the sense of any passage.—Fourth, The force necessary for emphasis of *sense*.—As opposition is the foundation of all emphasis of *sense*, whatever words are contrasted with, contradistinguished from, or set in opposition to, one another, they are always emphatic. Hence, whenever there is antithesis in the sense, whether words or clauses, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation.

If no emphasis be placed on words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong,

we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To lay the emphasis, then, with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is one of the most decisive trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

The following examples illustrate the nature and use of emphasis of force and emphasis of sense; or, as they are sometimes called, inferior and superior emphasis.

Emphasis of Force.

Many persons mistake the *love* for the *practice* of virtue.

Shall I reward his services with *falsehood*! shall I forget *him* who cannot forget *me*!

If his principles are *false*, no apology from *himself* can make them *right*; if founded in *truth*, no censure from others can make them *wrong*.

Providence never intended, that any state here should be either *completely* happy, or *entirely* miserable.

No station is *so high*, no power *so great*, no character *so unblemished* as to exempt men from being attacked with rashness, malice, or envy.

The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are nothing in comparison with those inward distresses of mind, occasioned by *folly*, by *passion*, or by *guilt*.

..... What men could do,
Is done already; heaven and earth will witness,
That, if *Rome* must fall, we are innocent.

Though *deep*, yet *clear*; though *gentle*, yet not *dull*;
Strong, without *rage*; without *o'erflowing*, *full*.

*Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here :
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
 Joy has her tears, and transport has her death.
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
 Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes.*

Emphasis of Sense.

In the following examples, both parts of the antithesis are expressed: in such sentences, the least degree of force proper for emphasis of sense is necessary. The emphatic words, however, are far from being feebly pronounced; they ought to have more stress than any other words in the sentence: even superior to those that require the emphasis of force, if any such occur in the sentence.

As it is the character of *gr^eat* wits, to say much in few words; so *sm^{al}l* wits seem to have the gift of speaking much, and saying little.

We judge of men, not from the *mer'i!* which distinguishes *th^{em}*, but from the *in'terest* which governs *us*.

The pleasures of the imagination are not so *gr^oss* as those of *sen'se*, nor so *refin'ed* as those of the *understan'ding*.

That may generally be suspected to be *right*, which requires many words to prove it *wrong*: and that *wrong*; which cannot, without much labour, appear to be *right*.

When a Persian soldier was reviling Alexander the Great, his officer reprimanded, saying, you were paid to *fig^{ht}* against Alexander, and not to *rail^l* at him.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his *id^{ea}s*, as those of a fool are by his *passions*; the time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful and amusing thoughts: or, in other words, because the *on'e* is al-

ways wishing it *away*, and the other always enjoying it.

There seems to be some minds suited to great, and some to little employments ; some formed to soar aloft, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere, of these, the one is in danger of becoming useless by a daring negligence, the other by a scrupulous solicitude : the one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct ; the other is buried in minute accuracy, but without compass, and without dignity.

*Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
Hé ruis'd a mor'tal to the skiés,
Shè drew an ángel down'.*

The following sentences afford examples where the emphasis changes the accent of the word.

He shall *increase*, but I shall *decrease*.

There is a difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

In this species of composition, *plausibility* is more essential than *probability*.

He who is good before *invisible* witnesses, is eminently so before the *visible*.

Neither *justice* nor *injustice* has any thing to do with the present question.

Did he do it *voluntarily* or *in'voluntarily* ? He did it *voluntarily*, not *in'voluntarily*.

15. The following sentences exemplify the use of both the Circumflex inflexions and the Monotone.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with *Clodius* : all our other calamities were tolerable ; but no one can patiently bear the death of *Clodius*.

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if ; as if you said *sō*, then I said *sō* : O ho ! did you *sō* ? So they shook hands and swore brothers.

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, *you* have my father much offended.

My sentence is for open war : of *wiles*,
More unexpert I boast not : *thēm*, let those
Contrive who *need*, or when they *need*, not *new*.

.....The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to *frēze* thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what *thōu* art, I know thee well.

Monotone.

' But what then' ! Is it come to this' ? Shall an inferior magistrate, a *gōvernor*, who holds his whole power of the Roman pēople, in a Roman prōvince, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with red hot plates of iron, and at last, put to the infamous death of the crōss, a Roman citizen !

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde,
Or whēre the gōrgeous Eāst with rīchest hānd
Shōwers on her kīngs barbāric pēarl and gēld,
Satan' exaltēd sāt.—

Hence ! loath'd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
holy,
Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings ;
 Thëre under ébon shädes and lôw-brow'd rôcks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desart ever dwell.

16th, When a sentence is so constructed as to have an enumeration of particulars, each particular rising gradually above the last in sense, it is a Climax or Gradation. This figure is most perfect, when the last idea in the former member becomes the first in the latter.—As every climax is a series, it must be pronounced with an increasing swell and elevation of the voice.

The Minor longs to be of agè, then to be a man of bus'iness, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at hon'ours, then to retire.

I tell you, though you, though all the wòrld, though an angel from heav'en, were to affirm the trùth of it, I could not believe it.

Consult your whole nature : consider yourselves, not only as sensitive, but as rat'ional beings ; not only as rational, but soc'ial ; not only as soc'ial, but immortal.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas : the figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satàn, his advancing to the com'bat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable to this king of terrors.

Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate ; and whom he did predestinate, them he also called ; and whom he called, them he also justified ; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life ; nor ángel's, nor principálities, nor powërs, nor things pres'ent, nor things to còme : nor héight, nor dëpth ; nor any creature, shall be able to separate us from

the love of Gód, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

There is no enjoyment of property without government, no government without a magistrate; no magistrate without obédienece; and no obédienece, where every one acts as he pleases.

What is there remaining of liberty, if whatever is their pleasure, it is lawful for them to do; if what is lawful for them to do, they dare do; if what they dare do, they really execute, and if what they execute, is no way offensive to you.

If this guiltless infant had been murdered by its own nurse, what punishment would not the mother have demanded! with what cries and exclamations would she have stunned our ears! What shall we say then, when a woman guilty of homicide—a mother, of the murder of her own child, comprises so many misdeeds in one crime?—a crime in its own nature detestable;—in a woman, prodigious; in a mother, incredible:—and perpetrated against one whose age called for compassion, whose near relation claimed affection, and whose innocence deserved the highest favour?

There are in heaven, the redeemed of all people, nations, and languages: there are the heroes of religion, who for having turned many to righteousness, shine bright forever as the stars in the firmament: there are the angels powerful in strength; there are the seraphims burning with love: there are the thousand thousands that minister to the Eternal; and the ten thousand times ten thousand that stand before his throne.

—'Tis Rome demands our tears:
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire!
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods!
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth
And set the nations free—Rome is no more.
Oh liberty! Oh virtue! Oh my country!

Base men, use them to so base effect;
But truer Stars did govern Proteus' birth;

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

..... O now forever
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! Farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war
 That made ambition virtue ! Oh farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump ;
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner : and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And oh, ye immortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupations gone !

17th, Pauses and Breaks.—The pauses meant here, are those which are made in reading and speaking passages where deep reflection is necessary. No exact time can be fixt for them ; they ought to be regulated in duration according to the importance of the subject. In most cases, the voice should have the tone of continuance, indicating, that the speaker's mind is deeply engaged in thought and contemplation : this constitutes the difference between a Pause and a Break ; the former is a gradual stop, the latter, a sudden check of expression.

Pauses of the first kind occur in the following lines of Shakspeare ; and as the subject is of great weight and importance, should be of considerable duration, perhaps while one could number six, or a period and a half to each.

It must be by his death : and for my part
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general.—He would be crown'd—

How that might change his nature—there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking : crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
Which at his will he may do danger with.

To be—or not to be—that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer.
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.—to die—to sleep—
No more ;—and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—to die—to sleep—
To sleep, perchance to dream :—Ay, there's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause.—

Pauses of confusion are shorter than those of reflection, and should be filled up with hesitative panting draughts of breath, while every succeeding word or sentence varies in tone of expression from the former.

Yes : 'tis Emelia—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was high—Ha ! no more moving ?—
Still as the grave—shall she come in ?—wert good ?
I think she stirs again—no—what's best ?

Breaks are only pauses of a different nature, more abrupt and sudden, as when a passage cuts short before the meaning is fully explained : these most frequently occur in violent grief, and impetuous rage ; and the tone of voice alters as the passion rises or falls.

I pr'ythee daughter, do not make me mad !—
 I will not trouble thee, my child—farewell.—
 We'll meet no more—no more see one another ;—
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :—
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer strike,
 Nor tell tales of thee to avenging heaven :
 Mend when thou canst—be better at thy leisure ;—
 I can be patient—I can stay with Regan.—

.....Darkness and demons !—
 Saddle my horses—call my train together ;—
 Degenerate viper—I'll not stay with thee !
 I yet have left a daughter—Serpent ! *monster* !
 Lessen my train, and call them riotous !
 All men approved—of choice and rarest parts,
 That each particular of duty know.—
Dost thou understand me man ?
 The king would speak with Cornwall ; the dear fa-
 ther
 Would with his daughter speak :—Command her
 service.
 Are they inform'd of this ?—My breath and blood—
 No—but not yet, may be he is not well.—

Part III.

Modulation and Management of the Voice.

The voice is the organ of eloquence, and has the entire dominion over one sense. All that language and tones can effect to influence the understanding and to win the affections depends on the power of the voice addressed to the ear. To understand and be able to manage the voice, must be a matter, therefore of the highest importance to the public speaker. The ancient orators, sensible of this, bestowed uncommon pains, and used every effort to improve the qualities of the voice, and exerted all their art in the management of it.

The voice as to its nature, may be divided into quantity and quality.

Quantity of the Voice.

Perfections.

The body or volume.
The compass.
The soundness and durability.

Imperfections.

Smallness, feebleness.
The narrow scale.
Weakness, liable to fail by exertion.

Quality of the Voice.

Clearness.

Sweetness.
Evenness.
Variety.
Flexibility.

Indistinctness.

Harshness.
Broken, cracked.
Monotony.
Rigidity.

The modulation of the voice is the proper management of its tones, so as to produce grateful melodies to the ear. Upon the modulation of the voice, depends that variety which is so pleasing, and so necessary to refresh and relieve the organs of the speaker, and the ears of the audience, in a long oration. The opposite fault is monotony, which becomes at last so disagreeable, as to defeat all together the success of a public speaker, by exciting the utmost impatience, and disgust in his audience.

The following states of the voice may be considered as pitches or keys; they are all included in Modulation.

High, loud, quick. { Forcible, may be high, loud, and quick; or low, loud, and quick.
Low, soft, slow. { Feeble, may be high, soft, and slow; or low, soft, and slow.

Hence the following combinations.

High, loud, quick.
High, loud, slow.

Low, loud, quick.
Low, loud, slow.

High, soft, quick.	Low, soft, quick,
High, soft, slow.	Low, soft, slow.*

These different states of the voice properly managed, give rise to that striking and beautiful variety, which always prevails in good speaking and reading ; and which according to Quintilian, alone constitutes eloquent delivery.—It may not be improper here, to state (what is frequently confounded) the difference between loud and soft, and high and low tones.—They are totally different. *Piano* and *forte* have no relation to pitch or key, but to force and quantity ; and when applied to the voice, they relate to the body or volume which the speaker or singer gives out. We can, therefore, be very soft in a high note, and very loud in a low one ; just as a smart stroke on a bell, may have exactly the same note as a slight one, though it is considerably louder. When we take a high pitch and give little force, we speak high and soft ; when we take a high pitch, and give great force, we speak high and loud : when we take a low pitch and give little force, we speak low and soft ; and when we give to the same pitch great force, we speak low and loud.—It may be remarked, that the nature of the human voice is such, that to begin speaking or singing in the extremes of high and low, are not equally dangerous. The voice naturally slides into a higher tone, when we want to speak louder, but not so easily into a lower tone when we want to speak softly. Experience proves to us, that we can raise our voice at pleasure to any pitch it is capable of ; but it at the same time tells us, that it requires infinite art and practice to bring the voice to a lower key when it is once raised too high. It ought therefore to be a first principle with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin *below* the common level of their voice than *above* it.

The tones of the speaking voice ascending from

the lowest to the highest, may be considered in the following series.

1st, A whisper—audible only by the nearest person.

2d, The low speaking tone or murmur—suited to close conversation.

3d, The ordinary pitch or middle—suited to general conversation.

4th, The elevated pitch—used in earnest argument.

5th, The extreme—used in violent passion.

To the variety so grateful to the ear, not only change of tone is requisite, but also change of delivery. According to the subject, the rapidity of the utterance varies, as the time in the different movements in music. Narration proceeds equally, the pathetic slowly, instruction authoritatively, determination with vigour, and passion with rapidity.

Directions.

1st, As the vital principle of the voice, consists in those tones which express the emotions of the mind; and as the language of ideas however correctly delivered, without the addition of this language of the passions will prove cold and uninteresting, variety in the delivery is a most important point.

2d, As the difficulty of pitching the voice is very considerable, especially if the place be large and the speaker not accustomed to it, he should begin somewhat below rather than above the ordinary pitch, for it is much easier to ascend than lower the pitch.

3d, Every speaker ought to deliver the greatest part of his discourse in the middle pitch of his

voice. For this is the pitch which admits of ascending or descending with the greatest ease ; and the organs having more practice in this than any other, they are stronger, and can continue longer without being fatigued.

4th, The speaker must take great care not to run out of breath, which always occasions pain to the audience ; except in the expression of some particular passions ; and even then he must only *seem* to be deficient. The lungs should therefore always be inflated to a certain degree, that he may have a plentiful supply always at command.

5th, In rooms or places where the echo from its quick return disturbs the speaker, he must lessen the quantity of his voice till the echo ceases to be perceptible. When he is disturbed by the slowly returning echo, let him take care to be much slower and more distinct in his utterance than usual, and to make his pauses longer. He should attend to the returning sound, and not begin after a pause till the sound has ceased.

6th, In very large buildings, where the speaker has little more advantage than if he were in the open air, he must regulate his voice accordingly, and make it audible as far he can, without straining : in such situations, loudness is preferable to highness of voice.

7th, A speaker, to be well heard by his audience, must fill the place in which he speaks ; he will discover that he has accomplished this by the return of his voice to his own ear.—In order to be well heard, distinctness of articulation is the first requisite.

8th, Every speaker should know the power and extent of his voice : of this he is enabled accurately to judge, by the degree of exertion necessary for him to fill a place of any particular size : and also by the degrees of attention in the most distant parts of his audience.

*Examples of Modulation.**Low Key.*

Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the danger and escape of this day sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day ; we rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation ; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolved never to touch. We then enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. There the heart softens and vigilance subsides ; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure : we approach them with scruple and hesitation ; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road to virtue, which for a while we keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another ; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and

wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

Low and Loud.

The inflexions slightly marked, approaching the Monotone.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest above; who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.— When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll, and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern cloud, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy

clouds careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun ! in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

Low and Soft.

How the sweet moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

.....O my dread lord—
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes ; then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be my own confession :
Immediate sentence then, and frequent death
Is all the grace I beg.—

Middle Key.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on : men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity : but he who in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity ; who without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great : whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

Middle and Soft.

Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the loye and fondness of a son :

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
 But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
 As thou excellest all of woman kind?

Middle and Loud.

My sentence is for open war. Of wiles
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need; or when they need, not now.
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay?—No, let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er heavens high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder: and, for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels: and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.—But perhaps
 The way seems steep and difficult to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then.
 The event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell.

Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter wo ;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 'The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance ? More destroy'd than thus,
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire ? which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us and reduce
 To nothing this essential ; happier far,
 Than miserable, to have eternal being ;
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
 Which, if not victory,—is yet revenge.

High Key.

What was the part of a faithful citizen ? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister ? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea ? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the mid-land side ? the cities bordering on Peloponesus, our bulwark on that quarter ? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress up to our own harbour ? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos ? to exert himself in the assembly for this purpose ? while with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydos, and Eubœa ? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in

which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by councils and my administration.

High and Soft.

Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill, be more
To blaz'en it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar :
Undone by fortune and in debt to thee :
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? Can these limbs
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty ?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour ;—wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

My voice is still for war.

Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?
No ; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help !
Rise and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate. The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we

Sit here deliberating in cold debates
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame ! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle !
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow ;
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

Outlines of Gesture.

Gesture, considered as a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body, to the nature and import of the subject we are pronouncing, has always been considered as one of the most essential parts of oratory. Its power, as Cicero observes, is much greater than that of words. It is the language of nature in the strictest sense, and makes its way to the heart, without the utterance of a single sound. Ancient and modern orators are full of the power of action ; and action, as with the illustrious Grecian orator, seems to form the beginning, the middle, and end of oratory.

The extent and variety of gesture has a wider range than many are aware of : for it comprehends the action and position of all the parts of the body ; of the head, the shoulders, the trunk ; of the arms, hands, and fingers ; of the lower limbs, and of the feet : it may not improperly include the expressions of the face.—Gesture has one great advantage over the voice, viz. that it affects the eye, which is the quickest of all our senses, and consequently must convey the impressions more speedily to the mind, than that of the voice, which affects the ear only. Nature has given to every sentiment, emotion and passion, its proper outward expression. Hence what we frequently mean, does not so much depend upon the words which we use, as on the manner of expressing them. Thus nature fixes the outward expression of every sentiment of the mind: Art only

adds gracefulness to what nature leads to. As nature has determined that man should walk on his feet, not on his hands, it is the business of art to teach him to walk gracefully. Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to show in general its present state.

A cast of the eye shall express desire in as moving a manner, as the softest language : and a different motion of it, resentment. To wring the hands, tear the hair, or strike the breast, are strong indications of sorrow. And he who claps his hand to his sword, throws us into a greater panic, than he who threatens to kill us. This language of nature is so expressive, that Cicero informs us, that he frequently amused himself with trying this with Roscius the comedian, who could express a sentence as many ways by his gestures, as he could by his words.

It is not necessary, as some writers have asserted, that the hands should never be idle. Nature does not so direct. On the stage where the action is more diversified, and where a greater profusion of gesture is allowable than in Oratory, we find that the most celebrated actors and actresses do not follow this rule. In many parts of an oration little gesture should be used, in some the speaker may be almost unmoved, and in others the tone of voice and expression of countenance is sufficient. It is not necessary always to saw the air, far from it. But it is highly necessary to consider and judge *when* the air should be divided by the arm, the weapon of the orator : when he is to move his head, his body, and his limbs ; and *how* he is to do all this with propriety and effect. The art of gesture however cultivated, is not to be used for incessant flourishing : this would be like introducing the steps and bounds of dancing into the simple movements of walking.

The variety of gestures of which the human figure is capable, is almost infinite. In this great variety there is, however a similarity and relation among

many of them. The parts of the human figure which are brought into action, cannot in truth be considered separate ; for every muscle, every nerve, over which we can exercise voluntary action, contributes in some measure to the perfection of gesture. The most distinguished parts of the body, however, which affect the principal gestures may be considered the following, viz. 1. The Head. 2. The shoulders. 3. The trunk or body. 4. The arms. 5. The hands and fingers. 6. The lower limbs and knees. 7. The feet. The orator should pay great attention to his whole outward appearance. Every position should be manly, graceful, and dignified : every thing that is awkward and rustic should be carefully avoided.—The gracefulness of motion in the human form, or perhaps in any other, consists in the facility and security with which it can be executed. And the gracefulness of any position, consists in the apparent facility with which they can be varied. Hence in standing, the position is graceful, when the weight of the body is principally supported on one leg ; whilst the other is so placed, as to be ready to relieve it promptly and without effort. And as the legs are formed for a mutual share of labour and of honour, so their alternation in position and in motion is agreeable and graceful.—The foot which sustains the weight of the body must be so placed, that a perpendicular line let fall from the hole of the neck, shall pass through the heel of that foot. The other foot is merely for the purpose of keeping the body properly balanced in this position.—The orator is to adopt such attitudes and positions only, as consist with manly and simple grace. The toes are to be moderately turned outwards, but not constrained ; the limbs are to be disposed so as to support the body with ease, and to change with facility. The sustaining foot is to be planted firmly ; the leg and thigh braced, but not contracted, and the knee straightened : the other foot must press lightly : and generally at the distance at which it would fall, if lifted up and allowed to drop

by its own gravity. The trunk of the body is to be well balanced, and sustained erect upon the supporting limb ; except in such attitudes as particularly require its inclination ; as veneration, supplication, fear, &c.—

In changing the positions of the feet, the motions are to be made with the utmost simplicity, and free from the parade and sweep of dancing. The speaker must advance, retire or change, almost imperceptibly, except only when particular energy requires that he should stamp with his foot, that he should start back or advance with marked precision.—The general rule for changing in the position of the feet is, that it should take place after the first gesture or preparation of the changing hand, and coincide with the finishing gesture : and it is to be particularly observed, that the changes should not be too frequent.

The positions and motions of the hands are so numerous, and may be so exceedingly varied by minute changes, that it would perhaps be impossible, and certainly would be a useless labour to attempt to describe them all. I shall only mention some of the most prominent, and such as are of most common use in public speaking. Quintilian considers the gestures of the hands of such importance for illustration and enforcement, that he even attributes to them the faculty of universal language.

Without the aid of the hand, says he, action would be mutilated, and void of energy ; but it is hardly possible, since they are almost as copious as words themselves, to enumerate the variety of motions of which they are capable. The action of the other parts of the body assists the speaker, but the hands (I could almost say) speak themselves. Do we not by them, demand, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, express abhorrence and terror, question and deny ? do we not by them express joy and sorrow, doubt, confession, repentance, measure, quantity, number and time ? do they not also encourage, supplicate, restrain, convict, admire, respect ? and in

pointing out places and persons, do they not discharge the office of adverbs and pronouns so that in the great diversity of languages, which obtain among all kingdoms and nations, theirs appears to me the universal language of mankind.—Cresollius goes far beyond Quintilian; the very contents or title of the chapter in which he treats of the hands, are in this spirit:—"The hand, the admirable contrivance of the Divine Artist.—The minister of reason,—Without the hand no eloquence!"—"Man, I say, full of wisdom and divinity, could have appeared nothing superior to a naked trunk or a block, had he not been adorned with this interpreter and messenger of his thoughts."

Every thing, it must be confessed, depends on the hand: it gives strength and colouring to eloquence, and adds force and nerves to the riches of thought, which, otherwise languid, creeping on the ground, and deficient in vigour, would lose all estimation. In my judgment, therefore, the hand may properly be called a second tongue, because nature has adapted it by the most wonderful contrivance for illustrating the art of persuasion.

The positions of the hand are determined by four different circumstances. 1st. By the disposition of the fingers. 2d. By the manner in which the palm is represented. 3d. By the combined disposition of both hands. 4th. By the part of the body on which they are occasionally placed.

Position of the Arms.

FIRST LINE.		SECOND LINE.		THIRD LINE.	
1	Downwards across.	1	Horizontal across.	1	Elevated across.
2	Downwards forward.	2	Horizontal forward.	2	Elevated forwards.
3	Downwards oblique.	3	Horizontal oblique.	3	Elevated oblique.
4	Downwards extended.	4	Horizontal extended.	4	Elevated extended.
5	Downwards backwards.	5	Horizontal backwards.	5	Elevated backwards.

These fifteen positions, arising from three original directions, downwards, horizontal, and elevated, will be found sufficient to represent most of the ordinary

nary gestures. They contain a great variety; for when they are performed by the right, by the left, or by both together, they produce forty-five positions. Each of these positions may be varied, almost *ad infinitum* when we consider all the degrees and kinds of tone, passion and emotion which occur in public speaking: all of which influence the character of the gesture, in the same manner they do the expressions of the voice.

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery. It must be held in an erect and natural position. For when hung down, it is expressive of humility; when turned upwards, of arrogance; when inclined to one side, it expresses languor; and when stiff and rigid, it indicates a degree of barbarity in the mind. Its movements should be suited to the character of the delivery; they should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands, and the motions of the body. When the hand approaches the head, the head bends forward to meet it; when the hand moves from the head, the head is in general held back or averted. In submission, when the hands are prone and the arms descend, it bends downwards, and accords with the movements of the hands and arms.—The eyes, which are of the utmost consequence to the orator, are always to be directed as the gesture points; except when we have occasion to condemn, or refuse, or to require any object to be removed; on which occasion we should at the same movement express aversion in our countenance, and reject by our gesture.

The sides should also bear their part in gesture.

The motions of the body contribute, says Cicero, much to the effect in delivery. Indeed he is of opinion that they are not inferior to the hands. In his work *De Oratore*, he says, No affected motions of the finger, no measured cadence of their articulation. Let the gesture rather regulate itself by the movements of the whole trunk, and by the manly in-

flexion of the sides.—The raising up or shrugging of the shoulders in order to express indifference or contempt, is merely theatrical, and should be sparingly used even on the stage. Quintilian condemns it altogether in an orator.

The Stroke and Time of Gesture.

The arm, the hand, and the fingers united in one flexible line of several joints, which combine together their mutual action, form the grand instrument of gesture, or, as Cicero calls it, "the weapon of oratory." The centre of motion of this combined line, is the shoulder, which does not move altogether in the form of an inflexible line ; but each joint becomes often a new centre of motion, for the position between it and the extremity. Accordingly in directing the gesture to any particular point, the upper arm first arrives at its proper position, then the fore arm turning on the joint of the elbow, and lastly the hand moving on the joint of the wrist ; and in some cases there is a fourth motion of the fingers from the knuckles next the palm ; this last motion is the expanding of the collected fingers.

The stroke of the gesture is analogous to the impression of the voice, made on those words, which it would illustrate or enforce ; it is used for the same purpose and should fall precisely on the same place, that is, on the accented syllable of the emphatical word, so that the emphatical force of the voice, and the most lively stroke of the gesture, co-operate in order to present the idea in the most lively and distinguished manner, as well to the eye as to the ear of the hearer. The stroke of the gesture is to the eye, what emphasis and inflections of voice are to the ear, and it is capable of equal force and variety.—When there is little effort or variety of expression of voice, such as in the simple and narrative parts of a discourse, the gesture in such cases, if any be used, ought to be tame and simple ; but in the more impas-

sioned parts, they are both equally exerted : the voice is elevated and varied, and the gesture becomes more bold and frequent. The gesture also in many instances, imitates the inflexions of the voice. When the voice rises, the gesture seems also naturally to ascend ; and when the voice makes the falling inflection, or lowers its tones, the gesture follows it by a corresponding descent ; and in the level and monotonous pronunciation of the voice, the gesture seems to observe a similar limitation, by moving rather in the horizontal direction without varying its elevation.

With respect to the commencement of gesture, it is a good general rule, that it should accompany the words, that is, that it should never precede nor follow them. But it must be observed, that this is only a general rule. When it is applied to the calmer parts of a discourse, it will be found nearly correct. But if the speaker be warmed or excited, some difference of time however small, will take place between the gesture and the language. Hence the order of the combined expressions of the signs of a public speaker will be thus : in calm discourse the words and gestures are nearly contemporaneous ; and in high passion the order is, 1. The eyes. 2. The countenance. 3. The gestures. 4. The language. But here it must be particularly noticed, that the interval between each is extremely limited.

The occasions on which the left hand may be used, are nearly the following. 1. When the persons addressed are on the left side, the left hand naturally performs the principal gesture, in order to avoid the awkwardness of gesticulating much across the body. 2. The necessary discrimination of objects opposed to each other, requires the left hand alternately to assume the principal gesture. 3. The advantage of variety. 4. The power of giving not only variety but force by occasionally elevating and bestowing, as it were, upon the retired hand, all the spirit and authority of the gesture. These changes, where the right hand resigns the principal gesture to the left,

not only take place in dialogue and in some of the higher strains of tragedy, but even in oratory. It takes place when the speaker is at the left of him who delivers his opinion.—The preacher being obliged to address himself to every individual assembled in the church, should as much as possible extend his attention to all: and must of course, in leaning or turning round to the left side, often find it necessary, if he use any, to make the principal gesture with his left hand. The barrister has occasion to use the left hand also, by not having it always in his power to place both judge and jury, each of whom he must address, on his right side. These are the principal local situations which admit the gestures of the left hand.

The hand and foot should in general correspond, that is, when we gesticulate with the right hand, the right foot should be most advanced; and *vice versa*. Some particular occasions may require a deviation from this rule, but in general it will be found correct.

It must carefully be observed, that in the changes made from one hand to the other, the transitions should be managed with ease and simplicity. As soon as the advanced hand has made the stroke of its emphatical gesture, it should fall quietly to rest; whilst at the same time, the hand which in its turn is to assume the principal action, commences its preparation for the ensuing gesture.

The termination of gesture, or rather the emphatical gesture which terminates, is generally made about the horizontal elevation, but sometimes may also be made downwards or elevated according to the sentiment. The horizontal termination, suits decision and instruction; the downward, disapprobation and condemnation; and the elevated, pride, high passion, and devotion.

Qualities of Gesture.

In order to the better understanding of the characteristic difference in each style of gesture, it will be of advantage to enumerate the different qualities which constitute the perfection of gesture together with their opposite imperfections. These may be considered as reducible to the following. 1. Magnificence. 2. Boldness. 3. Energy. 4. Variety. 5. Simplicity. 6. Grace. 7. Propriety. 8. Precision.

1. *Magnificence of Gesture.*—This consists in the ample space through which the arm and hand are made to move: and it is effected by detaching the upper arm completely from the body, and unfolding the whole oratorical weapon. The centre of its motion is the shoulder. In magnificent gesture the action is flowing and unconstrained, the preparations are made in some graceful curve, the transitions are easy, and the accompaniments correct, and in all respects illustrative of the principal action. The motions of the head are free, and the inflexions of the body manly and dignified. The action of the lower limbs is decided, and a considerable space, (when the local situation of the speaker will admit of it,) is traversed with firmness and with force.

The opposite imperfections are short, and dry, and mean gestures, constrained motions, rigidity of the joints, and stiffness of the body, with short steps, and doubtful or timid movements.

2. *Boldness of Gesture.*—This consists in that elevated courage and self confidence, which ventures to hazard any action productive of a grand and striking effect, however unusual. In this sort of gesture, unexpected positions, elevations, and transitions surprise at once by their novelty and grace, and thus illustrate or enforce their ideas with irresistible effect.

The opposite imperfection is *tameness*; which hazards nothing, is timid and doubtful of its own powers, and produces no great effect.

3. *Energy of Gesture.*—This consists in the firmness and decision of the whole action : and in the support which the voice receives from the precision of the stroke of the gesture which aids its emphasis.

The opposite imperfections are feebleness and indecision.

4. *Variety of Gesture.*—This consists in the ability of readily adopting suitable and different gestures to each sentiment and situation : so as to avoid recurring too frequently to one favourite gesture or set of gestures.

The opposite imperfections are sameness, barrenness, monotony of gesture analogous to that of voice. Variety of gesture is so essential, that even the most appropriate gestures must be avoided if they recur too often. Nothing is so injurious or disgusts so soon as barrenness of manner ; the gesture had better be intermitted, or even be in some measure wrong, than monotonous—yet there is no fault so common.

5. *Simplicity of Gesture.*—This consists in such a character of gesture, as appears the natural result of the situation and sentiments ; which is neither carried beyond the just extent of the feelings through affectation of variety, nor falls short of it through meanness or false shame,

The opposite imperfection is affectation.

6. *Grace of Gesture.*—This is the result of all perfections, arising from a dignified self possession of mind ; and the powers of personal exertion, practised into facility after the best models and according to the truest taste.

The opposite imperfections are awkwardness, vulgarity, and rusticity.

7. *Propriety of Gesture.*—Called also truth of gesture, or natural gesture. This consists in the judi-

ious use of the gestures best suited to illustrate or to express the sentiment. Appropriate gestures are generally founded in some natural connection of the sentiment with the gesture ; significant gestures are strictly connected with the sentiments.

The opposite imperfections are false, contradictory, or unsuitable gestures ; such as produce solecism in gesture.

8. *Precision of Gesture*, or correctness ;—Arises from the just preparation, the due force, and the correct timing of the action : when the preparation is neither too much abridged and dry, nor too pompously displayed ; when the stroke of the gesture is made with such a degree of force as suits the character and sentiment of the speaker ; and when it is correctly marked on the precise syllable to be enforced. Precision of gesture gives the same effect to actions, as neatness of articulation gives to speech:

The opposite imperfections are indecision, uncertainty, and incorrectness, arising from vague and sawing gestures, which, far from illustrating, render dubious the sense of the sentiments which they accompany, and distract the spectator.

Of the Significancy of Gesture:

Without entering largely into the subject of significant gestures, a few of the principal ones will at present suffice.

The Head and Face:

The hanging down of the head, denotes shame or grief.

The holding it up, pride or courage.

The nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies bashfulness or langour.

The head averted is dislike or horror.
It leans forward in attention.

The Eyes.

The eyes are raised in prayer.

They weep in sorrow.

They burn in anger.

They are downcast or averted in shame.

They are cast on vacancy in thought.

They are thrown into different directions in doubt and anxiety.

The Arms.

The arm is projected forward in authority.

Both arms are spread extended in admiration.

They are both held forward in imploring help.

They both fall suddenly in disappointment.

The Hands.

The hand on the head, indicates pain or distress.

On the eyes, shame.

On the lips, injunction of silence.

On the breast, it appeals to conscience, or intimates desire.

The hand moves or flourishes in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, applied or clasped in prayer.

Both descend prone in blessing.

They are clasped or wrung in affliction.

They are held forward and received in friendship.

The Body.

The body held erect indicates steadiness and courage.

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.
 Bending, reverence or respect.
 Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

The Lower Limbs.

Their firm position, signifies courage or obstinacy.
 Bended knees, timidity or weakness.
 Frequent change, disturbed thoughts.
 They advance in desire or courage.
 Retire in aversion or fear.
 Start in terror.
 Stamp in authority or rage.
 Kneel in submission or prayer.

These are a few of the *simple* gestures which may be termed significant.

It may be proper also to enumerate some of the *complex* significant gestures.

Terror excites the person who suffers under it, to avoid or to escape from the dreaded object. If it be supposed to be some dangerous reptile on the ground, and very near, the expression is represented by the figure starting back, and looking downwards. If the danger threaten from a distance, the terror arising is expressed by the figure looking forwards, and not starting back but merely in the retired position. But if the dread of impending death from the hand of an enemy awakens this passion, the coward flies.

Aversion is expressed by two gestures; first the hand held vertical, is retracted towards the face, the eyes and head are for a moment directed eagerly towards the object, and the feet advance. Then suddenly the eyes are withdrawn, the head is averted, the feet retire, and the arms are projected out extended against the object, the hands vertical.

Horror, which is aversion or astonishment mingled with terror, is seldom capable of retreating, but

remains petrified in one attitude, with the eyes riveted on its object, and the arms held forward to guard the person, the hands vertical, and the whole frame trembling.

Admiration, if of surrounding natural objects of a pleasing kind, holds both hands vertical and across, and moves them outwards extended. If admiration arise from some extraordinary or unexpected circumstances, the hands are thrown up supine elevated, together with the countenance and eyes.

Veneration crosses both hands on the breast, casts down the eyes slowly, and bows the head.

Deprecation advances in an extended position of the feet, approaching to kneeling, clasps the hands forcibly together, throws back the head, sinking it between the shoulders, and looks earnestly up to the person implored.

In appealing to heaven the right hand is first laid upon the breast, the left is projected supine upwards, the eyes first directed forwards, then upwards.— In the appeal to conscience, the right hand is laid on the breast, the left drops unmoved, the eyes are fixed upon the person addressed; sometimes both hands press the breast.

Shame in the extreme, sinks on the knee, and covers the eyes with both hands.

Grief arising from sudden and afflicting intelligence, covers the eyes with one hand, advances forward and throws back the other hand.

Attention demanding silence, holds the finger on the lips, and leans forward, sometimes repressing with the left hand.

Distress when extreme, lays the palm of the hand upon the forehead, throws the head and body back, and retires with a long and sudden step.

Deliberation on ordinary subjects holds the chin, and sets the arms a-kimbo.

Self-Sufficiency folds the arms, and sets himself on his centre.

Pride throws back the body, holds the head high,

and nearly presents forward his elbows a-kimbo.

Melancholy is a feeble and passive affection ; it is attended by a total relaxation of the nerves ; the head hangs to the side next the heart, the eyes turned upon the object, or if that is absent, fixed on the ground, the hands hanging down by their own weight without effort, and joined loosely together.

Anxiety is of a different character, it is restless and active, and manifest by the extension of the muscles ; the eye is filled with fire, the breathing is quick, the motion is hurried, the head is thrown back, the whole body is extended. Like a sick man, the sufferer tosses incessantly, and finds himself uneasy in every situation.

These are some of the most obvious *simple* and *complex* significant gestures.

The Grace of Action.

The grace of oratorical action consists chiefly in the facility, the freedom, the variety, and the simplicity of those gestures which illustrate the discourse. Graceful position precedes graceful action. Graceful action must be performed with facility, because the appearance of great efforts is incompatible with ease, which is one constituent part of grace.—Freedom is also necessary to gracefulness of action. No gestures can be graceful, which are confined with external circumstances, or restrained by the mind.—Variety is likewise indispensable for the maintenance of grace in rhetorical action. The iteration of the same gesture or set of gestures, however graceful in themselves, betrays a poverty in resources, which is altogether prejudicial to the speaker. They have an effect even worse than monotony of tones, which may be pardoned as arising from natural deficiency, but a fine gesture can be assumed only for ornament, and may be repeated to disgust.—

But simplicity and truth of manner, if not constituting grace in themselves are inseparable from it.

The gestures must appear to be used only for the better supporting the sentiments of the mind, and for no other purpose. Gestures which are manifestly contrived for the mere display of the person, or for the exhibition of some foppery, as a delicate white hand, a fine handkerchief, &c. instantly offend. Fine gestures are to be used only, when the mind is elevated, and the sentiments magnificent ; and energetic gestures, when it is ardent and earnest.

To simplicity of gesture is opposed affectation ; that falsehood of action, which destroys every pretension to genuine grace. The more showy and fine gestures are, unless they belong indispensably to the subject, to the affection of the mind, and to the character of the speaker, the more do they offend the judicious by their manifest affectation. If dignity be assumed where none is found in the sentiment, pathos without any thing interesting, vehemence in trifles, and solemnity upon common-place ; such affectation may impose upon the ignorant, but makes “the judicious grieve.” Simplicity which constitutes the true grace in manners and in dress, should equally be observed in the action of an orator. Early good instructions, with constant practice and imitation of the best models, will establish habits of graceful action, with the greatest certainty of success.

THE ORATOR.

Part I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAP. I.—*Paragraphs.*

Section I.

Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge between truth and error, good and evil.

He who, in the same given time, can produce more than many others, has vigour: he who can produce more and better, has talents; he who can produce what none else can, has genius.

The eloquence dictated by an unfeeling heart, mistakes bombast for sublimity; rant, for strong feelings; the cant and whine of a mendicant, for the pathetic. Such a speaker may excite the admiration of some, the contempt of many, but the genuine feelings of none.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience, must arise from frequent reflexion, on the wisdom of the God of nature: in whose hand are riches and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, life and death.

Youth should be addressed with openness and affability; the aged with meekness and modesty; the dull, with simplicity and perseverance; the intelligent, with perspicuity and precision; the diffident

with softness and condescension ; and the stubborn, with boldness and resolution.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants ; to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps ; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes ; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised ; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied ; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain ; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements ; to the politician, who predicts the consequences of deaths, battles, and alliances ; to the usurer who compares the different state of the funds ; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

The first and most important female quality, is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the fair sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly ; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious ; it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding ; it did not provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect ; not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient ; not to move by wheels and levers, what will give way to the naked hand ; is the great proof of a healthful and a vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless innocence, nor overloaded with unwieldy knowledge.

Shakespeare pleases, not by his bringing the transactions of many years into one play ; not by his grotesque mixture of tragedy and comedy in one piece ;

nor by the strained thoughts and affected witticisms, which he sometimes employs ; but he pleases by his animated and masterly representations of character, by the liveliness of his descriptions, the force of his sentiments, and his possessing, beyond all writers, the natural language of passion.

There are people in the world so selfish, that they seem to be moved with nothing but what directly affects themselves : if their own private affairs sustain no damage ; if their own little designs succeed to their wish ; if their own grovelling pleasures are not interrupted ; they care not who is happy in the world, or what quarter of it is struck by the just hand of God,

Diseases, poverty, disappointment, and shame, are far from being in every instance, the unavoidable doom of man. They are much more frequently the offspring of his own misguided choice. Intemperance engenders disease, sloth produces poverty, pride creates disappointment, and dishonesty exposes to shame. The ungoverned passions of men, betray them into a thousand follies ; their follies into crimes ; and their crimes into misfortunes.

How many young persons have at first set out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart ; generous, charitable, and humane ; kind of their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse ! And yet, how often have we seen all these fair appearances blasted in the progress of life, merely through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures ; and those very persons, who promised once to be a blessing to the world, sunk down, in the end, to be the burden and nuisance of society.

If it be asked, how moral agents become the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness and misery ; and why they were placed in a state in which

it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight: the answer of Revelation is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better. It is enough for me to have proved, that man is at present in such a state. I pretend not to trace the 'unsearchable ways of the Almighty,' nor attempt to 'penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne': but, amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which 'every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.'

Section II.

A THOUGHTFUL judge of sentiments, books, and men, will often find reason to regret that the language of censure is so easy and so undefined. It costs no labour, and needs no intellect, to pronounce the words, foolish, stupid, dull, odious, absurd, ridiculous. The weakest or most uncultivated mind may therefore gratify its vanity, laziness, and malice, all at once by a prompt application of vague condemnatory words, where a wise and liberal man would not feel himself warranted to pronounce without the most deliberate consideration, and where such consideration might perhaps terminate in applause.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising powers and capacities are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he

beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness ; that good humour which captivated all hearts ; that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality ; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his career, or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt !—These, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies ! It is thus that co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity !

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in *his* way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, and in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution: He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued, if his talents, his health, his age, had been different ; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner : if his friends were, in this or the other point, different from what they are ; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much licence to complain, as if a right to all these advantages had been conferred on him at his nativity, but refused, by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. Thus he is occupied—instead of catching with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his actual situation.

There are to be found in modern languages, val-

uable specimens of every kind of polite literature. The English language, in particular abounds with writings addressed to the imagination and feelings, and calculated for the improvement of taste. No one, who is not so far blinded by prejudice, in favour of antiquity as to be incapable of relishing any thing modern, can doubt, that excellent examples of every kind of literary merit are to be found among the British writers. The inventive powers of Shakespeare, the sublime conceptions of Milton, the versatile genius of Dryden, the wit of Butler, the easy gaiety of Prior, the strength and harmony of Pope, the descriptive powers of Thompson, the delicate humour of Addison, the pathetic simplicity of Sterne, and the finished correctness of Gray, might, with some degree of confidence, be respectively brought into comparison with any examples of similar excellence among the ancients.

Gentleness is the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos, the cave where subterraneous winds contend and roar, the den where serpents hiss and beasts of the forest howl, would be the only proper representation of such assemblies of men.—Strange! that, where men have all one common interest, they should so often concur in defeating it. Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of evils for the state of man? As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another?

Anger is the strong passion or emotion, impressed or excited, by a sense of injury received, or in contemplation ; that is, by the idea of something of a pernicious nature and tendency, being done or intended, in violation of some supposed obligation to a contrary conduct. It is kindled by the perception of an undue privation of that to which we thought ourselves in some degree or other, entitled ; or of a positive suffering, from which we claimed an exemption. These are obviously the exciting causes ; though our ignorance, or inordinate self-love, may suggest erroneous ideas respecting our claims, or render the resentful emotion very disproportioned to the offence. The pain we suffer from the injury, the unexpectedness of the offence, our wounded pride, &c. are so apt to disturb our reasoning and discriminating powers, that we are at the first instant prompted to consider every injury received, as an injury intended. Nor are there wanting numerous instances in which a heated and irritated imagination attributes *design* to the irrational and inanimate creation, in order to gratify the passion of resentment.

So painful is the passion of Fear, that the evil can scarcely exist which induces anguish equal to its feelings. Innumerable are the instances in which the fear of a calamity of the greatest magnitude, has greatly exceeded the evils it brought with it ; and the mind has resumed a tranquility under misfortunes, which in retrospect, appeared insupportable. Busy imagination always magnifies the evil, and casts the darkest shade over every possible concomitant. It will not suffer the supposition that any circumstance of alleviation can be attached to a state so much dreaded. But when the dreaded evil is arrived, an immediate release from the agonies of fear, is of itself a species of consolation. In the worst of circumstances, fear yields its place to sorrow ; which is certainly some mitigation of suffering ;—habit reconciles to many things, which were at first repugnant to our nature.—

experience in a short time points out many comforts, where they were least expected ;—in most cases, as soon as we cease to fear, we begin to hope ; for there are few situations so completely dark and gloomy, as to exclude every ray of consolatory hope.

True politeness is modest, unpretending and generous. It appears as little as may be ; and, when it does, a courtesy would conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him ; because he is tender of his reputation ; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself, than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.—The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity, is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer but obtrude his civilities ; because he would merit by his assiduity ; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this ; and, lastly, because, of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness expects, for its immediate object, the faveur and consideration of our neighbour.

True honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God ; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him ; the former as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden.

Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

Of all the follies which men are apt to fall into, to the disturbance of others, and lessening of themselves, there is none more intolerable than continual *egotisms*, and a perpetual inclination to self panegyric. The mention of this weakness is sufficient to expose it, since I think no man was ever possessed of so warm an affection for his own person, as deliberately to assert, that it and its concerns, are proper topics to entertain company. Yet there are many, who, through want of attention, fall into this vein, as soon as the conversation begins to acquire life: they lay hold of every opportunity of introducing themselves, of describing themselves, and if people are so dull as not to take the hint, of commending themselves: nay, what is more surprising than all this, they are amazed at the coldness of their auditors; forgetting, that the same passion inspires almost every body; and that there is scarce a man in the room who has not a better opinion of himself, than of any body else.

Section III.

No other disposition or turn of mind, so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation; he seems made to no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment, or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least

pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving ; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch or at the gallows : if he embark in trade, he will be a bankrupt : and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

Of all our passions and affections, Hope is the most universal and the most permanent. It incorporates with every other passion and affection, and always produces beneficial effects. By intermixing with our fears and sorrows, it excites to exertions, and prevents the horrid inactivity of despair. It animates desire ; it is encouraged by success, and it is a secret source of pleasure in the transports of joy ; for joy triumphs in success, which hope presages will be permanent. As it administers consolation in distress ; as it quickens all our pursuits ; as it communicates to the mind the pleasures of anticipation ; as, by its mild and yet exhilarating influence, it is the most salutary of all our affectionate sensations, it cannot be of too long a duration : and when sanctioned by probabilities, I had almost said possibilities, it cannot be too much indulged, as long as prudence permits the requisite exertions.

While the vain and the licentious are revelling in the midst of extravagance and riot, how little do they think of those scenes of sore distress which are passing at that moment throughout the world ; multitudes struggling for a poor subsistence, to support the wife and the children whom they love, and who look up to them with eager eyes for that bread which they can hardly procure ; multitudes groaning under sickness in desolate cottages, unattended and unmourned ; many apparently in a better situation of life, pining

away in secret, with concealed griefs ; families weeping over the beloved friends whom they have lost, or, in all the bitterness of anguish, bidding those who are just expiring the last adieu.

By disappointments and trials the violence of our passions is tamed, and our minds are formed to sobriety and reflection. In the varieties of life, occasioned by the vicissitudes of wordly fortune, we are inured to habits both of the active and suffering virtues. How much soever we complain of the vanities of the world, facts plainly show, that if its vanity were less, it could not answer the purpose of salutary discipline. Unsatisfactory as it is, its pleasures are still too apt to corrupt our hearts. How fatal then must the consequences have been, had it yielded us more complete enjoyment ! If, with all its troubles, we are in danger of being too much attached to it, how entirely would it have seduced our affections, if no troubles had been mingled with its pleasures.

The most common propensity of mankind, is to store futurity with whatever is agreeable to them ; especially in those periods of life, when imagination is lively and hope is ardent. Looking forward to the year now beginning, they are ready to promise themselves much, from the foundations of prosperity which they have laid ; from the friendships and connexions which they have secured ; and from the plans of conduct which they have formed. Alas ! how deceitful do all these dreams of happiness often prove ! While many are saying in secret to their hearts. " To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundantly," we are obliged in return to say to them, " Boast not yourselves of to-morrow, for you know not what a day may bring forth !"

The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to our full enjoyment of them. By a se-

cret sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates ; and the frame within assimilates itself to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions, from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency : the guileless sheep with pity ; and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemptions from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buzz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment ; and, having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

I tell you truly and sincerely, that I will judge of your parts, by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully ; for I aver that it is in your power. You will desire your Tutor, that you may read aloud to him every day ; and that he will interrupt and correct you every time you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak, to articulate every word distinctly, and to beg of any friend you converse with, to remind you if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read loud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear ; and read at first much slower than you need do, in order to correct that shameful habit of speaking faster than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well if you think right. Therefore what I have said is more than sufficient, if you have sense ; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not ; so here I rest it.

The cultivation of Taste is recommended, by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied in business. Men of various professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situation of fortune, afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall those vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainment of Taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for them, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tedium of existence.

Section IV.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together; and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify however, two quite different things. Taste consists in the power of judging; Genius is the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of Taste in Poetry, Eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any Genius for composition or execution in any of those

arts ; but Genius cannot be found without including Taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than Taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative ; which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner, as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined Taste forms a good critic ; but Genius is farther necessary to form the poet or the orator.

The Beauty of the human countenance, includes the Beauty of colour, arising from the delicate shades of the complexion ; and the Beauty of figure, arising from the lines which form the different features of the face. But the chief Beauty of the countenance depends upon a mysterious expression, which it conveys of the qualities of the mind ; of good sense, or good humour ; of sprightliness, candour, benevolence, sensibility, or other amiable dispositions. How it comes to pass, that a certain conformation of features is connected in our idea with certain moral qualities ; whether we are taught by instinct, or experience, to form this connection, and to read the mind in the countenance, is not easy to resolve. The fact is certain, and acknowledged, that what gives the human countenance its most distinguishing Beauty, is what is called its expression ; or an image, which it is conceived to show of internal moral dispositions.

The advantages of Writing above Speech are, that Writing is both a more extensive, and a more permanent method of communication. More extensive, as it is not confined within the narrow circle of those who hear our words ; but by means of written characters, we can send our thoughts abroad, and propagate them through the world ; we can lift our voice, so as to speak to the most distant regions of the earth. More permanent also, as it prolongs this voice to the most distant ages ; it gives us the means of re-

cording our sentiments to futurity, and of perpetuating the instructive memory of past transactions. It likewise affords this advantage to such as read, above such as hear, that, having the written characters before their eyes, they can arrest the sense of the writer. They can pause, and resolve, and compare at their leisure, one passage with another: whereas, the voice is fugitive and passing: you must catch the words the moment they are uttered, or you lose them forever.

But although these be so great advantages of written Language, that Speech, without Writing, would have been very inadequate for the instruction of mankind, yet we must not forget to observe, that spoken language has a great superiority over written language, in point of energy or force. The voice of the living speaker makes an impression on the mind, much stronger than can be made by the perusal of any writing. The tones of the voice, the looks and gesture which accompany discourse, and which no writing can convey, render discourse when it is well managed, infinitely more clear, and more impressive, than the most accurate reading. For tones, looks, and gestures, are natural interpreters of the sentiments of the mind. They remove ambiguities; they enforce impression; they operate on us by means of sympathy, which is one of the most powerful instruments of persuasion. Our sympathy is always awakened more by hearing the speaker, than by reading his works in our closet. Hence, though writing may answer the purpose of mere instruction, yet all the great and high offices of eloquence must be made by means of spoken, not of written Language.

We have been eminently distinguished above most other nations by happy privileges and advantages. Providence has blessed us with an abundance of those things, which are usually thought to contribute to the public prosperity and happiness. Never had any

people a fuller enjoyment of liberty ; a profusion of wealth has flowed in upon us by our wide extended commerce. We have had great advantages for improvement in the arts and sciences, and every branch of useful knowledge ; especially that which is the most valuable and important of all others, the knowledge of religion in its truth and purity. The light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, freed from the absurdities, the superstitions, and idolatries with which it has been incumbered in many other countries professing the Christian Faith, has long shone among us. The holy Scriptures are not locked up in an unknown tongue, nor confined to the studies of the learned, but are put into the hands of the people : so that all men may have access to that sacred rule of faith and practice, the original standard of the Christian religion. The treasures of knowledge are opened, and the public instruction so freely and frequently dispensed, that it may be said, that *wisdom crieth without, she uttered her voice in the streets.*

Cicero, in his works upon eloquence, particularly his conferences upon the character of an orator ; strikes by his air, freedom, and dignity ; Quintilian wins by his beauty, regularity, and address. Quintilian is less splendid but more elegant, he is less commanding but more attractive. If Cicero is instructive, Quintilian to instruction adds affability ; and if he is inferior in genius to Cicero, he is equal to him in abilities, and superior to him in experience ; I mean that experience that can be of the greatest service to a speaker in Britain. The stile of Cicero is clear, diffuse, and pathetic ; that of Quintilian strong, concise, and expressive. If Cicero is more excellently fitted to guide the movements of government, those of Quintilian to determine a contest at the bar ; Cicero was more decisive in debate, but Quintilian more useful in pleading ; the former could raise a

spirit, but the latter could direct it.—Quintilian never was excelled in majesty but by Cicero, and Cicero never equalled in gracefulness but by Quintilian. We are ashamed to differ with the one, we cannot resist the other. Both know how to rise with temper, and to fall with dignity. Though both had natural, yet Quintilian had more accidental advantages ; but though Quintilian's works are more useful to an Englishman, yet, had he lived in the days of the Roman republic, the pre-eminence would have been clearly on Cicero's side.

Section V.

An able master, as soon as a boy is delivered over to his care, will examine his natural capacity and disposition ; and having discovered these, he will soon be able to judge in what manner his pupil is to be managed. Some are indolent unless they are pushed on ; some disdain to be commanded ; fear awes some, and disheartens others ; some hammer out their learning, others strike it out at a heat. Give me the boy who rouses when he is praised, who profits when he is encouraged, and who cries when he is defeated. Such a boy will be fired by ambition ; he will be stung by reproach, and animated by preference ; never shall I apprehend any bad consequences from idleness in such a boy.

If we have received from heaven nothing more precious than speech, are we to esteem any thing more worthy of our attention and care ? Or are we to be more emulous in excelling mankind in any property, rather than in that which exalts man above all other animals ? As a further inducement to this, we are to reflect, that no art so plentifully supplies our labour, by a harvest of every thing that is profitable or agreeable. This will be more evident, if we reflect

upon the rise and progress of eloquence, and the improvements it still admits of. Not to mention how it serves our friends, how it directs the deliberations of a senate or people, and how it often determines the conduct of an army ; how useful, how becoming then, is it in a man of virtue. Is not this single consideration a most glorious one, that from the understanding, and the words that are in common to all mankind, he can exalt himself to such a pitch of glory and power, that he will not seem to speak or to plead, but as it happened to Pericles, to lighten and thunder. But I should never have done, were I to indulge the pleasure I feel in expatiating upon this subject.

What adds infinitely to the dignity of man, is this, that he is the image of God. He is descended from him, is his offspring, and bears the visible traces of his derivation from heaven, and his communion with the supreme Existence. His understanding is a ray of Divine intelligence : his power an efflux from that of the Deity : his activity something similar to that of God : his capacity of becoming constantly more perfect, is a capacity of approaching nearer to the divine nature ; his immortality is a similitude of the interminable duration of the sovereign Being, and the means of an everlasting communion with him. As often as he thinks of truth ; as often as he is inclined to goodness, and brings it to effect ; as often as he perceives, admires, and promotes order and harmony ; as often as he spreads love and joy, and happiness around him, so often does he think, and will, and perform, and feel, and act, in a God-like manner ; so often does he pursue the works of his creator and father ; so often does he promote the designs of the sovereign Being ; so often does he obtain a taste of pure divine felicity ; and the more he does so, the oftener he acts in this manner, the greater is his similitude with God, the brighter does the image of God shine in him, the less are we able to mistake his high descent, and to overlook the dignity of his nature.

How dignified is man, when we consider his outward figure and his station in the world. Consider the place he fills upon the earth ; what he is and does with all its other inhabitants ; and in this regard also you cannot mistake his dignity. See how he stands, full of consciousness, amidst all inferior creatures ; how exalted and eminent is he above them ; how all proclaim him the sovereign of the globe and its inhabitants the substitute of its author, and the priest of nature ! With what a comprehensive view does he survey, distribute, order, connect, and apprehend ; now darting his eye from earth to heaven, and then looking down from heaven upon the earth with sentiments of delight ; affectionately cherishing every thing that lives and moves : his sentimental heart expands to the innumerable streams of pleasure and joy, which from all sides flow to meet him, till he is lost in the sweetest sentiments of love and adoration !— How beautiful, how elevated his mein ! How significant and expressive every feature of his face, every attitude, every movement of his person ! How forcible is the language of his eye ! How he displays his whole soul by a glance of it, and with an irresistible energy at one time commands reverence, at another submission and obedience, and at another love ; now inspiring courage and resolution, then pleasure and satisfaction in all about him ! How often does he confound the wicked with a look, defeat the schemes of injustice, drive sorrow from the breast of the mourner, and dart life and heavenly joy, where darkness and distress prevailed. Who can here mistake the elevation and the dignity of man !

The writings of the ancients abound with excellent productions in every interesting kind of composition. There is no pleasing affection of the mind, which may not, in these invaluable remains of antiquity, find ample scope for gratification. The Epic muse, whether she appears in the majestic simplicity of Homer, or in the finished elegance of Virgil, presents before the

delighted imagination an endless variety of grand and beautiful objects, interesting actions, and characters strongly marked, which it is impossible to contemplate without a perpetual succession of agreeable emotions. Tragedy, whether she rages with *Æschylus*, or weeps with *Sophocles*, or moralizes with *Euripedes*, never ceases to wear a dignified and interesting aspect. Comedy in the natural and easy dress, in which, after the best Greek models, she is clothed by *Terence*, can never fail to please. Lyric poetry, whilst it rolls on like an impetuous torrent, in the lofty strains, and the wild and varied numbers of *Pindar*, or flows in a placid and transparent stream along the channel of *Horatian* verse, or glides through the bowers of love and joy in the sportive lays of *Anacreon*, by turns astonishes, soothes, and delights. Elegy, through the soft and plaintive tones of *Bion*, or *Tibullus*, melts the soul in pleasing sympathy: whilst Pastoral Song, in the artless notes of *Theocrites*, or in the sweet melody of the Mantuan pipe, plays gently about the fancy and heart. Satire, in the mean time, provides entertainment for those who are disposed to laugh at folly, or indulge an honest indignation against vice, in the smile of *Horace*, the grin of *Lucian*, and the frown of *Juvenal*. So rich and various are the treasures with which the Greek and Roman writers furnish those who have enjoyed the advantages of a classical education.

Chapter II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Section I.

CARAZAN'S VISION;

Or, - Social Love and Benificence recommended.

Grasp the whole, world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence ;
Happier as kindlier, in whate'er degree,
A height of bliss is height of charity.

POPE.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the east for his avarice and his wealth : His origin was obscure as that of the spark, which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness : and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous ; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether, in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance by increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less : He gradually lost the inclination to do good as he acquired the power : and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer : He performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which rises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was mortal to di-

vine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but of reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity ; the poor suspended their supplications when he passed by ; though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the hungry, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to the door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked ; his eye softened with compassion and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with wonder at the prodigy ; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand ; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience :—

“ To HIM who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honour ! He hath ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, as his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate

the blow. At the same moment I found myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom between ; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight ; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness, which no human eye could behold : The irrecoverable sentence was now to be pronounced : my day of probation was past, and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me ; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me :—

“ Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God ! neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the love of man ; For thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due ; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly ; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven ? If not upon the foolish and the vicious where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew ? where shall the lips of the Spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of Autumn diffuse plenty ? Remember Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron : Thou hast lived for thyself ; and, therefore, henceforth forever shalt thou subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven ; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.”

At this moment I was driven, by some secret and

irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness ! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of despair—*Oh ! that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! There society would have alleviated the torments of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life ; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary intervals of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.*

“ While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched into utter darkness. The agonies of despair increased every moment, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther, for ever and ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda.”

At this reflection upon his dream Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upwards in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude was struck at once with the precept and the example ; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

Section II.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.

Two Mahometans of Arabia, persons of consideration in their own country, have been lately converted to the Christian faith. One of them has already suffered martyrdom, and the other is now engaged in translating the scriptures, and in concerting plans for the conversion of his countrymen. The name of the martyr was Abdallah, and the name of the other who is now translating the Scriptures, is Sabat; or, as he is called since his Christian baptism, Nathaniel Sabat.—Sabat resided in my house sometime before I left India, and I had from his own mouth the chief part of the account which I shall now give you.—Some particulars I had from others. His conversion took place after the martyrdom of Abdallah, “to whose death he was consenting;” and he related the circumstances to me with many tears.

Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahometans. Sabat is son of Ibrahim Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni-Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomet. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet at Mecca, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zemaun Shah,

king of Cabul ; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed, belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahometan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian.—Abdallah endeavoured for a time to conceal his conversion, but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognised him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. "But, sir," said Sabat, when relating the story himself, "*I had no pity.*" I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Morad Shah, king of Bochara. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bochara, announcing the time of his execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went and stood near to Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand. "No," said he, (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with) "*I cannot abjure Christ.*" Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side with but little motion. A physician, by desire of the king, offered to heal the wound, if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up stedfastly towards heaven, like Stephen the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards me. He looked at me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of

forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. "But sir," said Sabat in his imperfect English, "he never changed, he never changed." And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to say, "what new thing is this?"

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest, and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival he was appointed by the English government a Mufti, or expounder of Mahometan law; his great learning, and respectable station in his own country rendered him eminently qualified for that office. Now the period of his own conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatem, in the northern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament in Arabic. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together, and at length the truth of the word of God fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Madras, a journey of 300 miles, to seek Christian baptism; and having made a public confession of his faith he was baptised by the Rev. Dr. Kerr, in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Being now desirous of devoting his future life to the glory of God, he resigned his secular employ, and came by invitation to Bengal, where he is now engaged in translating the scriptures into the Persian language. This work hath not hitherto been executed, for want of a translator of sufficient ability. The Persian is an important language in the East, being the general language of western Asia, particularly among the higher classes, and is understood from Calcutta to Damascus. But the great work which occupies the attention of this noble Arabian, is the

promulgation of the Gospel among his own countrymen ; and from the present fluctuations of religious opinions in Arabia, he is sanguine in his hopes of success. His first work is entitled, (Neama Besharatin lil Arabi,) "*Happy news for Arabia;*" written in the Nabuttee, or common dialect of the country. It contains an eloquent and argumentative elucidation of the truth of the Gospel, with copious authorities admitted by the Mahometans themselves, and particularly by the Wahabians. And prefixed to it, is an account of the conversion of the author, and an appeal to the members of his well-known family in Arabia, for the truth of the facts.

The following circumstance in the history of Sabat ought not to have been omitted. When his family in Arabia had heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they dispatched his brother to India, (a voyage of two months,) to assassinate him. While Sabat was sitting in his house at Visagapatem, his brother presented himself in the disguise of a Faqueer, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat, seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognized his brother. The assassin would have become the victim of public justice, but Sabat interceded for his brother, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents to his mother's house in Arabia.

The conversion of Abdallah and Sabat seems to have been as evidently produced by the Spirit of God, as any conversion in the primitive church. Other instances have occurred in Arabia of a similar kind, and on the very borders of Palestine itself. These are like the solitary notices which, in other nations, have announced the approach of a general illumination. John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were not, perhaps, more talked of in Europe, than Abdallah and Sabat are at this day, in Bucharia and Arabia.

Section III.

CHARACTER OF A CLERGYMAN.

I was very much pleased, in my last visit to Colonel Caustic's, with the appearance and the deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend, and his sister. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated, in the early part of his life, as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form, but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life, a language of kindness and indulgence.

“ ‘Tis the religion of a gentleman,” said Colonel Caustic.—“ ‘Tis the religion of a philosopher,” said I.—“ ‘Tis something more useful than either,” said his sister. “ Did you know his labours as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences, the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make society prosperous and happy. He

gives to religion a certain graciousness which allureſ to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he bring his mind fairly to the trial ; that to fill our station well, is in every station to be happy."

"The great and wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, "to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion ; we are not then to wonder, if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm, but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetness of life ; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death ! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people : they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close !"

"'Tis the religion of a Christian !" said Miss Caustic.

Lounger.

Section IV.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

I had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember every word of it ; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows :

I thought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures that imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps ; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest ; from every baleful tree, the night raven uttered his dreadful note ; and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner.

"Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal ! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world ; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars ; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe.—Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings ; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy

within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge ; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form : effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts ; when with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

“ My name is RELIGION. I am the offspring of TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BENEVOLENCE, HOPE, and JOY. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called SUPERSTITION : she is the child of DISCONTENT, and her followers are FEAR and SORROW. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character ; and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till, she at length drives them to the borders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.”

“ Look round, and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race ; and consider whether a world that

exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is, to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What!" cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of Saints and Heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it: both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmixed felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally di-

eased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulf into which thou wast just now going to plunge."

"While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported, with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure, in this pursuit, of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, are at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of

many kinds will be necessary ; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good ; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the general activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities : but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination."

"Return then with me from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity : return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. RELIGION is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is a behaviour so cheerful as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused : and I was going to express my acknowledgements for her discourse, when a ring of bells from a neighbouring village, and the new risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awoke me.

Carter.

Section V.

ON THE JUSTICE OF PROVIDENCE.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

POPE,

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasury with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountains : He there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary head, and dashed the cup of consolation, that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence ; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity ? Ye lying Idiots, prate to us no more of the justice, of the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence ! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of hope, and, like a malignant giant, to beat down in his anger, the strongest towers of happiness. If this Being possessed the

goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe —I will continue in it no longer!"

At this moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amarinth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, " Follow me to the top of this mountain."

" Look from hence," said the awful conductor : " I am Caloc, the angel of peace : look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure : It was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desart ; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a cask of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use ; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening, to watch the setting sun, and give a signal to any ship that might happily approach the island.

" Inhabitant of heaven," cried Bozaldab, " suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts."

" Peace," said the angel, " and observe."

He looked again, and beheld a vessel arrive at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No

sooner had this pitiful commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated, and implored in vain.

“ Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised ? ” exclaimed Bozaldab. “ Look again,” said the angel, “ and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock : Dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in the disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldest prescribe. His vice is avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched ; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor : He cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless ; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious ; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom ! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.” The caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper ; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded by the rajahs of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions ; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a fair princess.

“ Gracious Alla ! — It is my son ! ” cried the caliph ; “ let me hold him to my heart ! ” “ Thou canst not

grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel : " I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued long on the earth. " And why," returned Bozaldab, " why was he not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power ? " " Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness ; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered with intemperance : his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The palace, so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on a cold pavement, gagged and bound, and his eyes put out.—Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

" Happy," said Caloc, " is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt ; from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could upon others."

" It is enough," cried Bozaldab : " I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omnipotence ! — From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature ! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory on earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies."

" Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, " which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaints for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of

Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing amongst an infinity of objects, naturally relative? Can the channels which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundation of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature: for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The angel, while he was thus speaking, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum, and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Section VI.

A REVIEW OF LIFE.

The elapsed periods of life acquire importance from the prospect of its continuance. The smallest thing becomes respectable when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill, near the source of one of the great American rivers, is an interesting object to the traveller who is apprised, as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its banks, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood. So, while I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have begun to be that conscious existence which I am to be through infinite duration; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life in which I

am setting out on such a progress ; I cannot be content without an accurate sketch of the windings thus far of a stream which is to bear me on forever. I try to imagine how it will be to recollect, at a far distant point of my era, what I was when here ; and I wish, if it were possible, to retain, as I advance, the whole course of my existence within the scope of clear reflexion : to fix in my mind so very strong an idea of what I have been in this original period of my time that I shall most completely possess this idea in ages too remote for calculation.

The review becomes still more important, when I learn the influence which this first part of the progress will have on the happiness or misery of the next.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of executing the proposed task will have been caused by the extreme deficiency of that self-observation, which, to any extent, is no common employment, either of youth or any later age. Men realize their existence to the surrounding objects that act upon them, and form the *interests* of self, rather than that very *self*, that interior being, which is thus acted upon. So that this being itself, with its thoughts and feelings, as distinct from the objects of those thoughts and feelings, but rarely occupied its own deep and patient attention. Men carry their minds as they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and satisfied with attending to the little exterior circle of things, to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing. It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person not watchfully observant of himself may have gained in the whole course of an active or even inquisitive life. He may have lived almost a life, and traversed a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind to impress or to erase characteristics of much more importance to him than all the figured brass or marble that the world contains. After having explored ma-

ny a cavern or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess in his character. He may have conversed with many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects ; but, having neglected those conversations with himself by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to his view, he is better qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade ; to represent the manners of the Italians, or the Turks ; to narrate the proceedings of the Jesuits, or the adventures of the gypsies ; than to write the history of his own mind.

If we had practised habitual self-observation, we could not have failed to make important discoveries. There have been thousands of feelings, each of which, if strongly seized upon, and made the subject of reflection, would have shown us what our character was, and what it was likely to become. There have been numerous incidents, which operated on us as tests, and so fully brought out the whole quality of the mind, that another person, who should have been discriminatively observing us, would instantly have formed a decided estimate. But unfortunately the mind is too much occupied by the feeling or the incident itself, to have the slightest care or consciousness that any thing *could* be learnt, or *is* disclosed. In very early youth it is almost inevitable for it to be thus lost to itself even amidst its own feelings, and the external objects of attention ; but it seems a contemptible thing, and it certainly is a criminal and dangerous thing, for a man in mature life to allow himself this thoughtless escape from self-examination.

We have not only neglected to observe what our feelings indicated, but have also in a very great degree ceased to remember what they were. We may justly wonder how our minds could pass away successively from so many scenes and moments which seemed to us important, each in its time, and retain so slight an impression, that we have now nothing to tell about what once excited our utmost emotion,

As to my own mind, I perceive that it is becoming uncertain of the exact nature of many feelings of considerable interest, even of later years : of course, the remembrance of what was felt in early life is exceedingly faint. I have just been observing several children of eight or ten years old, in all the active vivacity which enjoys the plentitude of the moment without "looking before or after ;" and while observing, I attempted, but without success, to recollect what I was at that age. I can indeed remember the principal events of the period, and the actions and projects to which my feelings impelled me ; but the feelings themselves, in their own pure juvenility, cannot be revived, so as to be described and placed in comparison with those of maturity. What is become of all those vernal fancies, which had so much power to touch the heart ? What a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone. They died, like the singing birds of that time, which now sing no more.

The life that we then had, now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. When we go back to it in thought, and endeavour to recal the interests which animated it, they will not come. We are like a man returning, after the absence of many years, to visit the embowered cottage where he passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins.

VIEW OF LIFE—*Continued.*

We may regard our past life as a continued, though irregular course of education ; and the discipline has consisted of instruction, companionship, reading, and the diversified influences of the world. The young mind eagerly came forward to meet the operations of some of these modes of discipline, though without the possibility of a thought concerning the important process under which it was beginning to pass. In some certain degree we have been influenced by each.

of these parts of the great system of education ; it will be worth while to inquire how far, and in what manner.

Few persons can look back to the early period when they were peculiarly the subjects of instruction, without a regret for themselves, (which may be extended to the human race,) that the result of instruction, excepting that which leads to evil, bears so small a proportion to its compass and repetition. Yet some good consequences will follow the diligent inculcation of truth and precept on the youthful mind ; and our consciousness of possessing certain advantages derived from it will be a partial consolation in the review that will comprise so many proofs of its comparative inefficacy. You can recollect perhaps the instructions to which you feel yourselves permanently the most indebted, and some of those which produced the greatest effect on your mind at the time, those which surprised, delighted, or mortified you. You can remember the facility or difficulty of understanding, the facility or difficulty of believing, and the practical inferences which you drew from principles, on the strength of your own reason, and sometimes in variance with those made by your instructors. You can remember what views of truth and duty were most frequently and cogently presented, what passions were appealed to, what arguments were employed, and which had the greatest influence. Perhaps your present idea of the most convincing and persuasive mode of instruction may be derived from your early experience of the manner of those persons, with whose opinions you felt it the most easy and delightful to harmonize, who gave you the most agreeable consciousness of your faculties expanding to the light, like morning flowers, and who, assuming the least of dictation, exerted the greatest degree of power. You can recollect the submissiveness with which your mind yielded to instructions as from an oracle, or the hardihood with which you dared to examine and oppose them. You can remember how far they

became, as to your own conduct, an internal authority of reason and conscience, when you were not under the inspection of those who inculcated them ; and what classes of persons or things around you they induced you to dislike or approve. And you can perhaps imperfectly trace the manner and the particulars in which they sometimes aided, or sometimes counteracted, those other influences which have a far stronger efficacy on the character than instruction can boast.

Most persons, I presume, can recollect some few sentences or conversations which made so deep an impression, perhaps in some instances they can scarcely tell why, that they have been thousands of times recalled, while all the rest have been forgotten ; or they can advert to some striking incident, coming in aid of instruction, or being of itself a forcible instruction, which they seem even now to see as clearly as when it happened, and of which they will retain a perfect idea to the end of life. In some instances, to recollect the instructions of a former period will be to recollect too the excellence, the affection, and the death of the persons who gave them. Amidst the sadness of such a remembrance, it will be a consolation that they are not entirely lost to us. Wise monitions, when they return on us with this melancholy charm, have more pathetic cogency than when they were first uttered by the voice of a living friend who is now silent. It will be an interesting occupation of the pensive hour, to recount the advantages which we have received from beings who have left the world, and to reinforce our virtues from the dust of those who first taught them.

In our review, we shall find that the companions of our childhood, and of each succeeding period, have had a great influence on our characters. A creature so conformable as man, and at the same time so capable of being moulded into partial dissimilarity by social antipathies, cannot have conversed with his fellow beings thousands of hours, walked with them

thousands of miles, undertaken with them numberless enterprises smaller and greater, and had every passion by turns awakened in their company, without being immensely affected by all this association. A large share indeed of the social interest may have been of so common a kind, and with persons of so common an order, that the effect on the character has been too little peculiar to be strikingly perceptible during the progress. We were not sensible of it, till we came to some of those circumstances and changes in life, which make us aware of the state of our minds by the manner in which new objects are acceptable or repulsive to them. On removing into a new circle of society, for instance, we could perceive, by the number of things in which we found ourselves uncongenial with the new acquaintance, the modification which our sentiments had received in the preceding social intercourse. But in some instances we have been sensible, in a very short time, of a powerful force operating on our opinions, tastes, and habits, and throwing them into a new order. This effect is inevitable, if a young susceptible mind happens to become familiarly acquainted with a person in whom a strongly individual cast of character is sustained and dignified by uncommon mental resources; and it may be found that, generally, the greatest measure or effect has been produced by the influence of a very small number of persons; often of one only, whose extended and interesting mind had more power to surround and assimilate a young ingenuous being, than the collective influence of a multitude of the persons, whose characters were moulded in the manufactory of customs, and sent forth like images of clay of kindred shape and varnish from a pottery.

Learn then to look back with great interest on the world of circumstances through which life has been drawn. Consider what thousands of situations, appearances, incidents, persons, you have been present to, each in its moment. The review will present to you something like a chaos, with all the moral,

and all other elements, confounded together ; and you may reflect till you begin almost to wonder how an individual retains even the same essence through all the diversities, vicissitudes, and counteractions of influence, that operate on it during its progress through the confusion. But though its essence is the same, and might defy an universe to extinguish, absorb, or change it ; its modification, its condition, and habits, will shew where it has been, and what it has undergone. You may descry on it the marks and colours of many of the things by which, in passing, it has been touched or arrested.

Consider the number of meetings with acquaintances, friends, or strangers ; the number of conversations you have held or heard ; the number of exhibitions of good or evil, virtue or vice ; the number of occasions on which you have been disgusted or pleased, moved to admiration or to abhorrence ; the number of times that you have contemplated the town, the rural cottage, or verdant fields ; the number of volumes that you have read ; the times that you have looked over the present state of the world, or gone by means of history into past ages ; the number of comparisons of yourself with other persons, alive or dead, and comparisons of them with one another, the number of solitary musings, of solemn contemplations of night, of the successive subjects of thought, and of animated sentiments that have been kindled and extinguished. Add all the hours and causes of sorrow that you have known. Through this lengthened, and, if the number could be told, stupendous, multiplicity of things, you have advanced, while all their heterogeneous myriads have darted influences upon you, each one of them having some definable tendency. A traveller round the globe would not meet a greater variety of seasons, prospects, and winds, than you might have recorded of the circumstances affecting the progress of your character, in your moral journey. You could not wish to have drawn to yourself the agency of a vaster

diversity of causes ; you could not wish, on the supposition that you had gained advantage from all these, to wear the spoils of a greater number of regions. The formation of the character from so many materials reminds one of that mighty appropriating attraction, which, on the hypothesis that the resurrection shall re-assemble the same particles which composed the body before, will draw them from dust, and trees, and animals, and ocean, and winds.

Chapter III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

Section I.

ON STUDY.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight, is in privateness and retirement ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar.— They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them : for they teach not what is their own use, but what is wis-

dom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that should only be in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading makes a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Section II.

HAMLET'S DIRECTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as leif the town-crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusteous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise ; I would have such a fellow

whipt for overdoing Termagant, it out-Herods Herod ; pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither ; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of nature ; whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to show Virtue her own feature : Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of one of which, must in your allowance overweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly too, (not to speak it profanely,) that neither having the action of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well ; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too : though in the mean time, some necessary part of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Section III.

ELOQUENCE AND ORATORY.

Eloquence may be defined to be the art of expressing our thoughts and feelings with precision, force, and elegance ; and of heightening the impressions of reason, by the colouring of imagination.

It is applicable, therefore, to the whole faculty of verbal discourse, whether oral or written. It addresses itself by the pen to the eye, as well as by the living organs to the ear. Thus we speak (with admitted accuracy) of an eloquent book, as freely as of an eloquent oration ; of the eloquent Buffon (alluding to his celebrated work on natural history;) and of the eloquent writings, as of the eloquent speeches of Edmund Burke. The apostrophe to the queen of France is as genuine a piece of eloquence, as if it had been spoken in the House of Commons.

Oratory, on the contrary, is precise and limited in its application : and, in this respect, indeed, even popular usage is pretty generally correct. It may be defined to be oral eloquence ; or the art of communicating, by the immediate action of the vocal and expressive organs, to popular or select assemblies, the dictates of our reason, or our will, and the workings of our passions, our feelings and our imaginations.

Oratory, therefore, includes the idea of eloquence : for no man can be an orator who has not an affluence of thought and language. But eloquence does not necessarily include the idea of oratory : since a man may be rich in all the stores of language and thought, without possessing the advantages of a graceful and impressive delivery.

Section IV.

OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution is the art, or the act of so delivering our own thoughts and sentiments, or the thoughts and sentiments of others, as not only to convey to those around us (with precision, force, and harmony,) the full purport and meaning of the words and sentences in which these thoughts are clothed ; but also to excite and impress upon their minds, the feelings, the imaginations and the passions by which those thoughts are dictated, or with which they should naturally be accompanied.

Elocution, therefore, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech. It embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind.

To concentrate what has been said by an allegorical recapitulation—Eloquence may be considered as the soul, or animating principle of discourse ; and is dependent on intellectual energy and intellectual attainments. Elocution is the embodying form, or representative power : dependent on exterior accomplishments, and on the cultivation of the organs. Oratory is the complicated and vital existence resulting from the perfect harmony and combination of Eloquence and Elocution.

The vital existence, however, in its full perfection, is one of the choicest rarities of nature. The high and splendid accomplishments of oratory (even in the most favoured age, and the most favoured countries) have been attained by few : and many are the ages, and many are the countries, in which these accomplishments have never once appeared. Generations have succeeded to generations, and centuries have rolled after centuries, during which the intellectual desert has not exhibited even one solitary specimen of the

stately growth and flourishing expansion of oratorical genius.

The rarity of this occurrence is, undoubtedly, in part, to be accounted for, from the difficulty of the attainment. The palm of oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*—by aspiring souls, and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil which few would be contented to encounter;—a decisive intrepidity of character; and an untameableness of mental ambition, which very, very few can be expected to possess. It requires, also, conspicuous opportunities for cultivation and display,—to which few can have the fortune to be born; and which fewer still will have the hardihood to endeavour to create.

Section V.

FAULTS OF CONVERSATIONS.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation overshoot their mark. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball.

We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before Ladies, or of the last new fashion to a meeting of country Justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation than peculiarities, easily acquired but not conquered or discarded without extreme difficulty. Those who accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; who assent with a shrug, contradict with a twisting of the neck, are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper, or minuet step,

may be considered as speaking harlequins. With these we condemn the affected tribe of mimics, who are continually taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance ; though they are generally such wretched imitators, that like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness.

It is unnecessary to point out all the pests of conversation, or to dwell on the *sensibles*, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences ; the *wonderers*, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes ; the phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that and 'tother* ; lastly, the silent persons, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precepts of the gospel, letting their conversation be only yea, yea ; and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this particular talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding ; we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an interesting prerogative.

Section VI.

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

—Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties which no after wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see, it happens, that the person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injur-

ed, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him ; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, and mustered up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger ; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say that for every ten jokes, thou hast got an hundred enemies ; and, till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced that it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive ; but consider, that fools cannot distinguish this, and knaves will not ; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one or make merry with the other ; whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled upon. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes : the best of us my friend, lie open there, and trust me—when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

an interior resemblance to one another, and that their vices have a uniformity, because they always proceed either from weakness or interest. In a word, your descriptions will not be indeterminate: and the more thoroughly you shall have examined what passes within your own breast, with more ability will you unfold the hearts of others.

Section IX.

WIT INJURES ELOQUENCE.

To all those rules which art furnishes for conducting the plan of a discourse, we proceed to subjoin a general rule, from which orators, and especially Christian orators, ought never to swerve.

When such begin their career, the zeal for the salvation of souls which animate them, doth not render them always unmindful of the glory which follows great success. A blind desire to shine and to please, is often at the expence of that substantial honour, which might be obtained, were they to give themselves up to the pure emotion of piety, which so well agree with the sensibility necessary to eloquence.

It is, unquestionably, to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labour which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful in the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompence. But if motives so pure have not a sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love, and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator.

Tell me then, what is this you call Eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satire, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?" Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles? of rounding periods? of tormenting one's self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art which despairs frivolous ornaments, which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory?—You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No; these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great.—How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! And you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendation from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet! Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere disclaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others.

Section X.

OF THE PRODUCTION OF IDEAS.

IT is this continual propagation of great ideas, by which they are mutually enlivened; it is this art of incessantly advancing in composition, that gives strength to eloquence, rapidity to discourse, and the

whole interest of dialogue to an uninterrupted succession of ideas, which, were they disjointed, would produce no effects, but languish and die.—The progression which imparts increasing strength to each period, is the natural representation of those transports of soul which should enliven throughout the compositions of the orator. Hence it follows, that an eloquent writer can only be formed by a fertility and vastness of thoughts.

Detached phrases, superfluous passages, witty comparisons, unprofitable definitions, the affectation of shining or surprising at every word, the extravagance of genius, these do not enrich, but rather impoverish a writer, as often as they interrupt his progress.

Let, then, the orator avoid, as most dangerous rocks, those ensnaring sallies, which would diminish the impetuosity of his ardour. Without pity on his productions, and without ever regretting the apparent sacrifices which it will cost him, let him, as he proceeds, retrench this heap of flourishes, which stifles his eloquence, instead of embellishing it; and which hurries him on forcibly, rather than gracefully, towards his main design.

If the hearer find himself continually where he was, if he discover the enlargement, the return of the same ideas, or the playing upon words, he is no more transported with the admiration of a vehement orator; it is a florid disclaimer, whom he hears without effect. He does not even hear him long. He also, like the orator, makes idle reflections on every word. He is continually losing sight of the thread of the discourse, amidst those digressions of the rhetorician, who is aiming to shine while his subject languishes. At length, tired with this redundancy of words, he feels his exhausted attention ready to expire with every breath.

Mistaken man of genius! wert thou acquainted with the true method of attaining eloquence, instead of disgusting thy hearer with thy insipid antithesis, his

attention would not be at liberty to be diverted. He would partake of your emotion. He would become all that you mean to describe. He would imagine that he himself could discover the plain and striking arguments which you laid before him, and, in some measure, compose your discourse along with you. His satisfaction would be at its height, as would be your glory. And you would find, that it is the delight of him who hears, which always insures the triumph of him who speaks.

“A good judge of the art of **Oratory**,” says Ciceron, “need not hear an **Orator** in order to judge of his merits—He passes on—He observes the judges conversing together—restless on their seats—frequently enquiring in the middle of a pleading, whether it be not time to close the trial, and break up the court. This is enough for him. He perceives at once that the cause is not pleaded by a man of eloquence, who can command every mind, as a musician can produce harmonious tones by touching the strings of his instrument.

“But if he perceive, as he passes on, the same judges attentive—their heads erect—their looks engaged, and apparently struck with admiration of the speaker, as a bird is charmed with the sweet sounds of music ; if, above all, he discover them (or “the court,” or “the audience”) most passionately affected by pity, by hatred, or by any strong emotion of the heart ; if, I say, as he passes on, he perceive these effects, though he hear not a word of the Oration, he immediately concludes, that a real **Orator** is in this assembly, and that the work of eloquence proceeds, or rather is already accomplished.

Section XI.

ORATORY.

ORATORY is the art of speaking gracefully upon a subject, with a view to instruct, persuade, or please. The scope of this art is, to support truth and virtue, to maintain the rights and liberties of mankind, to alleviate the miseries and distresses of life, or to defend the innocent, and accuse the guilty.—The masters of rhetoric among the Greeks and Romans, have considered an oration as consisting of three or four parts, called the *exordium*, or mere beginning; the *narration* and *confirmation*, extending from thence to the *peroration*, or recapitulation and conclusion of what has been said. Now, as these parts of an oration differ widely in nature from each other, so they require a difference of style. A discourse may open variety of ways, bespeaking the favour and attention of the audience, as by an address to those who preside in chief;—with an apology;—with setting forth the design of the point in debate;—or with any other form arising from the speaker's consideration of his own situation, or the person of his hearers.—But, from whatever occasion the exordium may take its rise, in general it should be short, plain, and modest.—Swellings introductions to plain subjects are ridiculous, and to great actions unnecessary, because they sufficiently show and magnify themselves;—not but, on some occasions, it may be proper to begin with spirit and fire. Examples of this kind are found in Cicero.—The language too must be plain, simple, and concise in the narration, which is the part for stating the subject, and setting forth its consideration under one or more propositions; the fewer and clearer the better: Neither must the speaker rise much in the confirmation, where he is to prove the point under consideration, by proper illustrations, apt, short, and plain examples; by expressive similitudes, cogent argu-

ments, and just observations, backed and supported by authorities divine and human. Here the speaker must make his way to the judgement and conviction of his audience, by words and matter weighty and significant ; in sentences grave and unaffected ; in short, rather by strong good sense in familiar language, than by trifling observations in hard words and studied ornaments.—The subject being opened, explained, and confirmed, in the three first parts ; that is to say, the speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, must proceed in the peroration to finish his conquests over the passions, such as imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger.—To these some application may be made in the exordium ; but now the court must be paid wholly to them ; in managing which is required no small skill and address. Now, therefore, the speaker must begin to exert himself.—Here it is that a fine genius may display itself in the use of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing.—Thus the orator may gain the ascendant over his audience ;—can turn the current of their minds his own way, either like the rapid Severn with uplifted head, rushing on impetuous, or like the smooth gliding Thames, gently rising by almost imperceptible advances.

Section XII.

REMARKS ON READING.

Reading is the food of the mind ; it forms taste, enriches knowledge, and refines reason. The gay, the giddy, the frivolous, read without expansion of soul, or improvement of their mental powers. They read without choice, without system, and with heedless precipitation. The impressions and the objects

succeed each other with such rapidity, that the first is effaced by the following, and all are jumbled together in the memory; so that, after much reading, the men I allude to have only acquired the equivocal talent of disgusting a sound mind with embryo ideas, lost in a luxuriancy of words.

Young men are, in general, advised to read much. If they adhere to this counsel; if they devour every book that falls in their way, as is usually the case, even with those who have the best intentions, they overshoot the mark, and their purpose is disappointed. Amusement only will become their aim. They will give up Tillotson, Blackstone, Addison, Steele, Congreve, &c. for a novel, that is, for reading, of a nature the most dangerous to the undecided taste of a raw mind. I am well aware that there are some few of these ephemeral productions that may be run over with a sort of advantage, but this must not be during the period allotted you for laying the foundations of manly eloquence.

A young man may read *Don Quixote* twenty times over, before he perceives the acuteness of the author, or feels the moral aim of the work. It will appear to him a tissue of extraordinary events only, and eccentricities of a wild imagination. You well know, that in romances, or even novels, things are generally pushed to the extreme. If they treat of virtue, it loses its name, and becomes heroism or fantastic virtue. They always address themselves to fancy, and lead her a chase after ideal happiness, which nothing but cool reason, in a more advanced period of life, can put a stop to.

For the present, therefore, leave every work of this nature, even the best, and peruse none but such as are recommended to you for truth, solidity, and elegance.

To guard you against this intemperance of reading, I must assure you, that the number of books on which you should form your taste, is by no means considerable. Let your friends see master-pieces in your

hands. Attach yourselves, at first, to their thoughts, and acquire, by every exertion of assiduity, that harmony of style, which wins the soul by charming the ear ; those felicities of expression, that rules cannot reach to : and that combination of sounds, by means of which you will paint and impress your ideas.

Be not precipitate ; call yourself often to account for what you have read. I would counsel you, at first, to take down the heads in writing. You will soon find yourself able to remember them without this assistance ; and, besides, you will imperceptibly make yourself master of the art of analysis, which is the surest and shortest road to instruction.

Section XIII.

OF METHOD IN SPEAKING.

Method is the art of ranking every thing in the place that suits it ; in fact, I might boldly tell you at once, that method is nothing but good taste : I do not mean that good taste which produces the graces of a discourse, but that other species of taste, which regulates the order in which the different parts, the reasons, the proofs, and all the means of persuasion, should be displayed, for the purpose of producing the greater effect : it is not the taste that colours, but it is that which draws, which sketches the forms, and groups them ; in short, I mean the taste that creates the beauty of reason, and not that of fancy ; the beauty of plenitude, not that of a single member. It disposes the springs that you are to put in motion for the purpose of pleasing, instructing, and persuading. Before you cast about for the order in which you are to offer your thoughts, you must already have preconceived a general outline of your subject : the next process is, in that outline, to mark the place of your

principal ideas ; your subject will then become circumscribed, and you will see its extent.

This plan will be your ground work ; it will support you, direct you, regulate the movements of your mind, and submit them to the laws of method. Without it, the best speaker will go astray, his progress will be unguided, and the irregular beauties of his speech will be at the mercy of hazard. How brilliant soever the colours he employs may be, the disposition of the picture will ruin the whole effect ; and the speaker may be admired, but his genius will most certainly be suspected.

Why are the works of nature so perfect ? says Buffon : it is because every work is a whole, or has its full plenitude : it is because she never deviates from one eternal plan. She prepares in silence the seeds of all her productions : in one bold stroke alone, she hits off the primitive form of every living being ; she unfolds and bestows perfection on it by a perpetual motion, and in a prescribed time. The human mind cannot create, it can produce nothing until it has been fertilized by experience and meditation ; its notions are the seeds of its productions ; but if it imitates the progress and labour of Nature ; if it rise on the wings of contemplation, to the most sublime truths ; if it connect them, link them, and form them into one grand whole by the powers of reflection ; it will raise a monument of fame on an immortal foundation.

It is for want of a plan, and for not having allowed reflection to dwell long enough on his subject, that a man of abilities finds himself embarrassed, and knows not where or how to begin. He at once perceives a vast number of ideas ; as he has made no comparison betwixt them, nor established any subordination among them, there is nothing that determines him to give the preference to one more than to the other ; he, therefore, stands a victim of his own perplexity. But when he shall have laid down a plan to himself ; when once he shall have gathered together, and put in order, every idea essential to his subject, the work

will have arrived at the point of maturity ; he will be eager to give it birth ; thought will succeed thought, with ease and pleasure to himself : his style will be natural and lucid ; the delight he feels will beget a warmth, which will glow through all his periods, and give life to every expression ; his animation will increase ; the tones of his voice will swell ; every object will become prominent : and sentiment, in unison with perspicuity, will render the discourse both interesting and luminous.

Weigh your own feelings, examine the emotions of others, endeavour to discover, in every occurrence of life, the spring of human passions, study to imitate nature, and with the genius and judgement you are blessed with, you cannot but succeed as a great speaker.

One word more, and I quit the subject : accustom yourself, even in your common conversation, to link your thoughts to one another ; utter none without a momentary examination, whether it is sound and fit or not : justness and precision will glide from your conversation into your first little essays, and from these into greater ; and when, at last, nature shall have attained its maturity, and occasion touches the spring of genius, all the powers of your mind will burst into harmonious motion.

Section XIV.

ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

It will not, I think, be pretended, that any of our preachers have often occasion to address more sagacious, learned, or polite assemblies, than those which were composed of the Roman senate, or the Athenian people, in their most enlightened times. But it is well known what great stress the most celebrated orators of those times laid on action, how exceeding

imperfect they reckoned eloquence without it, and what wonders they performed with its assistance; performed upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits the world ever saw: it were easy to throw together a number of common-place quotations, in support, or illustration of this, and almost every other remark that can be made upon the present subject.

But as that would lead us beyond the intention of this paper, we need only recollect here, one simple fact, which every body hath heard of, that whereas Demosthenes himself did not succeed in his first attempts, through his having neglected to study action, he arrived afterwards at such a pitch in that faculty, that when the people of Rhodes expressed in high terms their admiration of his famous oration for Ctesiphon, upon hearing it read with a very sweet and strong voice by Æchines, whose banishment it had procured, that great and candid judge said to them, "How would you have been affected, had you seen him speak it! For he that *only hears* Demosthenes loses much the better part of the oration."—What an honourable testimony this, from a vanquished adversary, and such an adversary! What a noble idea doth it give of that wonderful orator's action! I grasp it with ardour; I transport myself in imagination to old Athens. I mingle with the popular assembly, I behold the lightning, I listen to the thunder of Demosthenes. I feel my blood thrilled, I see the audience toss and shaken like some deep forest by a mighty storm. I am filled with wonder at such marvellous effects. I am hurried almost out of myself. In a little while, I endeavour to be more recollected. Then I consider the orator's address. I find the whole inexpressible. But nothing strikes me more than his action. I perceive the various passions he would inspire rising in him by turns, and working from the depth of his frame. Now he glows with the love of the public; now he flames with indignation at its enemies; then he will swell with disdain of

its false, indolent, or interested friends; anon he melts with grief for its misfortunes; and now he turns pale with fear of yet greater ones. Every feature, nerve, and circumstance about him, is intensely animated: each almost seems as if it would speak. I discern his inmost soul, I see it as only clad in some thin transparent vehicle. It is all on fire. I wonder no longer at the effects of such eloquence: I only wonder at their cause.

Section XV.

WOMEN POLISH AND IMPROVE SOCIETY.

AMONG the innumerable ties by which mankind are drawn and held together, may be fairly reckoned that love of praise, which perhaps is the earliest passion of human beings. It is wonderful how soon children begin to look out for notice, and for consequence. To attract mutual regards by mutual services, is one chief aim, and one important operation, of a principle, which I should be sorry to think that any of you had outlived. No sooner do the social affections unfold themselves, than youth appear ambitious to deserve the approbation of those around them. Their desires of this kind are more lively, as their dispositions are more ingenious. Of those boys who discover the greatest ardour to obtain, by their capacity, their spirit, or their generosity, the esteem of their companions, it may be commonly observed, that they shoot up into the most valuable characters.

Eagerness for the admiration of school fellows and others, without distinction of sexes, is felt at first; but when, in process of time, the bosom becomes sensible to that distinction, it begins to beat with a peculiar anxiety to please the female part of your acquaintance. The smile, the applause, the attach-

ment of young women, you now consider as conferring felicity of a more interesting nature ; and to secure such happiness, is from henceforth an object that incites and influences you on a thousand occasions. By an increasing susceptibility to the attractions of the softer sex, you are carried more and more into their company : and there, my brothers, your hearts and manners, your tastes and pursuits, receive very often a direction that remains ever after, and that will probably decide your destiny through the whole of your existence.—I am aware, indeed, that to underrate their importance, and cultivate their commerce only as subservient to convenience, amusement, or voluptuousness, is common among the ignorant, the petulant, and the profligate of our sex : but, happy as I have been in the conversation of many worthy and accomplished persons of the other, I would willingly, if possible, prevent your adopting a system alike ungenerous and false.

It is certain, that savages, and those who are but little removed from their condition, have seldom behaved to women with much respect or tenderness. On the other hand, it is known, that in civilized nations they have ever been objects of both : that, in the most heroic states-of antiquity, their judgment was often honoured as the standard, and their suffrages often sought as the reward of merit : and though in those states the allurement of feminine softness was perhaps not always sufficiently understood, owing probably to that passion for public interest, and extensive fame, which seems to have overpowered all other emotions ; it must yet be acknowledged, that the Ladies of ancient days frequently possessed a wonderful influence in what concerned the political welfare, and private affections, of the people to whom they belonged.

But say, my friends, does it not reflect some lustre on the fair sex, that their talents and virtues have still been most revered in periods of the greatest renown ? And tell me, I beseech you, what age or

country, distinguished in the annals of fame, has not received a part of that distinction from the numbers of women, whom it produced conspicuous for their virtues and their talents ? Look at this, in which you live, does it not derive a very considerable share of its reputation from the female pens that eminently adorn it ? Look into the history of the world at large ; do not you find, that the female sex have, in a variety of ways, contributed largely to many of its most important events ? Look into the great machine of society, as it moves before you : do you not perceive, that they are still among its principal springs ? Do not their characters and manners deeply affect the passions of men, the interests of education, and those domestic scenes, where so much of life is past, and with which its happiness or misery is so intimately blended ? Consult your own experience, and confess, whether you are not touched by almost every thing they do or say, or look ; confess, whether their very foibles and follies do not often interest, and sometimes please you ?

There cannot, I am persuaded, be many worse symptoms of degeneracy, in an enlightened age, than a growing indifference about the regards of reputable women, and a fashionable propensity to lessen the sex in general. Where this is the case, the decencies of life, the softness of love, the sweets of friendship, the nameless tender charities that pervade and unite the most virtuous form of cultivated society, are not likely to be held in high estimation ; and when these fall into contempt, what is there left to polish, humanize, or delight mankind ?

Section XVI.

FONDNESS FOR FASHION INJURIOUS.

As it is probable that most of you will, after the confinement of the school, of the college, of an apprenticeship, or of whatever other early study, pass much of your time in the company of women, it deeply imports you to consider, with what sort of women you should associate. The infinite mischiefs attendant on communication with those miserable females, who have forfeited their *honour*, I will not attempt to relate. At present I will take it for granted, that the sons of Reason should converse only with the daughters of Virtue.

Of these last, the number is greater than many of you have been told; much greater than bad men, who judge from bad samples, will ever be persuaded to believe; and even greater than would be readily expected by the candid and virtuous themselves; were they to take their estimate from the general appearance of women in public life, instead of those private scenes where show and noise are excluded, where the flutter of fashion is forgotten in the silent discharge of domestic duties, and where females of real value are more solicitous to be amiable and accomplished, than alluring and admired.

Little, indeed, do those women consult either their own interest, or the reputation of the sex, who enter eagerly into the bustle of the mode, obtrude themselves on the gaze of the glittering throng, and sacrifice the decent reserves, and intellectual attainments, by which men of sentiments and delicacy are most taken, to the passion for dress, and visiting, and splendour, and prattling, and cards, and assemblies, and masquerades without end.

The coxcombs of the age may be caught by such arts of display, as much as those can be who are so generally captivated with themselves. They, no

doubt, will be flattered with what they suppose to be an offering presented at their shrine, a price paid for their admiration. But, depend upon it, my sisters, those men who are formed to be agreeable companions, faithful friends, and good husbands, will not be very forward to chuse their associates and partners for life, from the flaunting train of vanity, or the insipid circle of dissipation. Nor will it always be very easy to convince them, that while the open theatre of the world exhibits so many trivial and insipid characters of the female sex, its more retired situations abound with women of discretion and significance.

For my own share, I will confess, that I should not have thought so favourably in general concerning the fair part of the creation, as I now think, had I formed my opinions on this subject in places of gay resort; where simplicity, softness, a sedate carriage, and rational conversation, must usually give way to the boasted tone, and brilliant, but illusive figure of the society in vogue, which seems to me a composition of frivolous talk, fantastic manners, expensive outside, servile imitation of the mode, incessant amusement, ruinous gaming, and eternal disguise.

May I venture farther, and acknowledge my astonishment, when I have discovered that some sensible and deserving women, who in the country delighted all that came near them, by a style and deportment perfectly reasonable and highly engaging, yet appeared so forgetful of themselves the moment they plunged into the diversions and tumults of the town. Their heads turn round in the whirl of a fashionable life; and their hearts which went forth to their friends in the quiet of retreat, shrunk and vanished out of sight, in scenes where they apprehended that sentiment, affection, confidence, would probably be objects of derision. So then, Ladies, you could resign those sweetest pleasures of the soul, for the reputation of appearing modish: you could bury your better feelings, and relinquish for weeks and for months, your more respectable pursuits, to

mix familiarly and habitually with the herd of inferior beings, that run mad after superficial amusements, and the poorest objects of low-souled ambition.

Do we mean, that you ought to shut yourselves up from all the resorts of what is called Gentle Company, which, to say the truth, is often but another name for well-dressed triflers? We do not mean, we do not wish it. There are situations and connexions which would render it improper. To minds capable of reflection, the pageant, as it passes in review, may occasion many observations on the emptiness and perturbation of all but piety, worth, and heart-felt enjoyment. Nor is it altogether impossible, that a more correct appearance, a more composed address, friendly hints dropped by accident, improving remarks suggested by good sense, without the affectation of unseasonable gravity, may sometimes leave useful impressions where they were least expected. We only complain, that the friends of virtue should ever be so far entangled in the maze of modern impertinence, as to be afraid of living principally to themselves, to one another, and to the noblest purposes of their being.

Section XVII.

REMARKS ON PREACHING.

The Preacher, above all other public speakers, ought to labour to enrich and adorn, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most important. What great point has the player to gain? Why, to draw an audience to the theatre. The pleader at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the true state of the case, and gains the cause of his client, which may be an estate, or at most a life, he accomplishes his end. And of the

speaker in a legislature, the very utmost that can be said, is that the good of his country may, in a great measure, depend upon his tongue.

But the infinitely important object of preaching, is the reformation of mankind, upon which depends their happiness in this world, and throughout the whole of their being. And here, if the preacher possesses talents and industry, what a field of eloquence is open before him ! The universal and most important interests of mankind ! far beyond those for which the thunder of Demosthenes rolled in Athens ; far beyond those for which Cicero shook the senate-house of Rome. It is for him to rouse his auditors to a valiant resistance of the most formidable slavery, of the tyranny which is set up in man's own bosom ; and to exhort his hearers to maintain the liberty, the life, and the hopes of the whole human race for ever.

Of what consequence is it then, that the art of preaching be carried to such perfection, that all may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those who attend may receive benefit ! And if so important a part of preaching be delivery, how necessary must be the study of delivery ! That delivery is one of the most important parts of public instruction, is manifest from this, that very indifferent matter well delivered, will make a considerable impression ; while bad utterance never fails to defeat the whole effect of the noblest composition ever produced.

While exorbitant appetite, and unruly passion within, while evil solicitation, with alluring example without ; while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt, shall virtue and religion hold forth no charms to engage votaries ? Pleasure decks herself out with rich attire. Soft are her looks, and melting is the sweetness of her voice. And must religion present herself with every disadvantage ? Must she appear quite unadorned ? What chance can she then have, in competition with an enemy so much

better furnished with every necessary invitation and allurement? Alas! our preachers do not address innocents in paradise; but thoughtless and often habituated sinners. Mere cold explaining will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold which reason has on most men. Few of men have able heads; but all have hearts, and all hearts may be touched, if the speaker is master of his art. The business is not so much to open the understanding, as to warm the heart. There are few, comparatively speaking, *who* do not *know* their duty. To allure them to the *doing* of it, is the difficulty. This will never be effected by cold reasoning, either read or delivered in such a manner as to disgust, or lull the audience to sleep. Can it be supposed, that an audience is to be *warmed* to the love of virtue, by a *cold* though learned oration, either ill-read, or, what is worse, wretchedly delivered? Can it be supposed, that a preacher will win the *affections* of his hearers, whilst he neglects all the natural means for working upon their *passions*? Will he kindle in them that burning zeal which suits the most important of all subjects, by talking to them with all the coolness of a stoic philosopher, of the terrors of the Lord, of the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched, and of future glory, honour, and immortality, of everlasting kingdoms and heavenly thrones?

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly delivery, places of public instruction would be crowded, as well as places of public diversion. Rakes and infidels, merely to show their taste, would frequent them. Could all frequent them, and none profit? It is not supposable, but some *who came to scoff, might remain to pray*. That such a manner might be acquired, there is no reason to doubt, if preachers were only to bestow due pains to obtain it. What time and labour is requisite to acquire even a tolerable knowledge of the Latin language? Were only *one half* of these spent upon the art of delivery, what an astonishing degree of improvement would take place

in all kinds of public speaking ! What infinite advantage would accrue to pulpit oratory ! Let us only reflect for a moment, upon the time necessary to acquire a competent knowledge of any of the mechanical arts. A taylor, a shoemaker, or a blacksmith, must be under a master five, generally seven years, before he is capable of setting up for himself. Are these arts more difficult to obtain than the art of oratory ? And yet, the preacher goes into the pulpit at once, without having had one lesson, or article of instruction in this part of his art, towards gaining the end of preaching. What could be imagined more elegant, if entertainment alone were sought ; what more useful, if the good of mankind were the object, than the sacred function of preaching, *properly* performed. Were the most interesting of all subjects delivered to listening crowds, with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of divine truth, and with that *energy*, which would show that the preacher spoke from his own heart, and meant to speak to the hearts of his hearers, what effects might not follow ?

It has been observed, " that mankind are not wood or stone ; that they are undoubtedly capable of being roused and startled ; that they may be drawn and allure^d. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the divine threatenings against vice, would be in the ear of the offender, as if he heard the sound of the last trumpet summoning the dead to judgement. And the gentle call of mercy, encouraging the terrified and almost despairing penitent, to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the song of angels. A whole multitude might be lifted to the skies. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment which awaits vice ; the glories of that state to which, through divine favour, the pious will be raised, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered present to their understanding, with such conviction, as would make indelible impressions upon their hearts, and work a substantial reform in their lives."

Chapter IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

Section I.

REMARKABLE FAULTS OF BAD SPEAKERS.

Ludovicus Cresollius, a Jesuit of Brittanny, who wrote a treatise upon the perfect action and pronunciation of an orator, published in Paris in 1620, gives the following description of the delivery of a public speaker, whose style was polished and whose composition was learned.

“ When he turned himself to the left, he spoke a few words accompanied by a moderate gesture of the hand, then bending to the right, he acted the same part over again ; then back again to the left, and presently to the right, almost at an equal and measured interval of time, he worked himself up to his usual gesture, and his one kind of movement ; you could compare him only to the blindfolded Babylonian oxen going forward and returning back by the same path.” The Jesuit was so disgusted, that he shut his eyes, but even so he could not get over the disagreeable impression of the speaker’s manner. He concludes, “ I therefore give judgement against, and renounce all such kind of orators.” In another place he has made an enumeration of the most remarkable faults of bad speakers, it is peculiarly spirited and characteristic.

“ Some hold their heads immovable, and turned to one side, as if they were made of horn ; others stare with their eyes as horribly, as if they intended to frighten every one ; some are twisting their mouths continually, and working their chins while speaking, as if, at all times, they were cracking nuts ; some like the apostate Julian, breathe insult, express in their

countenance contempt and impudence. Others as if they personate the fictitious heroes in a tragedy, gape enormously, and extend their jaws as widely as if they were going to swallow up every body; above all, when they bellow with fury, they scatter their foam about and threaten with contracted brow and eyes like Saturn.

These, as if they were playing some game, are continually making motions with their fingers, and by the extraordinary working of their hands, endeavour to form in the air, I may almost say, all the figures of the mathematics. Those, on the contrary, have hands so ponderous and so fastened down by terror, that they could more easily move beams of timber; others labour so with their elbows, that it is evident, either that they had been formerly shoemakers themselves, or had lived in no other society but that of coblers. Some are so unsteady in the motions of their bodies, that they seem to be speaking out of a cock-boat; others again are so unwieldy and uncouth in their motions that you would think them to be sacks of tow painted to look like men. I have seen some who jumped on the platform, and capered nearly in measure: men that exhibited the fuller's dance, and as the old poet says, expressed their wit with their feet. But who in a short compass is able to enumerate all the faults of bad gesture, and all the absurdities of bad delivery?"

Section II.

ON FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

Flavella had a multitude of charms. She is sensible, affable, modest, and good-humoured. She is tall without being awkward, and as straight as an arrow. She has a clear complexion, lively eyes, pretty mouth, and white even teeth; and will answer the descrip-

tion which any rhyming lover can give of the mistress of his affection, after having ransacked heaven and earth for similes ; yet I cannot admire her. She wants in my opinion, that *nameless something*, which is far more attractive than beauty. It is, in short, a peculiar manner of saying the most insignificant things and doing the most trifling actions, which captivates us, and takes our hearts by surprise.

Though I am a strenuous advocate for a modest decent, and unaffected deportment in the fair sex, I would not, however, have a fine woman altogether insensible of her personal charms, for she would then be as insipid as Flavella. I would only have her conscious enough of them, to behold with modest freedom, and to converse with fluency and spirit.— When a woman stalks majestically into a room, with the haughty air of a first-rate beauty, and expects every one who sees her to admire her, my indignation rises, and I get away as fast as I can, in order to enjoy the conversation of an easy, good-humoured creature, who is neither beautiful nor conceited enough to be troublesome, and who is as willing to give pleasure, as desirous to receive it.

Section III.

FLIRTILLA AND AMELIA.

Flirtilla is a gay, lively, giddy, girl ; she is what the world calls handsome ; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every fashion, person, play, opera, masquerade, or public exhibition, and has an easy flow of words, that pass upon the multitude for wit. In short, the whole end of her existence seems to be centered in a love of company and the fashion. No wonder it is, that she is noticed only by the less worthy part of the world.

Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her great-

est happiness. Nature has not been so lavish of her charms, as to her sister; but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of her heart. Her person is not striking at first, but as it becomes familiar to the beholder, is more so than that of her sister. For her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person who has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much and digests what she reads. Her serenity of mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure, nor her spirit agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but little when in company, but when she does, every one is hush, and attends to her as an oracle; and she has one true friend with whom she passes her days in tranquility. The reader may easily judge, which of these two sisters are the most amiable.

Section IV.

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.

Sophia is not a beauty, but in her presence beauties are discontented with themselves. At first, she scarcely appears pretty; but the more she is beheld, the more agreeable she appears. She gains where others lose, and what she gains she never loses. She is equalled by none in a sweet expression of countenance, and without dazzling beholders, she interests them. She loves dress, and is a good judge of it; despises finery, but dresses with peculiar grace, mixing simplicity with elegance. Ignorant she is of what colours are in fashion; but knows well what suits her complexion. She covers her beauties; but so slightly, or rather artfully, as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provision,

and she is a ready accountant. Her chief view, however, is to serve her mother and lighten her cares. She holds cleanliness and neatness to be indispensable in a woman ; and that a slattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful.

The attention given to externals, does not make her overlook her more material duties. Sophia's understanding is solid, without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper ; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. A harsh word does not make her angry ; but her heart swells, and she retires to disburden it by weeping. Recalled by her father and mother, she comes at the instant, wiping her eyes and appearing cheerful. She suffers with patience for any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially as to make it appear meritorious. If she happens to disoblige a companion, her joys and her caresses when restored to favour, show the burden that lay upon her heart.

The love of virtue is Sophia's ruling passion. She loves it because no other thing is so lovely : she loves it, because it is the glory of the female sex : she loves it as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue ; she loves it, as dear to her respectable father and mother. These sentiments inspire her with a degree of enthusiasm, that elevates her soul, and subdues every irregular appetite.

Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what rendered women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex ; and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Sophia never talks of women, but to express the good she knows of them : of others she says nothing.

Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition does more for her, than art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness, which void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, and which consequently never fails to please.

Section V.

SENSIBILITY.

Dear sensibility ! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows ! thou chainest thy martyrs down upon this bed of straw, and it is thou who liftest him up to heaven. Eternal Fountain of our feelings ! It is here I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which stir's within me : not, that in some sad and sickening moments, 'my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction'—mere pomp of words !—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great, great Sensorium of the world ! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.

Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish ; hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant, who traverses the bleakest mountain.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with pitious inclination looking down upon it.—Oh ! had I come one moment sooner !—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

Peace to thee, generous swain ! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it ; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs that sport about you.

Section VI.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery ! still thou art a bitter draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou Liberty, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him who eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven ! grant me but health, thou great be-stower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion ; and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon

in all that time—nor had the voice of friends or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the further corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed ; a little calender of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little sticks upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Section VII.

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE.

Methought I was suddenly transported into the Palace of Pleasure, which I had seen described the evening before ; where, in spite of all the showy magnificence of the mansion, and all the specious charms of the goddess that struck at first sight, I discovered on a close attention, such a look of real distress in many of her votaries, ill concealed under artificial smiles, as, joined to the impressions remaining on me from my waking thoughts, soon convinced me that the whole was a cruel trick, to deceive and ruin unhappy men. Whereupon I broke away with a mixture of disdain and horror, and made what haste I could from the enchanted valley in which the

palace stood. When I was got to what I judged a safe distance, I began to lament in my own mind the misery of such as are taken in the snares of that wicked sorceress. I had not got far on, when I was met by that good old man whom I had read of a few hours before, as giving directions to those travellers that were willing to hearken to him, and who I remember was called the Genius of Education. Perceiving me in a pensive and melancholy mood, he addressed me very kindly, and enquired into the cause of it.

I told him where I had been, and what I had observed, with the sorrowful reflections I could not help making on the fate of numberless deluded wretches; and added, that being myself a young traveller in quest of Happiness, I was uncertain which way to take. He looked at me with generous compassion, and bade me follow him, promising to put me into the right road. He conducted me along a winding path up a hill, on the top of which dwelt a sedate and thoughtful man, well advanced in years, who he told me was a near relation of his. He lodged in an open pavilion, from whence there was a prospect of the whole country round, and appeared, as we approached, to sit in a musing posture, on a chair of polished metal, which cast an uncommon lustre about him, and reflected strong and full the images of surrounding objects. He held in his hand a large telescope of exquisite workmanship, by the help of which the most distant things might be easily and distinctly discerned.

My guide informed me, that his name was Contemplation; that he was one of the eldest sons of Wisdom, and that he was posted on that hill by the sovereign of a great adjoining empire, called Virtue, to direct those who were travelling towards her temple. Methought his aspect was hale, serene, and piercing. There was something majestic in his wrinkles and gray hairs. A transparent mantle hung loose

about him, on which were wrought some mysterious figures that I did not understand.

As we entered his pavilion, he rose up with an erect and awful mein, and came forward to receive us with a remarkable composure and grace in his motions. Being struck with reverence, I beheld him at first with respectful silence. But growing more confident by his encouraging looks, I told him, that having been lately in the palace of that vile enchantress, Pleasure, I was so sensible of her destructive wiles, that I had speedily made my escape, and was now in search of Happiness. Contemplation said, that he was the professed friend and guardian of Youth, if I would trust myself to his care, he would undertake to conduct me. Having joyfully accepted his offer, and being warmly recommended to him by my former guide, he took me gently by the hand, and led me to the brow of the hill, from whence we could descry a wide extended country below, and travellers innumerable crossing it by a thousand different roads. "That large tract," said he, "which you see towards the left hand, so variegated with hills and dales, and groves, and streams, and so full of inhabitants and travellers, is the dominion of that powerful sorceress, Vice : for so she is properly called, though she assumes to herself the more honourable name of Pleasure.

In that seemingly delicious bottom, which lies in the heart of the country, you see her palace, where you lately was. To confirm you in your opinion of her character, you may observe," said he, desiring me to look through the telescope, "how some of those miserable wretches, her votaries, are lost in the mazes of the wood which grows hard by ; how others of them wander up and down from one bower of the garden to another, forlorn and distracted ; whilst many of them are dragged away to a dirty cave, concealed from those who enter into her palace, at the farther end of a long lane behind it, and called the Cave of poverty : a horrid place, the mistress

whereof sits in gloomy state, on a large rough stone, clad in rags, shivering with cold, pining with hunger, and environed with a set of dismal figures, looking at her and one another with amazement. Some of their names are **Desjection**, **Lamentation**, **Meanness**, **Suspicion**, **Greediness**, **Dishonesty**, **Despair**. Not far from thence, you may perceive a strong prison, which is styled the **House of Discipline**. It is kept by two fierce and frightful fellows called **Punishment** and **Terror**, who are furnished with various instruments of toil, of pain, and of disgrace, for the chastisement of such malefactors as are delivered into their hands.

“But now,” proceeded he, “cast your eyes again over the country which I showed you. It is divided into sundry districts, lying in a circle round the **Palace of Pleasure**. In their respective centres stand the seats of her principal ministers, who are always subject to her will, subservient to her interests, and ready to attend her court. On one side,” to which he pointed the glass, “you see,” said he, “the mansion of **Luxury**, exceedingly magnificent and splendid, raised with a profusion of expence, and adorned on every hand with all the extravagance of art.” And here he desired me to mark with particular care an outlet from the gardens leading directly to the **cave of Poverty**.

Then turning the telescope to another side, “**Yonder**,” said he, “is the abode of **Intemperance**. It resembles, you see, a great inn, the gate thereof stands always open, and into which passengers are continually crowding. You may observe, that hardly any come out with the same countenance or shape with which they went in, but are transformed into the likeness of different beasts. A little way off is a large **Hospital** or **Lazar-house**, into which the poor wretches are flung from time to time, loaded with all manner of diseases, and condemned to sickness, pain and putrefaction.”

Directing the glass another way, he next showed me the **Tower of Ambition**, built on the top of a very

high hill, "Thither," said he, "you behold multitudes climbing from different quarters, struggling who should get foremost, and pushing down those before them. On one side of it, is a steep and slippery precipice, from which the most part, after having with infinite toil and contention gained it, tumble headlong into a bottomless gulf, and are never heard of more. On the other side, is a secret path which grows broader by degrees. At the entry to it, stands a smooth and artful villain, called **Corruption**, holding in one hand ribbons, and in the other bags of money, which under many specious pretexts, he presents to travellers, according to their several tastes. The path, after winding up the hill, leads down again by a straight descent, till it terminates in a dark dungeon, styled the **Dungeon of Infamy**. You observe what numbers are drawn into it. And of these there are not a few, who not only rejected for a long time the offers of **Corruption**, but exclaimed loudly against all who embraced them.

"The valley below," continued my guide, bending down the telescope, "is possessed by **Vanity**, whose district you may perceive, is still better peopled than those of the other retainers to pleasure, which you have already seen. She allures into her gaudy mansion, most travellers, by promising to lead them to the palace of her mistress through the temple of **Fame**, which she pretends is just in the neighbourhood, and only to be come at by passing through her dwelling, although indeed the right road to it lies through the **Temple of Virtue**, hard by which it stands. Those who are so foolish as to be decoyed by her, are generally consigned over to the scoffs of **Ridicule**, a formidable figure, who wears on his face a perpetual sneer, and, who after treating them with proper marks of scorn, shuts them up in an obscure cell, called the **Cell of Contempt**.

After this, **Contemplation** pointed out to me, in a remote corner of the country, that looked as if it had been disjoined from all the rest, a castle, which he

said was inhabited by an old usurer, named **Avarice**, who sat starving amid heaps of gold, and who, though in reality a chief retainer of Vice, refused to acknowledge her under the form of pleasure, and would never come near the court of that jolly goddess. "His castle, you see, is situated in the centre of a deep wood, and defended with high walls, and strongly fortified. That iron gate, which you perceive with the assistance of the glass, is the only entrance. It is secured within by many strong bolts. Without, stand two sharp eyed guards, with visages emaciated and keen, called **Hunger** and **Anxiety**, who let none pass into the castle, till they have manifested their good affection to the master of it, by serving a sufficient time in an outer yard, where some are digging, some hewing stones, others carrying on their shoulders heavy burdens, and many filling great chests with earth. It is remarkable," added he, "that from the lowest cellar in the house, there is a long subterraneous passage, which communicates with the **Cave of Poverty**."

Section VIII.

THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

The Temple, in full sight of which we were now come, stood on the summit of the hill. My guide perceiving me captivated with the view of so glorious a structure, said, pointing to it, "That, sir, is the Temple of Virtue, and the abode of Happiness. There the monster who so lately frightened you, **Self-will** and his gloomy partner **Bigotry**, dare not venture. **Spleen** never spreads her sable wings there. From thence are for ever excluded **Corroding Cares**, and fearful forebodings, with those infernal furies, **bitter Strife**, **blind Passion**, **brutal Revenge**, **Jealousy of jaundiced eye**, **fell Hate**, **pining Envy**, **rapacious Appetite**, and **pale Remorse**. Neither the indolent nor

the busy adherents to Pleasure, can breathe in so pure an air. Her dependants, who are at the same time inhabitants, pass the festal hours in a perpetual round of pleasing exercises divided into different social bands, loving and beloved, improving and improved by one another, without any contention but this, who shall pay the highest homage, and do the most acceptable service to their common Sovereign, who is always sure to dispense her noblest boons to the most active and deserving."

Meanwhile we approached nigh to the sacred mansion, which was built of a transparent stone, that admitted light from every quarter. It was of a quadrangular form, and had at top a magnificent dome. Its portal was supported by a double row of pillars of the Doric order. The entry was guarded by two sentinels, who had something in their looks so awful, that several travellers recoiled at the sight of them. Their names were, Temperance and Fortitude. The former held in his hand a bridle, and the latter a spear in her's. Though their first appearance was rather stern and forbidding, methought it softened on us, as soon as they observed the company we were in. The gates stood wide open, as I was told they always do. Ascending by easy steps, we entered. I was transported with the beauty and greatness of the place. The height and circumference of the dome, both filled and delighted the eye. The manner of the whole was simple and solemn. There was no need of adventitious decorations, and there were none.

At the upper end of the temple, on a throne of state, appeared the goddess. But how describe her wondrous form! Her complexion was clear, healthful, and animated with a native glow more bright than art can confer. Her features were regular, and well proportioned, but had withal a kind of masculine air. Her eyes were blue, beautiful, and piercing as light itself. In all her mein there was a happy mixture of dignity and modesty. No ornaments about her person, but what were decent and natural.

Her hair flowed down her neck in artless ringlets. A sprig of laurel was wreathed round her temples. She wore a robe of the purest purple, which was girt with a zone about her waist, from which it fell in ample and easy folds, alike graceful and unencumbered. She held in her hand an imperial sword, the emblem of power and authority. Before the throne, which was of alabaster, were placed various ensigns of dominion, a globe, crowns, sceptres, tables of laws, suits of armour; instruments of war, trophies, and the several symbols of the finer arts.

The sight of the goddess, so divinely great, overwhelmed me with veneration and rapture. I stood for some time immoveable, as if lost in admiration. When I was a little recovered from my extacy, my guide, pointing to the throne, said, "There sits the Divinity of the place, and daughter of those immortal powers, **Wisdom** and **Love**. She was brought forth at a birth with **Happiness**, her sister, and undivided companion; and sent down from above, as the best friend of man, and the surest directress of life, the guardian of youth, the glory of manhood, and the comforter of old age. By her instructions and laws, human society is formed and maintained; and human nature, by converse with her, grows truly god-like."

My guide then acquainted me with the name, and symbols of the numerous attendants of the goddess. On either side of the throne, as its supporters, stood two illustrious personages, called **Prudence** and **Justice**. Prudence held a rule in one hand, and in the other a serpent, which twined its inoffensive spires round her arm. Justice held in her hand a pair of scales. The votaries, as they approached, were introduced to the presence by a young virgin of the most lovely appearance, who could not perform her task without blushing. Her name was **Modesty**. On the right hand of the goddess, stood **Domestic Tenderness**, **Chastity** with a veil, meek-eyed **Charity**, **sacred Friendship**, and **heroic Indignation**, of a

stern aspect and awful mein, grasping the imperial sword which Virtue reached out to him, and leading up Public Zeal, Magnanimity, and Honour, persons of fearless countenance and noble deportment, with several more whose names I have forgot.

On her left hand were placed, amongst others, Honesty, in her transparent vest; Sincerity, of an ingenuous face; Resignation, leaning on a column, and looking up to heaven; Clemency, holding an olive branch; and Hospitality, of a liberal and open manner, joining hands with Politeness. Behind the throne, stood ranged, unruffled Serenity; smiling Cheerfulness; everblooming Joy, with a garland of flowers in her hand; and the Graces, encircled in each other's arms. There too appeared Industry, of a hale and active look, and Peace crowned with laurel; supporting a Cornucopia between them; Credit linked hand in hand with Commerce; and both introduced by Civil Liberty, holding her wand and cap. In Virtue's train, I likewise saw Rhetoric, of a bold and enthusiastic air: Poetry, with her lyre; Philosophy, with her speculum; History, with her pen; Sculpture, Painting, and the rest of the Arts and Sciences, each adorned with their respective symbols. The presence of the goddess seemed to inspire the whole generous and amiable band, and gave a fresh lustre to their beauty.

Section IX.

DESCENT INTO THE DOLGOATH MINE, IN 1806.

I was introduced yesterday to Mr. M—, a manager of the mines, who called upon me this morning, and conducted me to the Dolgoath mine, situated three miles west from Redruth. It is the greatest mine in Cornwall, and is wrought principally for

copper, although it affords tin and several other metals. My companion was a man of information and intelligence, and I received from him uncommon civilities.

Our ride led us through a mining region ; every thing here points toward this object ; it is the great concern of the country, and in some department or other of this business, almost every man, woman, and child is employed. For it, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are neglected, and that industry which, in more fortunate countries, is employed to fertilize and adorn the surface of the ground, is here directed to those treasures which are concealed beneath incumbent hills and mountains.

You would be astonished to see what quantities of rubbish, the industry of the Cornish miners has collected on the surface : it gives the country an appearance of sterility and rudeness almost inconceivable.

Redruth is in the centre of a circle of about twenty miles in diameter, within which are contained almost all the important mines. I came into the country with the impression that tin is its principal production, but I find that copper is by far the greatest concern, and that tin is only a secondary object. The tin is less abundant than formerly, but the copper much more so, and the latter article now commands so high a price that the working of the copper mines is a very profitable business.

The expence of the Dolgoath mines are about seven or eight thousand pounds sterling a month, and the clear profits for the last five months have been eighteen thousand pounds, that is, at the rate of forty three thousand two hundred pounds, or one hundred ninety-two thousand dollars a year. These facts make it very evident that the mining business in Cornwall is a great and profitable concern.

The miners are under the immediate control of a chief who is called the captain of the mine. Mr. M—introduced me to one of those captains, who obligingly undertook to conduct me through the subterranean regions of Dolgoath.

First of all, we repaired to the miner's ward-robe, where, having taken leave of Mr. M——, I prepared for my descent, by throwing off my own dress and putting on that of the miners. It consisted of a very large shirt, of very coarse materials, and made like the frocks of the Connecticut farmers ; then of a pair of large sailor trowsers, striped across with white and black, of the coarsest stuff which is ever employed for horse blankets, and, over all was a loose coat, which, like the rest of my apparel, exhibited the strongest evidence that it had often been below the surface. I wore a pair of cow-skin shoes, without stockings, made fast by tow strings, passing under the sole and over the instep. Over my head they drew a white cap, which they crowned with an old hat without a brim.

Besides the captain I had another guide, an experienced miner who went before, while the captain followed me : each of them carried a supply of candles tied to a button-hole, and, like them, I bore a lighted candle in my left hand, stuck into a mass of wet clay. Although I was preparing, like *Aeneas*, to descend to the shades below, I could not boast of his epic dignity, for he bore a golden branch while I, carried only a tallow candle.

The mines of Cornwall are of much more difficult access than those of Derbyshire, for instead of going horizontally, or with only a gentle descent, into the side of a mountain, we are obliged to go perpendicularly down the *shaft*, which is a pit formed by digging and blasting, and exactly resembles a well, except in its greater depth and varying size, which is sometimes greater and sometimes smaller, according to circumstances. The descent is by means of ladders ; at the termination of each ladder there is commonly a resting place, formed by a piece of timber or a plank fixed across, in the stones or earth, which forms the walls of the pit ; this supports the ladder above, and from it the adventurer steps on the ladder next below.

With each a lighted candle, so held by the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand, as to leave the other three fingers at liberty to grasp the rounds of the ladder, and with the right hand devoted wholly to the same service, we commenced our descent.

It was laborious and hazardous, but we did not stop till we had descended four hundred feet. The rounds of the ladders are constantly wet and muddy, and therefore very slippery ; many of them, through length of time, are decayed and worn so very small, that they seem on the point of giving way ; in descending perpendicularly with these disadvantages, the utmost caution is therefore requisite, on the part of a novice, lest he should quit his foothold before he has a firm grasp with his fingers, or lest, in the dim twilight shed by his candle, he should make a false aim with his foot or hand, or, take an imperfect and untenable hold with either ; not to mention the danger of the giving way of the rounds of the ladder, any of which accidents would send him to a place whence he would not return ; for, the resting places at the feet of the ladders, as they fill only a small part of the shaft, would diminish very little, the chance of going quite to the bottom.

Having arrived at the depth of four hundred feet, we came to what the miners call, an adit, or level, that is, a passage running horizontally, or, at right angles with the shaft. This passage had been made through the solid rock, and it was high enough to allow us to pass along stooping, which we did for a considerable distance, when the sound of human voices from below, indicated our approach to the populous regions of midnight ; while the rattling of mechanical instruments, employed in breaking off the ore, and the report from the explosion of gun-powder, echoed and reverberated along these narrow caverns with the sulphureous and suffocating smoke, presented a combination of circumstances which might well have given one the impression that he had arrived in a worse place than the mine of Dolgoath.

Proceeding along the adit, we came to another shaft, down which we descended two hundred feet more, and were then full six hundred feet from the surface. This was the principal scene of labour ; at about this depth, there were great numbers of miners engaged in their respective employments. Some were boring the rocks, others charging with gunpowder, the holes already made ; others knocking off the ore with hammers, or prying it with pick-axes ; others loading the buckets with ore to be drawn to the surface ; others working the windlasses, to raise the rubbish from one level to another, and ultimately to the top ; in short, all were busy : and, although to us their employment seems only another name for wretchedness they appeared quite a contented and cheerful class of people. In their manners they are gentle and uncommonly civil, and most of them paid me some mark of respect as a stranger.

We occupied three hours in exploring the mine, and, in this time, travelled a mile under ground, in various directions. The employment was extremely laborious. We could rarely walk erect : often we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees, over sharp, rugged stones, and frequently it was necessary to lie down flat, and to work our way along by the points of the elbows, and extremities of the toes, like seals on a beach. At one time we descended, and at another, ascended through a narrow aperture, where we could only with difficulty squeeze ourselves through, and we then continued our progress by stepping on the projections of the rocks, as men do in going up or down a well. My perspiration was so violent, that streams literally run from my nose, locks, and chin, and in this state we came to the channel where the water of the mine flows off, through which we were obliged to wade along, half leg deep, for thirty rods. I was upon the whole much gratified and instructed. I saw the ore in its natural state, imbedded in solid rocks, principally

quartz and schistus ; the mine produces also some tin, cobalt, pyrites, blue vitriol, and even silver. Very little progress is made without blasting, and this destroys more lives than all the other casualties of the business put together. They exploded one blast while we were there ; we of course, retired a proper distance, out of danger.

Having seen all the interesting things of the place, we began to ascend. We were drawn up a small part of the way in a bucket, worked by a windlass, but we went up principally by ladders, in a shaft quite remote from that in which we descended. It was that in which the rod of the steam-engine plays to draw up the water.

This engine is one of the greatest magnitude. The rod, which is made of pieces of timber, and, at the top, cannot be less than five or six feet in diameter, descends perpendicularly one hundred and eighty fathoms, or, one thousand and eighty feet, and motion is propagated through this whole distance, so as to raise a weight of thirty thousand pounds at every stroke, for this is the power of the engine.

The steam engine is now extensively employed in mining, not only to raise the water, but the ore ; indeed, without it, the mine of Dolgoath could not be wrought ; the strength of horses and of men is a useful auxiliary, but would effect, comparatively, very little alone.

At length, after a most laborious and painful ascent, less hazardous it is true, but incomparably more fatiguing than the descent, we reached the surface in safety, at a great distance from the place where we first descended. With joy, with gratitude, I beheld the returning light of heaven, and, although I could not think, that, in my case, the enterprise was rash, I should certainly dissuade any friend from gratifying mere curiosity at so much hazard. The danger is serious, even to the miners, for, by explosions, by falls, by mephitic gasses, and other causes connected with the nature of the employments,

numbers of the people are carried off every year and, on this account, Redruth and its vicinity has an uncommon proportion of widows and orphans.

Immediately after coming again into day-light, we made all possible haste to shelter ourselves from the cold wind, as we were afraid of the consequences of checking too suddenly a very profuse perspiration : the nearest house was our wardrobe, to which we immediately resorted, and performed a general ablution from head to foot. I then resumed my proper dress, and prepared to return again into more comfortable life. Before taking leave of my conductors, who, with the greatest patience, good nature, and intelligence, had done every thing both for my safety and gratification, I offered them a small recompence ; but, with sentiments of delicacy, not often found in any country, among people of that grade in life, they declined taking any, alledging that it was not decent to receive money of a stranger for a mere act of civility : and it was not, till after repeated solicitations, that I could induce them to yield the point. Such magnanimity, among people who are *buried* most of their lives, and who seem to have a kind of right to tax all those who live on the surface, was as unexpected as it was gratifying. It is not true, however, that the Cornish miners live permanently below ground ; they go up regularly every night, and down again in the morning, so that they perform every day of their lives, the tour which seemed so formidable to me.

Chapter V.

PATHETIC PIECES.

Section I.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

I HAVE been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants, may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man....his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah ! Great God ! How soon were all my feelings changed ! It was a day of the administration of the sa-

erament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times : I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbol, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases, had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, “ Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.”—the voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God! !" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher—his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses—you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody—you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised—and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house—the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrents of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raised his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his sightless bâlis to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had

been indeed and in truth an angel of light; the effect could scarcely be more divine.

Whatever I have been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which, just before, had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense; now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour, as a fellow creature;—but now, with fear and trembling, I adore him—“as a God!”

If this description gives you the impression, that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow theatrical tricks in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced, by the sentiments which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, but beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if “his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle “of flesh;” and called him in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, “a pure intelligence—the link between men and angels.”

This man has been before my imagination almost

ever since. A thousand times as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power, arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or a totally different nature from the rest of men.

Guess my surprise, when on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell*! Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia!

Section II.

DR. MASON'S INTERVIEW WITH GEN. HAMILTON.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th inst. shortly after the rumour of the general's injury had created an alarm in the city, a note from Dr. Post informed me that "he was extremely ill at Mr. Wm. Bayard's, and expressed a particular desire to see me as soon as possible." I went immediately. The exchange of melancholy salutation, on entering the General's apartment, was succeeded by a silence which he broke by saying, that he "had been anxious to see me, and have the sacrament administered to him, and that this was still his wish."

I replied, that "it gave me unutterable pain to receive from him any request to which I could not accede: that, in the present instance, a compliance was incompatible with all my obligations; as it is a

principle in our churches never to administer the Lord's Supper privately to any person under any circumstances." He urged me no further. I then remarked to him, that "the Holy Communion is an exhibition and pledge of the mercies which the Son of God has purchased; that the absence of the sign does not exclude from the mercies signified; which were accessible to him by faith in their gracious Author." "I am aware," said he, "of that. It is only as a sign that I wanted it." A short pause ensued.

I resumed the discourse, by observing that "I had nothing to address to him in his affliction, but that same gospel of the grace of God, which it is my office to preach to the most obscure and illiterate: that in the sight of God all men are on a level, as *all have sinned, and come short of his glory*; and that they must apply to him for pardon and life, as *sinners*, whose only refuge is in his *grace reigning by righteousness through our Lord Jesus Christ*." "I perceive it to be so," said he: "I am a sinner: I look to his mercy." I then adverted to the "infinite merit of the Redeemer, as the *propitiation for sin*, the sole ground of our acceptance with God: the sole channel of his favour to us: and cited the following passages of scripture:—*There is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus. He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins.*—This last passage introduced the affair of the duel, on which I reminded the General, that he was not to be instructed as to its moral aspect, that the *precious blood of Christ* was as effectual and as necessary to wash away the transgression which had involved him in suffering, as any other transgression; and that he must there, and there alone, seek peace for his conscience, and a hope that should "*not make him ashamed*." He assented, with strong emotion,

to these representations, and declared his abhorrence of the whole transaction. "It was always," added he, "against my principles. I used every expedient to avoid the interview; but I have found for some time past, that my life *must* be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take *his* life." He repeated his disavowal of all intention to hurt Mr. Burr; the anguish of his mind in recollecting what had passed; and his humble hope of forgiveness from his God.

I recurred to the topic of the divine compassion; the freedom of pardon in the Redeemer Jesus to perishing sinners. "That grace, my dear General, which brings salvation, is rich, rich"—"Yes," interrupted he, "it is *rich* grace." "And on that grace," continued I, "a sinner has the highest encouragement to repose his confidence, because it is tendered to him upon the surest foundation, the scripture testifying that *we have redemption through the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins according to the richness of his grace.*" Here the General, letting go my hand, which he had held from the moment I sat down at his bed side, clasped his hands together, and looking up towards heaven, said, with emphasis, "I have a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ." He replaced his hand in mine, and appearing somewhat spent, closed his eyes. A little after, he fastened them on me, and I proceeded.

"The *simple* truths of the gospel, my dear sir, which require no abstruse investigation, but faith in the veracity of God who cannot lie, are best suited to your personal condition, and they are full of consolation." "I feel them to be so," replied he. I then repeated these texts of scripture:—*It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and of sinners the chief. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Come now, and let us reason*

together, said the Lord; though your sins be as red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "This," said he, "is my support. Pray for me." "Shall I pray with you?" "Yes." I prayed with him, and heard him whisper as I went along: which I supposed to be his concurrence with the petition. At the conclusion he said, "Amen. God grant it."

Being about to part with him, I told him, "I had one request to make." He asked "what is it?" I answered, "that whatever might be the issue of his affliction, he would give his testimony against the practice of duelling." "I will," said he, "I have done it. If that; evidently anticipating the event, "if that be the issue, you will find it in writing. If it pleases God that I recover, I shall do it in a manner which will effectually put me out of its reach in future." I mentioned, once more, the importance of renouncing every other dependance for the eternal world, but in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus: with a particular reference to the catastrophe of the morning. The General was affected, and said, "Let us not pursue the subject any further, it agitates me." He laid his hands upon his breast, with symptoms of uneasiness, which indicated an increasing difficulty of speaking. I then took my leave. He pressed my hand affectionately, and desired to see me again at a proper interval. As I was retiring, he lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer, and said feebly, "God be merciful to—" His voice sunk, so that I heard not the rest distinctly, but understood him to quote the words of the publican in the gospel, and to end the sentence with "me a sinner."

I saw him, a second time, on the morning of Thursday; but from his appearance, and what I had heard, supposing that he could not speak without severe effort, I had no conversation with him. I prayed for a moment at his bed side, in company with his overwhelmed family and friends; and for the rest, was one of the mourning spectators of his composure and dignity in suffering. His mind re-

mained in its former state : and he viewed with calmness his approaching dissolution. I left him between twelve and one, and at two, as the public knows, he breathed his last.

Section III.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

When we contemplate the close of life ; the termination of man's designs and hopes ; the silence that now reigns among those who, a little while ago were so busy or so gay ; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender ? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity ? In whose eyes does not the tear gather, on revolving on the fate of passing and short-lived man.

Behold the poor man who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother ; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children now weep ; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed, perhaps, both a sound understanding, and a worthy heart ; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom.—At no great distance from him, the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man. For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, “ the rich man also died and was buried.” He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man ; perhaps,

through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, "the mourners go about the streets ;" and while in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is preparing, his heirs impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to dispute about the division of his substance.

One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant ; the flower just nipt as it began to blossom in the parent's view : and the next day, we behold the young man or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is passing there. There we shall see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society ; and with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of their hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse of all the changes which such a person had seen during the course of his life. He has past, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen families and kindred rise and fall ; the face of his country undergo many alterations ; and the very place in which he dwelt, rising in a manner new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away.

Through all ranks and conditions, “one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;” and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world ! O fleeting and transient life ! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee, as they ought ? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren ; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state.

Section IV.

THE DYING INFIDEL.

People doubt because they will doubt. Dreadful disposition ! Can nothing discover thine enormity ? What is infidelity good for ? By what charm doth it lull the soul into a willing ignorance of its origin and end ? If, during a short space of a mortal life, the love of independence tempt us to please ourselves with joining this monstrous party ; how dear will the union cost us when we come to die !

O ! were my tongue dipped in the gall of celestial displeasure, I would describe to you the state of a man expiring in the cruel uncertainties of unbelief ; who seeth, in spite of himself, yea, in spite of himself, the truth of that religion, which he hath endeavoured to no purpose to eradicate from his heart. Ah ! see ! every thing contributes to trouble him now. “I am dying—I despair of recovering—Physicians have given me over—The sighs and tears of my friends are useless—yet they have nothing else to bestow—Medicines take no effect—consultations come to nothing—alas ! not you—not my little fortune—the world cannot cure me—I must die—It is not a preacher—it is not a religious book—it is not a trifling disclaimer—it is death itself that preacheth to me—I feel, I know not what, shivering cold in my blood—I am in a dying

sweat—my feet, my hands, every part of my body is wasted—I am more like a corpse than a living body—I am rather dead than alive—I must die—Whither am I going? What will become of me? What will become of my body? My God! what a frightful spectacle! I see it! The horrid torches—the dismal shroud—the coffin—the pall—the tolling bell—the subterranean abode—carcasses—worms—putrefaction—what will become of my soul? I am ignorant of its destiny—I am tumbling headlong into eternal night—my infidelity tells me, my soul is nothing but a portion of subtle matter—another world a vision—immortality a fancy—But yet, I feel, I know not what, that troubles my infidelity—annihilation, terrible as it is, would appear tolerable to me, were not the ideas of heaven and hell to present themselves to me, in spite of myself—But I see that heaven, that immortal mansion of glory shut against me—I see it at an immense distance—I see it a place, which my crimes forbid me to enter—I see a hell—hell, which I have ridiculed—it opens under my feet—I hear the horrible groans of the damned—the smoke of the bottomless pit choaks my words, and wraps my thoughts in suffocating darkness."

Such is the infidel on a dying bed. This is not an imaginary flight: it is not an arbitrary invention, it is a description of what we see every day in the fatal visits to which our ministry engageth us, and to which God seems to call us to be sorrowful witnesses of his displeasure and vengeance. This is what infidelity comes to. This is what infidelity is good for. Thus most sceptics die, although, while they live, they pretend to free them from vulgar errors. I ask again, what charms are there in a state, that hath such dreadful consequences? How is it possible for men, rational men, to carry their madness to such an excess?

Chapter VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

Section I.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

One of the most obvious distinctions of the works of romance is, an utter violation of all the relations between ends and means. Sometimes such ends are proposed as seem quite dissevered from means, inasmuch as there are scarcely any supposable means on earth to accomplish them : but no matter ; if we cannot ride we must swim, if we cannot swim we must fly : the object is effected by a mere poetical omnipotence that wills it. And very often practicable objects are attained by means the most fantastic, improbable, or inadequate ; so that there is scarcely any resemblance between the method in which they are accomplished by the dexterity of fiction, and that in which the same things must be attempted in the actual economy of the world. Now, when you see this absurdity of imagination prevailing in the calculations of real life, you may justly apply the epithet *romantic*.

Indeed a strong and habitually indulged imagination may be so absorbed in the end, if it is not a concern of absolute immediate urgency, as for a while quite to forget the process of attainment. It has incantations to dissolve the rigid laws of time and distance, and place a man in something so like the presence of his object, that he seems half to possess it ; and it is hard while occupying the verge of paradise, to be flung far back in order to find or make a path to it, with the slow and toilsome steps of reality. In the luxury of promising himself that what he wishes will by some means take place at some time, he for-

gets that he is advancing no nearer to it—except on the wise and patient calculation that he must, by the simple movement of growing older, be coming somewhat nearer to every event that is yet to happen to him. He is like a traveller, who, amidst his indolent musings in some soft bower, where he sat down to be shaded a little while from the rays of the noon, falls asleep, and dreams he is in the midst of all the endearments of home, insensible that there are many hills and dales yet for him to traverse. But the traveller will awake; so too will the man of fancy, and if he has the smallest capacity of just reflection, he will regret to have wasted in reveries the time which ought to have been devoted to practical exertions.

But even though reminded of the necessity of intervening means, the man of imagination will often be tempted to violate their relation with ends, by permitting himself to dwell on those happy *casualties* which the prolific sorcery of his mind will promptly figure to him as the very things, if they would but occur, to accomplish his wishes at once, without the toil of a sober process. If they would occur—and things as strange *might* happen: he reads in the newspapers that an estate of twenty thousand pound per annum was lately adjudged to a man who was working on the road. He has even heard of people dreaming that in such a place something valuable was concealed; and that, on searching or digging that place, they found an old earthen pot, full of gold and silver pieces of the times of good king Charles the Martyr. Mr. B—— was travelling by the mail-coach, in which he met with a most interesting young lady, whom he had never seen before; they were mutually delighted, and were married in a few weeks. Mr. C—— a man of great merit in obscurity, was walking across a field when Lord D—— in chase of a fox, leaped over a hedge, and fell off his horse into a ditch. Mr. C—— with the utmost alacrity and kind solicitude helped his lordship out of the ditch, and recovered for him his escaped horse. The conse-

quence was inevitable ; his lordship superior to the pride of being mortified to have been seen in a condition so unlucky for giving the impression of nobility, commenced a friendship with Mr. C—— and introduced him into honourable society and the road to fortune. A very ancient maiden lady of large fortune happening to be embarrassed in a crowd, a young clergyman offered her his arm, and politely attended her home ; his attention so captivated her, that she bequeathed to him, soon after, the whole of her estate, though she had many poor relations.

That class of fictitious works called *novels*, though much more like real life than the romances that preceded them, (and which are now, with some alterations partly come into vogue again,) are yet full of these lucky incidents and adventures, which are introduced as the chief means towards the ultimate success. A young man without fortune, for instance, is precluded from making his addresses to a young female in a superior situation, whom he believes not indifferent to him, until he can approach her with such worldly advantages, as it might not be imprudent or degrading for her to accept. Now how is this to be accomplished ? Why, I suppose by the exertion of his talents in some fair and practicable department ; and perhaps the lady besides will generously abdicate for his sake some of the trappings and luxuries of rank.—You really suppose this is the plan ? I am sorry you have so much less genius than a novel-writer. This young man has an uncle, who has been absent a long time, nobody knows where, except the young man's lucky stars. During his absence, the old uncle has gained a large fortune, with which he returns to his native land, at a time most opportune for every one, but a highwayman, who attacks him in a road through a wood, but is frightened away by the young hero, who happens to come there at the instant, to rescue and recognize his uncle, and to be in return recognized and made the heir to as many thousands as the lady or her family could wish. Must not the reader think

it very likely that *he* too has some old uncle, or acquaintance at least, returning with a ship loaded with wealth from the East-Indies ; and very *desirable* that the highwayman should make one such attempt more ; and very *certain* that in that case he should be there in time to catch all that fortune sends ? One's indignation is excited at the immoral tendency of such lessons to young readers, who are thus taught to regard all sober regular plans for compassing an object with disgust or despondency, and to muse on improbabilities till they become foolish enough to expect them, and to be melancholy when they find they may expect them in vain. It is unpardonable that these pretended instructors by example should thus explode the calculations and exertions of manly resolution, destroy the connection between ends and means, and make the rewards of virtue so depend on chance, that if the reader does not either regard the whole fable with contempt, or promise himself he shall receive no favours of fortune in some similar way, he must close the book with the conviction that he may hang or drown himself as soon as he pleases ; that is to say, unless he has learnt from some other source a better morality and religion than these books ever will teach him.

Section II.

DUELING.

Perhaps there is not any word in the English language less understood than HONOUR, and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief. Honour is both a motive and an end. As "a principle of action," it differs from Virtue only in degree, and therefore necessarily includes it, as Generosity includes Justice ; and as "a reward," it can be deserved only by those as-

tions which no other principle can produce. To say of another "That he is a man of Honour," is at once to attribute the principle, and to confer the reward : but in the common acceptation of the word, **HONOUR**, as a principle, does not include virtue ; and therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Hence, (such is the blindness and vassalage of human reason) men are discouraged from virtue for fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour. Honour, indeed, is always claimed in spacious terms ; but the facts upon which the claim is founded are often flagitiously wicked.

Honour, as a principle, is the refinement of virtue ; as the end, it is the splendour of reputation, the reward of such virtue : and the true man of honour is he, who, from the native excellence and real dignity of justice, goodness, and truth, is led to act at all times consistently with them ; ever reverencing his conscience and his character, and solicitous to fill up the great, the worthy part, far above the narrow restraint and coercion of the laws, or the infallible testimony of mere human judgment. And can it be supposed that a principle like this can ever allow, can ever justify the hazarding our own, or taking away the life of a brother, for a slight, nay for the greatest affront imaginable ? Can it be supposed that a principle like this can ever give rise to duels, or attain its great end and reward, a splendid reputation, in consequence of them ?

Men instigated by the meanest passions, with revenge and guilt boiling in their hearts, preparing by the pistol or the sword to finish each other's short and precarious existence ; and to plunge, the one with all his vices blossoming upon him, into awful eternity ; the other, to drag the miserable remains of life, haunted with the distracting consciousness of his brother's, his friend's, perhaps his once dearest friend's murder upon his soul. Perhaps he lives the sole hope and stay of some ancient and venerable house ; and after all the labour and anxiety of youthful education

is past, is advancing on the great theatre of the world, the delight of his friends, and the solicitous expectation of his affectionate parents, who, in the decline of life, see with transport their youth renewed, and the hopes and honour of their family reflourishing in their beloved son.

But dearer, tenderer ties still remain, to twine about the heart, to touch it with the keenest sensibility, and to preserve it from the seducing calls of false honour and romantic bravery. If thou wilt needs engage in the desperate duel, see, on one side, to unnerve thy wretched arm—Honour, reason, humanity, religion, disavowing the deed ; and from what source then shall Courage spring ? And, on the other side, see the faithful and beloved partner of thy bed, with streaming eyes, and anguish too great for utterance, pointing to the little pledges of your mutual affection, and with dumb but expressive oratory, bewailing her widowed and their orphan state !

Examples.

Eugenio, in consequence of a quarrel with the illiberal and brutish Ventosus, received a challenge from the latter, which he answers by the following billet “ Sir, your behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel ; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and my country, which I deem it infamous to violate ; and I am entrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against your's. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety ; but remember, that, to prevent assassination, I have a sword ; and to chastise insolence, a cane.”

FORGIVENESS of injuries, and a merciful disposition towards those who have offended us, is not only an infallible mark of a great and noble mind, but

is our indispensable duty, as reasonable creatures, and peculiarly so as Christians. The following is a fine example of this virtue: Gaston, marquis de Renty, an illustrious nobleman, was a soldier and a Christian; and had a peculiar felicity to reconcile the seeming opposition between those characters. He had a command in the French army; and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service. The marquis returned for answer, "that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong; or, if he could not convince him, was ready to ask his pardon." The other, not satisfied with this reply, insisted upon his meeting him with the sword; to which the marquis sent this answer: "That he was resolved not to do it, since God and his king had forbidden it; otherwise, he would have him know, that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him did not proceed from any fear of him, but of Almighty God, and his displeasure: that he should go every day about his usual business, and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it." The angry man, not able to provoke the marquis to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword and attacked him: The marquis soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant who attended him. But then did this truly Christian nobleman shew the difference betwixt a brutish and a Christian courage; for, leading them to his tent, he refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them; then dismissed them with Christian and friendly advice; and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards, even to his nearest friends. It was an usual saying with this great man, "That there was more true courage and generosity in bearing and forgiving an injury, for the love of God, than in requiring it with another: in suffering, rather than revenging; because the thing was really more difficult." Adding, "that bulls and bears had courage enough,

but it was a brutal courage, whereas that of men should be such as became rational beings and Christians."

A quarrel having arisen between a celebrated gentleman in the literary world and one of his acquaintance, the latter heroically, and no less laconically, concluded a letter to the former, on the subject of the dispute, with, "I have a life at your service, if you dare to take it." To which the other replied, "You say you have a life at my service, if I dare to take it. I must confess to you, that I dare not take it: I thank my God, that I have not the courage to take it. But though I own that I am afraid to deprive you of your life, yet, Sir, permit me to assure you, that I am equally thankful to the Almighty Being, for mercifully bestowing on me sufficient resolution, if attacked, to defend my own." This unexpected kind of reply had the proper effect; it brought the madman back again to reason; friends intervened, and the affair was compromised.

MYRTLE, a character in "Steele's Conscious Lovers," delivers the following just sentiments on this subject: "How many friends have died by the hands of friends for the want of temper! There is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet how many have been sacrificed to that idol the unreasonable opinion of men!"

*Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,
They hazard being to preserve a name."*

Sir Walter Raleigh (a man of known courage and honour) being very injuriously treated by a hot-headed, rash youth, who next proceeded to challenge him, and on his refusal spit upon him, and that too in public; the knight, taking out his handkerchief, with great calmness made him only this reply: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience, as I can this injury from my

face, I would this moment take away your life?" The consequence was, that the youth, struck with a sudden and strong sense of his misbehaviour, fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness.

It is no uncommon thing, with persons of duelling propensity, to make a very liberal but inexplicable, use of the term "Satisfaction." An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated. One of the company, being conscious of his offence, sent a note to him the next morning, telling him, "he was ready to give him satisfaction." "Why surely now (says the plain, honest man) this is fine doings : last night he sent me away very much out of temper ; and this morning he fancies it would be a satisfaction to me to be run through the body !

It is reported of the famous Viscount de Turrenne, that when he was a young officer, at the siege of a fortified town, he had no less than twelve challenges sent him ; all of which he put in his pocket without farther notice ; but being soon after commanded upon a desperate attack on some part of the fortifications, he sent a billet to each of his challengers, acquainting them, "that he had received their papers, which he deferred answering until a proper occasion offered, both for them and himself, to exert their courage for the king's service ; that being ordered to assault the enemy's works next day, he desired their company ; when they would have an opportunity of signalizing their own bravery, and of being witnesses of his." We may leave the reader to determine, in this case, who acted most like a man of sense, of temper, and of true courage.

When Augustus Cæsar received a challenge from Mark Antony (in his decline of fortune) to engage him in single combat, he very calmly answered the bearer of the message, " If Antony is weary of his life, tell him there are other ways of death besides the point of my sword !" Now, who ever deemed

this an instance of cowardice ? All ages have admired it as the act of a discreet and gallant man ; who, sensible of his own importance, knew how to treat the petulant and vindictive humour of a discontented adversary with its proper contempt.

Section III.

A COMPENDIOUS VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THAT book which we call THE BIBLE (that is, THE BOOK, by way of eminence) although it is comprised in one volume, yet in fact comprehends a great number of different narratives and compositions, written at different times, by different persons, in different languages, and on different subjects. And taking the whole of the collection together, it is an unquestionable truth that there is no one book extant, in any language, or in any country, which can in any degree be compared with it for antiquity, for authority, for the importance, the dignity, the variety, and the curiosity of the matter it contains.

It begins with that great and stupendous event, of all others the earliest and most interesting to the human race, the creation of this world, of the heavens and the earth, of the herbs of the field, the sea and its inhabitants. All this it describes with a brevity and sublimity well suited to the magnitude of the subject, to the dignity of the Almighty Artificer, and unequalled by any other writer. **LET THERE BE LIGHT AND THERE WAS LIGHT** ; is an instance of the sublime, which stands to this day unrivalled in any human composition.

But what is of infinitely greater moment, this history of the creation has settled forever that most important question, which the ancient sages were never able to decide ; from whence and from what causes

this world, with all its inhabitants and appendages, drew its origin ; whether from some inexplicable necessity, from a fortuitous concourse of atoms, from an eternal series of causes and effects, or from one supreme, intelligent, self-existing Being, the Author of all things, himself without beginning and without end. To this last cause the inspired historian has ascribed the formation of this system ; and by so doing has established that great principle and foundation of all religion and all morality, and the great source of comfort to every human being, *the existence of one God*, the Creator and Preserver of the world, and the watchful Superintendent of all the creatures that he has made.

The Sacred History next sets before us, the primæval happiness of our first parents in Paradise ; their fall from this blissful state by the wilful transgression of their Maker's command ; the fatal effects of this original violation of duty, the universal wickedness and corruption, it gradually introduced among mankind ; and the signal and tremendous punishment of that wickedness by the deluge ; the certainty of which is acknowledged by the most ancient writers, and very evident traces of which are to be found at this day in various parts of the globe.

It then relates the peopling of the world again by the family of Noah ; the covenant entered into by God with that patriarch, the relapse of mankind into wickedness ; the calling of Abraham ; and the choice of one family and people, the Israelites, (or, as they were afterwards called, the Jews) who were separated from the rest of the world to preserve the knowledge and the worship of a Supreme Being, and the great fundamental doctrine of THE UNITY ; while all the rest of mankind, even the wisest and most learned, were devoted to polytheism and idolatry, and the grossest and most abominable superstitions. It then gives us the history of these people, with their various migrations, revolutions, and principal transactions. It recounts their removal from the land of Canaan, and

their establishment in Egypt under Joseph, whose history is related in a manner so natural, so interesting and affecting, that it is impossible for any man of common sensibility to read it without the strongest emotions of tenderness and delight.

In the book of Exodus we have the deliverance of this people from their bondage in Egypt, by a series of the most astonishing miracles ; and their travels through the wilderness for forty years under the conduct of Moses ; during which time (besides many other rules and directions for their moral conduct) they received the Ten Commandments, written on two tables of stone by the finger of God himself, and delivered by him to Moses with the most awful and tremendous solemnity ; containing a code of moral law infinitely superior to any thing known to the rest of mankind in those rude and barbarous ages.

The books of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, are chiefly occupied with various other laws, institutions and regulations given to this people, respecting their civil government, their moral conduct, their religious duties, and their ceremonial observances.

Among these, the book of Deuteronomy (which concludes what is called the Pentateuch or five books of Moses) is distinguished above all the rest by a concise and striking recapitulation of the innumerable blessings and mercies which they had received from God since their departure from Horeb ; by strong ex-postulations on their past rebellious conduct, and their shameful ingratitude for all these distinguished marks of the Divine favour ; by many forcible and pathetic exhortations to repentance and obedience in future ; by promises of the most substantial rewards, if they returned to their duty ; and by denunciations of the severest punishments, if they continued disobedient ; and all this delivered in a strain of the most animated, sublime, and commanding eloquence.

The historical books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, continue the history of the Jewish nation under their leaders, judges, and kings,

for near a thousand years : and one of the most prominent and instructive parts of this history is the account given of the life and reign of Solomon, his wealth, his power, and all the glories of his reign ; more particularly that noble proof he gave of his piety and munificence, by the construction of that truly magnificent temple which bore his name ; the solemn and splendid dedication of this temple to the service of God ; and that inimitable prayer which he then offered up to Heaven in the presence of the whole Jewish people ; a prayer evidently coming from the heart, sublime, simple, nervous, and pathetic ; exhibiting the justest and the warmest sentiments of piety, the most exalted conceptions of the divine nature, and every way equal to the sanctity, the dignity, and the solemnity of the occasion.

Next to these follow the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, which contain the history of the Jews for a considerable period of time after their return from a captivity of 70 years in Babylon, about which time the name of Jews seems first to have been applied to them. The books of Ruth and Esther are a kind of appendage to the public records, delineating the characters of two very amiable individuals, distinguished by their virtues, and the very interesting incidents which befel them, the one in private, the other in public life, and which were in some degree connected with the honour and prosperity of the nation to which they belonged.

In the book of Job we have the history of a personage of high rank, of remote antiquity, and extraordinary virtue ; rendered remarkable by uncommon vicissitudes of fortune, by the most splendid prosperity at one time, by an accumulation of the heaviest calamities at another : conducting himself under the former with moderation, uprightness, and unbounded kindness to the poor ; and under the latter, with the most exemplary patience and resignation to the will of Heaven. The composition is throughout the greater part highly poetical and figurative, and exhi-

bits the noblest representations of the Supreme Being and a superintending Providence, together with the most admirable lessons of fortitude and submission to the will of God under the severest afflictions that can befall human nature. The Psalms, which follow this book, are full of such exalted strains of piety and devotion, such beautiful and animated descriptions of the power, the wisdom, the mercy and the goodness of God, that it is impossible for any one to read them without feeling his heart inflamed with the most ardent affection towards the Creator and Governor of the universe.

The Proverbs of Solomon, which comes next in order contain a variety of very excellent maxims of wisdom, and invaluable rules of life, which have nowhere been exceeded except in the New Testament. They afford us, as they profess to do at the very first outset, "the instruction of wisdom, justice, judgment and equity. They give subtilty to the simple ; to the young man knowledge and discretion."

The same may be said of the greater part of the book of Ecclesiastes, which also teaches us to form a just estimate of this world, and its seeming advantages of wealth, honour, power, pleasure, and science.

The prophetical writings present us with the worthiest and most exalted ideas of the Almighty, the justest and purest notions of piety and virtue, the awfulest denunciations against wickedness of every kind, public and private ; the most affectionate expositations, the most inviting promises, and the warmest concern for the public good. And besides all this they contain a series of predictions relating to our blessed Lord, in which all the remarkable circumstances of his birth, life, ministry, miracles, doctrines, sufferings and death, are foretold in so minute and exact a manner (more particularly in the prophecy of Isaiah) that you would almost think they were describing all these things after they had happened, if you did not know that these prophecies were confessedly written many hundred years before Christ came

into the world, and were all that time in the possession of the Jews, who were the moral enemies of Christianity, and therefore would never go about to forge prophecies, which must evidently prove him to be what he professed to be, and what they denied him to be, the Messiah and the Son of God. It is to this part of Scripture that our Lord particularly directs our attention, when he says, "search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of me." The testimony he alludes to is that of the prophets; than which no evidence can be more satisfactory and convincing to any one that reads them with care and impartiality, and compares their predictions concerning our Saviour with the history of his life, given us by those who constantly lived and conversed with him. This history we have in the New Testament, in that part of it which goes by the name of GOSPELS.

It is these that recount those wonderful and important events, with which the Christian religion and the divine Author of it were introduced into the world, and which have produced so great a change in the principles, the manners, the morals, and the temporal as well as the spiritual condition of mankind. They relate the first appearance of Christ upon earth; his extraordinary and miraculous birth; the testimony borne to him by his forerunner John the Baptist; his temptation in the wilderness; the opening of his divine commission; the pure, the perfect, the sublime morality which he taught, especially the inimitable sermon from the mount; the infinite superiority which he shewed to every other moral teacher, both in the matter and manner of his discourses; more particularly by crushing vice in its very cradle, in the first risings of wicked desires and propensities in the heart; by giving a decided preference to the mild, gentle, passive, conciliating virtues, to the violent, vindictive, high spirited, unsforgiving temper, which has been always too much the favourite character of the world; by requiring us to forgive our very enemies, and to do good to them that hate us; by exclu-

ding from our devotions, our alms, and all our other virtues, all regard to fame, reputation, and applause ; by laying down two great general principles of morality, love to God and love to mankind, and deducing from thence every other human duty ; by conveying his instructions under the easy, familiar, and impressive form of parables ; by expressing himself in a tone of dignity and authority unknown before ; by exemplifying every virtue that he taught in his own unblemished and perfect life and conversation ; and above all, by adding those awful sanctions, which he alone, of all moral instructors, had the power to hold out, eternal rewards to the virtuous, and eternal punishments to the wicked.

The sacred narrative then represents to us the high character he assumed ; the claim he made to a divine original ; the wonderful miracles he wrought in proof of his divinity ; the various prophecies which plainly marked him out as the Messiah, the great deliverer of the Jews ; the declarations he made, that he came to offer himself a sacrifice for the sins of all mankind ; the cruel indignities, sufferings and persecutions, to which in consequence of this great design, he was exposed ; the accomplishment of it by the painful and ignominious death to which he submitted ; by his resurrection after three days from the grave ; by his ascension into heaven ; by his sitting there at the right hand of God, and performing the office of a mediator and intercessor for the sinful sons of men, till he comes a second time in his glory to sit in judgement on all mankind, and decide their final doom of happiness or misery forever. These are the momentous, the interesting truths, on which the GOSPELS principally dwell.

The ACTS OF THE APOSTLES continue the history of our religion after our Lord's ascension ; the astonishing and rapid propagation of it by a few illiterate tent-makers and fisherman, through almost every part of the world, " by demonstration of the spirit and of power ; without the aid of eloquence or of force, and

in opposition to all the authority, all the power, and all the influence of the opulent and the great.

The EPISTLES, that is, the letters addressed by the Apostles and their associates to different churches and to particular individuals, contain many admirable rules and directions to the primitive converts ; many affecting exhortations, expostulations, and reproofs ; many explanations and illustrations of the doctrines delivered by our Lord ; together with constant references to facts, circumstances, and events, recorded in the Gospels and the Acts ; in which we perceive such striking, yet evidently such unpremeditated and undesigned coincidences and agreements between the narrative and the epistles, as form one most conclusive argument for the truth, authenticity, and genuineness of both.

The sacred volume concludes with the Revelation of St. John, which, under the form of visions and various symbolical representations, presents to us a prophetic history of the Christian religion in future times, and the various changes, vicissitudes, and revolutions it was to undergo in different ages and countries to the end of the world.

Is it possible now to conceive a nobler, a more comprehensive, a more useful scheme of instruction than this ; in which the uniformity and variety, so happily blended together, give it an inexpressible beauty, and the whole composition plainly proving its Author to be divine ?

“ The Bible is not indeed (as a great writer observes) a plan of religion delineated with minute accuracy, to instruct men as in something altogether new, or to excite a vain admiration and applause ; but it is somewhat unspeakably more great and noble, comprehending (as we have seen) in the grandest and most magnificent order, along with every essential of that plan, the various dispensations of God to mankind, for the formation of this earth to the consummation of all things. *Other* books may afford us much entertainment and much instruction : they may gratify

our curiosity, may delight our imagination, may improve our understandings, may calm our passions, may exalt our sentiments, may even improve our hearts. But they have not, they cannot have that authority in what they affirm, in what they require, in what they promise and threaten, that the Scriptures have. There is a peculiar weight and energy in *them*, which is not to be found in any other writings. Their denunciations are more awful, their convictions stronger, their consolations more powerful, their counsels more authentic, their warnings more alarming, their expostulations more penetrating. There are passages in them throughout so sublime, so pathetic, full of such energy and force upon the heart and conscience, yet without the least appearance of labour and study for that purpose ; indeed the design of the whole is so noble, so well suited to the sad condition of human kind ; the morals have in them such purity and dignity ; the doctrines, so many of them above reason, yet so perfectly reconcileable with it ; the expression is so majestic, yet familiarized with such easy simplicity, that the more we read and study these writings with pious dispositions and judicious attention, the more we shall see and feel of the hand of God in them."

But that which stamps upon them the highest value, that which renders them, strictly speaking, *inestimable*, and distinguishes them from all other books in the world, is this, that they, and they only, "*contain the words of eternal life.*" In this respect, every other book, even the noblest compositions of man, must fail us ; they cannot give us that which we most want, and what is of infinitely more importance to us than all other things put together, **ETERNAL LIFE.**

Section IV.

REFLECTIONS ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

.....Mighty years begun
From their first orb—in radiant circles run !
Dryden.

Nothing is lasting on the world's wide stage,
As sung, and wisely sung, the Grecian sage ;
And man who through the globe extends his sway,
Reigns but the sovereign creature of a day ;
One generation comes, another goes,
Time blends the happy with the man of woes ;
A different face of things each age appears,
And *all things* alter in a course of years.

Cooke.

The moralist has recommended stated times for the purposes of meditation. At such periods the faculties are awakened, and the soul is set in motion. Thus stimulated, the sluggish current of our thoughts becomes quickened, flowing on with an accelerated rapidity. Such is precisely our situation. The *commencement of a century*, occurs not *twice* in our life. This is a serious consideration.—May it be rendered subservient to our moral improvement !

Standing as it were on an eminence, and looking around us, we find the new revolving century replete with important, though obvious, topics of instruction.

The commencement of a century should suggest to us the inestimable value of our **TIME**.

Time was granted to man for his improvement. By the protraction of life opportunities are afforded for our progress in knowledge, virtue, and piety. We were not raised into being that we might be idle spectators of the objects with which we are surrounded. The situation in which we are placed demands

reiterated exertion. The sphere in which we move calls for the putting forth all the ability with which we may be endowed. Enquiries therefore should be made how improvements can be best effected, either in our individual, social, or public capacities. This conduct will reflect an honour on our rationality. This train of action will elevate us in the scale of being—impart a zest to our enjoyment, and prepare us for the honours of immortality! It is said, that the elder Cato repented of three things—one of which was his having spent a day without improvement.

We cannot begin a century without being impressed with the vicissitude by which sublunary affairs are characterised.

Every thing around us is in a state of constant fluctuation. Neither nature nor art continued long in one position. The heavens above us are in perpetual motion. The earth beneath us is ever changing its external appearance. The atmosphere around us is subject to incessant variations. Individuals, families, and nations, are altering their aspect, and assuming forms marked by strong traits of novelty. Not only opinious, but even long established customs at length lose their hold on the mind, and are shut out by practices of a directly opposite tendency. Thus are we whirled around in the vortex of life by incidents the most strange, and by events the most contrary to our expectation. Change, in its endless variety of shapes, presents itself, and we observe, with surprise, the effects produced by it, both in ourselves and in our friends with whom we are connected :

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,

Nor search the ancient records of our race,

To learn the dire effect of TIME and change,

Which, in ourselves, alas! we daily trace;

Yet, at the darkened eye, the withered face,

Or hoary hair I never will repine;

But spare, O TIME! whate'er of mental grace,

Of candour, love, or sympathy divine;

Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

MINSTREL.

We should enter upon the new century with the pleasing idea that the *progressive series of events* tends to *human improvement*.

The light which broke out at the era of the reformation, continues to send forth its rays, and will illuminate the most distant regions of the globe! The human faculties which had slumbered for ages, were then roused into action, and the discovery of the art of printing facilitated the spread of truth in districts whither its beams had not before penetrated. Since that illustrious period, science has lifted up her head—commerce has spread abroad her sails—and religion has unfolded prospects of futurity highly favourable to human felicity. Our ideas seem now to flow in channels which cannot easily be interrupted. More just views of the Supreme Being are entertained, and clearer notions indulged respecting the rights and privileges of humanity. Man will henceforward become more sensible of his advantages, and will, it is to be hoped, convey them entire and unmutilated to their posterity. The benevolent of every class rejoice in the prospect. Feeling for his species, *the good man* will exult in the recollection, that the night of ignorance and misery is passing away, and that it will be assuredly lost in the full blaze of perfect day.

Finally, let us, upon the commencement of the new century, realize the *perfections* and *government* of the *Supreme Being*, under whose superintendance *every thing* will be conducted to a happy conclusion.

A fatherless world! an orphan universe! are ideas agonizing to every well constituted mind. The present system bears unequivocal marks of the wisdom and goodness by which it was originally constituted. The parts themselves, and the relation they bear to each other, point out the ends for which they are intended. The sun, moon, and stars, perform with regularity their destined revolutions. The earth vegetates at the assigned period of fertility, and pours forth its stores for the sustenance and comfort of the human race. The intellectual and moral powers of

man lead him to the perception, and by the force of motives properly weighed, impel him to the practice of right conduct. The REVELATION with which we are favoured, is in every respect honourable to the divine government. The reasonableness of its doctrines, the purity of its precepts, and the sublimity of its prospects, recommend it to our serious attention. Even the futility of the objections made to its origin, shews in a more striking point of view its divinity—for the envenomed shafts of infidelity, recently aimed at the heavenly shield, have been seen to fall pointless to the ground. In such circumstances, and with such views, MAN is empowered to look abroad at *the commencement of a century*, and to realise the perfections and government of the *Supreme Being*, with whom *there is no variableness nor the shadow of turning!* in neglecting this privilege, he omits to discharge an important duty. He sinks himself upon a level with the brutes, and relinquishes means calculated to promote and secure his perfection.

From the honourable ideas which we have been taught to form of Deity, we cannot for a moment suspect the equity with which he presides over every part of his wide extended empire! The architect prides himself on the proportion and regularity with which his buildings have been raised. The artist contemplates the niceness and accuracy after which his pieces of mechanism have been constructed. The statesman congratulates himself on the sagacity with which his plans have been devised and accomplished. In a similar manner the Deity has regulated every procedure of his government with the profoundest wisdom, in conjunction with a benevolence which exceeds our loftiest conceptions. Immediately after the creation, God surveyed the works of his hands, and pronounced them to be—*good!* And, humanly speaking, he must at all times look down with an eye of distinguished complacency on the subserviency of his government to general felicity.

Man, however, furnished with scanty powers of perception, is cooped up on every side, and vainly strives to disclose the secrets of futurity. "We know not what to-morrow brings forth." This is a measure ordained in infinite wisdom. The anticipation of our joys, or of our griefs, is often a burden too heavy to be borne. Pretensions, indeed, are made to a knowledge of our future destiny—but the imposition has been detected and exposed. Our wisest way is to throw the reins over a vain curiosity. Let us never attempt, on any occasion, to lift up the awful veil which divides the present moment from futurity! Such a procedure shews only our own impiety and folly. Contented with that portion of information which is commensurate with our faculties and congenial with our present situation, let us devote our knowledge to the purposes of faith and practice. A larger degree of intelligence cannot, perhaps, in this life, be the legitimate object of attainment. Henceforwards, then, let us dismiss our anxious thoughts, banish our corroding cares, and shudder at the indulgence of impious anticipations. In fine, let us calmly and cheerfully resign ourselves to the disposal of that *Great Being* who cannot err, and who will with consummate ability conduct the affairs of his *wise* and *righteous* government to the happiest termination:—

IMMORTAL KING! from all mutation free!
Whose endless being ne'er began to be;
Who ne'er was nothing—who was ever all,
Whose kingdom did not rise, and cannot fall;
On a *mysterious throne*, high rais'd above,
E'en the fair chains which heavenly orders prove!
While their bright excellence progressive grew,
He perfect was—ne'er imperfection knew!
Ere worlds began, with boundless goodness blest,
Ne'er needing to be better—always best!
The pensive muse who thus a mournful sigh,
Hath paid to stars that fall, and flowers that die;

While the short glories brief as fair she mourns,
 To **HIM**, the **GREAT ENDURER**, joyful turns.
 Glad she adores, deprest by gloomy wanes,
 That undecreasing **LIGHT**, who all **ordains** ;
 On **HIM** she leans, relieved from withering things,
 And his immortal counsel raptur'd sings :
 That scheme of good, which all that dies survives,
 Whate'er decays, forever fair that thrives :
 Whose progress, adverse fates and prosperous chance,
Virtue and *vice*, and *good* and *ill* advance,
 Which draws new splendour from all mortal gloom,
 Which all that fades, but feeds with riper bloom ;
 Each human fall but props—each fall succeeds,
 And all that fancy deems obstruction—speeds :
 In nature's beauteous frame as cold and heat,
 And moist and dry, and light and darkness meet—
 Harmonious in the moral system—join
Pleasure and *pain*, and *glory* and *decline* !—*Fawcett.*

Section V.

ON WRITING LETTERS.

The great utility and importance of *Epistolary Writing*, is so well known, and so universally acknowledged, that it is needless to insist on the necessity of being acquainted with an art replete with so many advantages. Those who are accomplished in this art are too happy in their knowledge to need further information concerning its excellence ; and those who are unqualified to convey their sentiments to a friend, without the assistance of a third person, feel their deficiency so severely, that nothing need be said to convince them, that it is both their interest and their happiness to be instructed in what is so necessary and agreeable.

Had letters been known at the beginning of the world, *Epistolary Writing* would have been as old as

love and friendship; for, as soon as they began to flourish, the verbal messenger was dropped, and the language of the heart was committed to characters that faithfully preserved it, and hereby secrecy was maintained, and social intercourse rendered more free and extensive.

The Romans were perfect masters of this art, and placed it in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments; and we find Cicero mentioning with great pleasure, in some of his letters to Atticus, the elegant specimen he had received from his son in this way. It seems indeed to have formed a part in their education; and in the opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deserves to have a share in ours.

The writing of letters enters so much into all the occurrences of life, that no lady or gentleman can avoid shewing themselves in compositions of this kind. Occasions will daily force them to make this use of their pen, by which their sense, their abilities, and their education are exposed to a severer examination than by any oral discourse.

Epistolary Writing, in the common and just acceptance of the word, is confined to those compositions which serve to transact the common business of life, or to promote its most pleasing intercourses. In this point of view, letter writing is the most necessary, at the same time it is happily the most easy of all literary accomplishments.

It was a just observation of the honest Quaker, that, *If a man think twice before he speak, he'll speak twice the better for it.* With great propriety the above may be applied to epistolary as well as to all sorts of writing.

In letters from one relation to another, the different characters of the persons must be first considered: Thus a father in writing to a son, will use a gentle authority; a son to a father will express a filial duty. And again, in friendship the heart will dilate itself with an honest freedom: it will applaud with sincerity, and censure with modest reluctance.

In letters concerning trade, the subject matter will be constantly kept in view, and the greatest perspicuity and brevity observed by the different correspondents ; and in like manner, these rules may be applied to all other subjects, and conditions of life, namely a comprehensive idea of the subject, and an unaffected simplicity, and modesty, in expression. Nothing more need be added, only, that a constant attention to the above for a few months, will soon convince the learner, that his time has not been spent in vain.

Indeed, an assiduous attention to the study of any art even the most difficult, will enable the learner to surmount every difficulty ; and writing letters to his correspondents becomes equally easy as speaking in company ; and, if he carefully avoids affectation, will enable him to write in the language of the present times ; his thoughts will be clear, his sentiments judicious, and his language plain, easy, sensible, elegant, and suited to the nature of the subject. As letters are the copies of conversation, just consider what you would say to your friend if he were present, and write down the very words that you would speak, which will render your epistle unaffected and intelligible.

When you sit down to write, call off your thoughts from every thing but the subject you intend to handle ; consider it with attention, place it in every point of view, and examine it on every side before you begin. By this means you will lay a plan of it in your mind, which will rise like a well contrived building, beautiful, uniform, and regular ; whereas, if you neglect to form some method of going through the whole, and leave it to be conducted by giddy accident, your thoughts upon any subject can never appear otherwise than as a mere heap of confusion. Consider, you are now to form a style, or, in other words, to learn the way of expressing what you think ; and your doing it well or ill for your whole life, will depend in a great measure, upon the manner you fall into at the beginning. It is of great consequence,

therefore, to be attentive and diligent at first; and an expressive, and easy manner of writing, it is so useful, so engaging a quality, that whatever pains it cost, it will amply repay.

As to the subjects, you are allowed in this way the utmost liberty. Whatever has been done, or thought, or seen, or heard; your observations on what you know, your inquiries about what you do not know; the time, the place, the weather, every thing around stands ready for your purpose; and the more variety you intermix, the better. Set discourses require a dignity or formality of style suitable to the subject; whereas letter-writing rejects all pomp of words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But, though lofty phrases are here improper, the stile must not therefore sink into meanness: and to prevent its doing so, an easy complaisance, an open sincerity, and unaffected good nature, should appear in every place. A letter should wear an honest, cheerful countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his friend; and not look like a fop admiring his own dress, and seeming pleased with nothing but himself.

Express your meaning as briefly as possible: long periods may please the ear, but they perplex the understanding. Let your letters abound with thoughts more than words. A short stile, and plain, strikes the mind, and fixes an impression; a tedious one is seldom clearly understood, and never long remembered. But there is still something requisite beyond all this, towards the writing a polite and agreeable letter, such as a gentleman ought to be distinguished by; and that is, an air of good-breeding and humanity, which ought constantly to appear in every expression, and gives beauty to the whole. By this, I would not be supposed to mean, overstrained or affected compliments, or any thing that way tending; but an easy, and obliging manner of address, a choice of words which bear the most civil meaning, and a generous and good-natured complaisance.

THE ORATOR.

Part II.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Chapter I.

ELOQUENCE OF POPULAR ASSEMBLIES.

The ancients divided all orations into three grand classes, the Demonstrative, the Deliberative, and the Judicial. The scope of the Demonstrative, was to praise or blame: that of the Deliberative, to advise or dissuade; that of the Judicial, to accuse or defend. The chief subject of Demonstrative Eloquence, were Panegyrics, Invectives, Gratulatory and Funeral Orations. The Deliberative was employed in matters of public concern agitated in the Senate, or before the assemblies of the people. The Judicial, is the same with the eloquence of the Bar, employed in addressing Judges, who have powers to absolve or condemn. I have in the following selections, preferred that train which Modern speaking points out, rather than the above division laid down by the ancient Rhetoricians. Modern Eloquence is divided into three kinds, the Eloquence of popular Assemblies, of the Bar and of the Pulpit; each of which has a distinct character, which particularly suits it. This division though in some respects different, yet in others corresponds with the ancient one. The eloquence of the Bar is precisely the same with what the Ancient Rhetoricians called the Judicial. The Eloquence of Popular Assemblies, though mostly

of that kind which they term the **Deliberative**, yet admits also of the **Demonstrative**. The Eloquence of the pulpit is altogether of a distinct nature ; and as the ancient Rhetoricians had no such kind of **Oratory**, it cannot be reduced under any of their divisions.

Section I.

THE EULOGIUM OF THE PERFECT SPEAKER.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting ! How vast the subject ! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion ? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the subject, for a while, superceded, by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions ! To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature ! Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed ; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to the highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work ; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, all are busy : without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted ; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electric spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning

of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer, or die !

Section II.

EULOGIUM OF ANTOINETTE, THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just began to move in, glittering like the morning star ; full of life, and splendour, and joy.

Oh ! what a resolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall.

Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult—But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex,—that proud submission,—that dignified obedience,—

that subordination of the heart, which keeps alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone ! It is gone,—that sensibility of principle,—that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound,—which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched ; and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Section III.

PANEGYRIC ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government, and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are handed down to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts ;—wherein, by the disposition of stupenduous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle aged, or young ; but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new ; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on these principles to our forefathers, we are guided, not by the superstition of

antiquaries, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our healths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Section IV.

MR. SHERIDAN'S INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. HASTINGS.

Had a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry—he would naturally enquire what war had thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire

and sword—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestage of verdure ? Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour ? To such questions, what must be the answer ? No wars have ravished these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil discord has been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no cruel enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the *friendship, generosity and kindness*, of the English nation.

They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo ! those are the fruits of their alliance.—What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums ? When we hear the description of the paroxism, fever and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country.

Will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana ? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture ? What motive then, could have such influence in their bosoms ? What motive ? That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which though it

may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with and makes a part of his being—that feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man ; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation ! to that common God, who, where he gives the *form of man*, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the *feelings* and the *rights of man*—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish !—that principle which makes it base for a man to *suffer* when he ought to *act*, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

Section V.

MR. BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON THE ELOQUENCE OF MR. SHERIDAN.

Mr. Sheridan has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory ;—a display that reflects the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown up-

on parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times ; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpits have hitherto furnished ; nothing has equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster-hall. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we, this day, listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

Section VI.

JUNIUS'S EULOGIUM ON LORD CHATHAM.

I did not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear lord Chatham. I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion ; and surely it is not the little censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common, sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of service to lord Chatham. My voice will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet. But if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding ; if he judges of

what is truly honorable for himself, with the same superior genius which animates and directs him to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honour shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me ; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.

Section VII.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES COMPARED.

These two great princes of eloquence have been often compared together : but the judgment hesitates to which to give the preference. The archbishop of Cambray, however, seems to have stated their merits with great justice and perspicuity, in his reflections on rhetoric and poetry. The passage, translated, is as follows.

“ I do not hesitate to declare, that I think Demosthenes superior to Cicero. I am persuaded that no one can admire Cicero more than I do. He adorns whatever he attempts. He does honour to language. He disposes of words in a manner peculiar to himself. His style has great variety of character. Whenever he pleases he is even concise and vehement ; for instance, against Cataline, against Verres, against Antony. But ornament is too visible in his writings. His art is wonderful, but it is perceived. When the orator is providing for the safety of the republic, he forgets not himself, nor permits others to forget him. Demosthenes seems to escape from himself, and to see nothing but his country. He seeks not elegance of expression ; unsought for he possesses it. He is

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superior to admiration. He makes use of language as a modest man does of dress, only to cover him. He thunders, he lightens. He is a torrent which carries every thing before it. We cannot criticise, because we are not ourselves. His subject enchains our attention, and makes us forget his language. We lose him from our sight: Philip alone occupies our minds. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am less affected by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes."

Section VIII.

THE PORTRAITS OF MAHOMET AND JESUS CONTRASTED.

Go to your natural religion:—place before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and in blood riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravished and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and oppression.

When she is tired with this scene, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the souls of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to his God. Carry her to his table, to view his mean fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured, but not provoked. Let her attend him to the tribunal,

and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors ; “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”—When natural religion has viewed both, ask, *Which is the prophet of God.*

Section IX.

MR. FOX'S EULOGIUM ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

I am well aware that this is not exactly the place nor the occasion for entering at large into the character of the illustrious personage, whose decease has induced me to come hither to perform a painful duty. As the memory of no man was ever more generally revered; so the loss of no man was ever more generally felt. In a case, therefore, of so much importance, I hope I shall not be blamed, if, in feeling how much the country has suffered by this event, I deviate a little from the usual practice of the house. The noble person to whom the house will perceive these observations are applied, was distinguished by something so great, something so benign, something so marked in his character, that though possessing most opulent revenues, and though placed as high in rank and wealth as hope could make him, yet he seemed to be raised to that exalted station, only that his example might have the greater value. Having therefore, so much of public calamity to deplore, the house may be assured that I shall not, at present, indulge in the expression of any of those feelings of private friendship and gratitude, which on the other occasion might be proper. The loss is the more affecting, the more to be regretted, as it happened at a period when the services of this noble personage were

likely to be most beneficial to society ; when he was still young enough to give the hope of further services ; still active enough for all the duties of public life ; and while he still possessed that youthful vigour and energy which would long have enabled him to support those unwearied exertions, which he displayed in every thing that tended to promote the interests of his country ; exertions which afforded a sufficient pledge, that had he lived, the remainder of his days would have been devoted to acts of public benefit. He did not live for the *pleasure*, but for the *utility* of life : or rather he lived for the highest enjoyment which existence can afford,—that of doing good to his fellow creatures.

There are many other amiable traits in his character which I shall not attempt to describe here. I may be permitted to observe, however, that those who feel that the greatest benefit which can be done to this or any other country, is to render it more productive, must be sensible that the nation is more indebted to him than to any other person for the efforts which he made to improve its agriculture. What was his motive for attaching himself to this pursuit ? Because he was convinced, that in the present times, that was the best direction he could give to his talents, and to his means in promoting the real interests of his country ; for his humility was such, that he conceived no pursuit too low for him to engage in, if he foresaw that it would tend to public utility. I know, that if the noble personage of whom I have spoken could look back to what passed in the world, nothing could afford him such ineffable pleasure, as the reflection that his memory should be, as his life, beneficial to mankind. I shall conclude with a passage from a very young orator, which appears particularly applicable to what I have said. "Crime is only a curse for the time, even where successful ; but virtue may be useful to the remotest posterity, and is even almost as advantageous to future generations as to its original possessor."

Section X.

THE CHARACTER OF A LOWLY HERO ILLUSTRATED.

The lowest mechanic who employs his best affections—his love and gratitude, on God, the best of beings ; who retains a particular regard and esteem for the virtuous few, compassion for the distressed, and a firm expansive good will to all ; who, instead of triumphing over his enemies, strives to subdue the greatest enemy of all, his unruly passions ; who promotes a good understanding between neighbours, appeases disputes and adjusts differences ; exercises candour to injured character, and charity to distressed worth ; who, whilst he cherishes his friends, forgives, and even serves in any pressing exigency, his enemies ; who abhors vice, but pities the vicious ; such a man, however low his station, has more just pretensions to the character of heroism,—(that heroism which implies nobleness and elevation of soul, bursting forth into correspondent actions,) than he who conquers armies, or makes the most glaring figure in the eyes of an injudicious world. He is like one of those fixed stars which, through the remoteness of its situation, may be thought extremely little, inconsiderable, and obscure, by unskillful beholders, but yet it is as truly great and glorious in itself, as those heavenly lights which, by being placed more obviously to our view, appear to shine with more distinguished lustre.

Section XI.

MR. WALPOLE AGAINST MR. PITT (THE LALE LORD CHATHAM) REFLECTING ON HIS YOUTH AND THEATRICAL MANNER.

SIR,

I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill, with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture,— who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamours of rage and petulency of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together ;—how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction, and theatrical emotions. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced ; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age, and long acquaintance with business, give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim,

and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn sir, that to accuse and prove are very different, and that reproaches unsupported by evidence affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy, and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other ; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of deprecating the conduct of the administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty or compassion.

Section XII.

MR. PITT'S REPLY.

SIR,

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny,—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining ;—but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs

should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation ;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime : I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language ; and though, perhaps I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain ;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment ;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure : the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice.—whoever may protect them in their villainy,—and,—whoever may partake of their plunder.

Section XIII.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

It is natural that the gratitude of mankind should be drawn to their benefactors. A number of these have successively arisen, who were no less distinguished for the elevation of their virtues, than the lustre of their talents. Of those, however, who were born, and who acted through life, as if they were born, not for themselves, but for their country and the whole human race, how few, alas ! are recorded in the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them. In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast : they gleam upon the surrounding darkness, with an inextinguishable splendour, like stars seen through a mist ; but they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save. WASHINGTON is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity, like a newly discovered star, whose benignant light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by history as conspicuously, as if it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.

The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas ! all WASHINGTON's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man, whose character has been more admired in his life time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner, as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance ; for it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of the superiority of his character over many others, whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived, in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and

in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life: for if there were any errors in his judgment, (and he discovered as few as any man,) we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach: he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided: but when his country needed sacrifices, that no other man could or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least in this age. Two instances cannot be denied: when the army was disbanded: and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France.

It is indeed almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of virtue. The reasons are similar: our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. WASHINGTON's example is the happiest, to shew what virtue is; and to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue: much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model, a precious one to a free republic!

It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own. His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not cal-

led them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent. In public trusts where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious, and in those private concerns, where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, WASHINGTON was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for, as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils, of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it, so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject, and then made his decision without bias.

This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err. If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed is of the kind that will last for ever; yet it was rather the effect, than the motive of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is perhaps the brightest name of all antiquity. Our WASHINGTON resembled him in

the purity and ardour of his patriotism ; and, like him, he first exalted the glory of his country. There, it is to be hoped, the parallel ends : for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude. For we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivets : some we admire from the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts ; others, for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams : we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of **WASHINGTON**, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like the **Ohio**, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility ; or like his own **Potowmack**, widening and deepening his channel, as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness, and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country. The constant veneration and affection of his country will shew, that it was worthy of such a citizen.

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy, that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsions, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendour, that while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar : they multiply in every long war ; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as **WASHINGTON** appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of **WASHINGTON**. Already it assumes its high place in the political re-

gion. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven, that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plentitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with WASHINGTON's.

Section XIV.

EULOGY ON HAMILTON.

It is with really great men as with great literary works, the excellence of both is best tested by the extent and durableness of their impression. The public has not suddenly, but after an experience of five and twenty years, taken that impression of the just celebrity of **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**, that nothing but his extraordinary intrinsic merit could have made, and still less, could have made so deep and maintained so long. In this case, it is safe and correct to judge by effects: we sometimes calculate the height of a mountain, by measuring the length of its shadow.

That writer would deserve the fame of a public benefactor, who could exhibit the character of **HAMILTON**, with the truth and force that all who intimately knew him conceived it: his example would then take the same ascendant, as his talents. The portrait alone, however exquisitely finished, could not inspire genius where it is not; but, if the world should again have possession of so rare a gift, it might awake it where it sleeps, as by a spark from heaven's

own altar; for, surely, if there is any thing like divinity in man, it is in his admiration of virtue.

But who alive can exhibit this portrait? If our age, on that supposition more fruitful than any other, had produced two **HAMILTONS**, one of them might then have depicted the other. To delineate genius one must feel its power; **HAMILTON**, and he alone, with all its inspiration, could have transfused its whole fervid soul into the picture, and swelled its lineaments into life. The writer's mind, expanding with his own peculiar enthusiasm, and glowing with kindred fires, would then have stretched to the dimensions of his subject.

It is rare, that a man, who owes so much to nature, descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry, as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject, till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers, a superiority, that seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary, learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midst of such various excellence, to say, in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth; no man more clearly displayed it: it was not merely made visible—it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero, full of resource, he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other; but he left nothing to be inquired for more—nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them;

he confounded and subdued, as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject ; so that his opponents might, indeed, feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist from becoming his convert ; for the truth, which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others, was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive by the love and reverence, which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own. While patriotism glowed in his heart, wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms.

Such, also, is the character of his writings. judiciously collected, they will be a public treasure.

No man ever more disdained duplicity, or carried *frankness* further than he. This gave to his political opponents some temporary advantages, and currency to some popular prejudices, which he would have *lived* down, if his death had not prematurely dispelled them. He knew, that factions have even in the end prevailed in free states ; and, as he saw no security, (and who living can see any adequate ?) against the destruction of that liberty which he loved, and for which he was ever ready to devote his life, he spoke at all times according to his anxious forebodings ; and his enemies interpreted all that he said according to the supposed interest of their party.

But he ever extorted confidence, even when he most provoked opposition. It was impossible to deny, that he was a patriot, and such a patriot, as seeking neither popularity nor office, without artifice, without meanness, the best Romans in their best days would have admitted to citizenship and to the consulate. Virtue, so rare, so pure, so bold, by its very purity and excellence, inspired suspicion, as a prodigy. His enemies judged of him by themselves : so splendid and arduous were his services, they could

not find it in *their* hearts to believe that they were disinterested.

Unparalleled as they were, they were, nevertheless, no otherwise requited, than by the applause of all good men, and by his own enjoyment of the spectacle of the national prosperity and honour, which was the effect of them. After facing calumny, and triumphantly surmounting an unrelenting persecution, he retired from office, with clean, though empty hands, as rich as reputation and an unblemished integrity could make him.

Some have plausibly, though erroneously, inferred from the great extent of his abilities, that his ambition was inordinate. This is a mistake. Such men, as have a painful consciousness, that their stations happen to be far more exalted than their talents, are generally the most ambitious. Hamilton, on the contrary, though he had many competitors, had no rivals; he did not thirst for power, nor would he, as it is well known descend to office. Of course, he suffered no pain from envy, when bad men rose, though he felt anxiety for the public. He was perfectly content and at ease, in private life. Of what was he ambitious? Not of wealth—no man held it cheaper. Was it popularity? That weed of the dunghill, he knew, when rankest, was nearest to withering. There is no doubt, that he desired glory, which to most men is too inaccessible to be an object of desire; but, feeling his own force, and that he was tall enough to reach the top of Pindus or of Helicon, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality. A vulgar ambition could as little comprehend, as satisfy, his views: he thirsted only for that fame, which virtue would not blush to confer, nor time to convey to the end of his course.

The only ordinary distinction, to which, we confess, he did aspire, was military; and for that, in the event of a foreign war, he would have been solicitous. He undoubtedly discovered the predomi-

nance of a soldier's feelings ; and all that is honour, in the character of a soldier, was at home in his heart. His early education was in the camp ; there the first fervours of his genius were poured forth, and his earliest and most cordial friendships formed ; there he became enamoured of glory, and was admitted to her embrace.

Those who knew him best, and especially in the army, will believe, that if occasions had called him forth, he was qualified, beyond any man of the age, to display the talents of a great general.

It may be very long, before your country will want such military talents ; it will probably be much longer, before it will again possess them.

Alas ! the great man who was, at all times, so much the ornament of our country, and so exclusively fitted, in its extremity, to be its champion, is withdrawn to a purer and more tranquil region. We are left to endless labours and unavailing regrets.

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The most substantial glory of a country, is in its virtuous great men : its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Power may be seized by a nation, that is yet barbarous ; and wealth may be enjoyed by one, that it finds, or renders sordid : the one is the gift and the sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorials than ruins that offend taste, and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as learning itself, which is its monument : it strikes an everlasting root, and bears perennial blossoms on its grave. The name of HAMILTON would have honoured Greece, in the

age of Aristides. May Heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant, that our country may be fruitful of **HAMILTONS**, and faithful to their glory.

Section XV.

EULOGY ON FISHER AMES.

Mr. Ames was distinguished among the eminent men of our country. All admitted, for they felt, his extraordinary powers ; few pretended to doubt, if any seemed to deny, the purity of his heart. His exemplary life commanded respect ; the charms of his conversation and manners won affection. He was equally admired and beloved.

His public career was short but brilliant. Called into the service of his country in seasons of her most critical emergency, and partaking in the management of her councils during a most interesting period of her history, he obtained a place in the first rank of her statesmen, legislators, orators, and patriots. By a powerful and original genius, an impressive and uniform virtue, he succeeded, as fully perhaps as any political character, in a republic agitated by divisions, ever did, in surmounting the two pernicious vices, disignated by the inimitable biographer of *Agricola*, insensibility to merit on the one hand, and envy on the other.

The reader of his works will, no doubt, concur with those who knew him and who heard him in public and private, in saying, that he had a mind of high order, in some particulars of the highest, and that he has a just claim to be classed with the men of genius, that quality which it is so much more easy to discern than to define ; "that quality, without which judgment is cold and knowledge inert ; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates." We observe in Mr. Ames a liberal portion of all the fa-

ulties and qualities that enter into this character, understanding, memory, imagination, invention, sensibility, ardour.

As a speaker and as a writer he had the power to enlighten and persuade, to move, to please, to charm, to astonish. He united those decorations that belong to fine talents, to that penetration and judgment that designate an acute and solid mind. Many of his opinions have the authority of predictions fulfilled and fulfilling. He had the ability of investigation, and, where it was necessary, did investigate with patient attention, going through a series of observation and deduction, and tracing the links which connect one truth with another. When the result of his researches was exhibited in discourse, the steps of a logical process were in some measure concealed by the colouring of rhetoric. Minute calculations and dry details were employments, however, the least adapted to his peculiar construction of mind. It was easy and delightful for him to illustrate by a picture, but painful and laborious to prove by a diagram. It was the prerogative of his mind to discern by a glance, so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to apprehend; and it was the part of his eloquence to display, expand and enforce them.

His imagination was a distinguishing feature of his mind. Prolific, grand, sportive, original, it gave him the command of nature and art, and enabled him to vary the disposition and the dress of his ideas without end. Now it assembled most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful; and now rose in the storm, wielding the elements and flashing with the most awful splendours.

Very few men have produced more original compositions. He presented resemblances and contraries none saw before, but all admitted to be just and true. In delicate and powerful wit he was pre-eminent.

He did not systematically study the exterior graces

of speaking, but his attitude was erect and easy, his gestures manly and forcible, his intonations varied and expressive, his articulation distinct, and his whole manner animated and natural. His written compositions, it will be perceived, have that glow and vivacity which belonged to his speeches.

All the other efforts of his mind, however, were probably exceeded by his powers in conversation. He appeared among his friends with an illuminated face, and with peculiar amenity and captivating kindness, displayed all the playful felicity of his wit, the force of his intellect, and the fertility of his imagination.

On the kind or degree of excellence which criticism may concede or deny to Mr. AMES's productions, we do not undertake with accurate discrimination to determine. He was undoubtedly rather actuated by the genius of oratory, than disciplined by the precepts of rhetoric; was more intent on exciting attention and interest and producing effect, than securing the praise of skill in the artifice of composition. Hence critics might be dissatisfied, yet hearers charmed. The abundance of materials, the energy and quickness of conception, the inexhaustible fertility of mind, which he possessed, as they did not require, so they forbade a rigid adherence to artificial guides in the disposition and employment of his intellectual stores. To a certain extent, such a speaker and writer may claim to be his own authority.

Image crowded upon image in his mind, he is not chargeable with affectation in the use of the figurative language; his tropes are evidently prompted by imagination, and not forced into his service. Their novelty and variety create constant surprise and delight. ^{that} they are, perhaps, too lavishly employed. The ^{heat} of his hearers is sometimes overpiled with ^{stimulus}, and the importance of the thought liable to be concealed in the multitude and beauty of the metaphors. His condensation of expression may be thought to produce occasional abruptness. He aimed

rather at the terseness, strength, and vivacity of the short sentence, than the dignity of the full and flowing period. His style is conspicuous for sententious brevity, for antithesis and points. Single ideas appear with so much lustre and prominence, that the connection of the several parts of his discourse is not always obvious to the common mind, and the aggregate impression of the composition is not always completely obtained. In those respects where his peculiar excellencies came near to defects, he is rather to be admired than imitated.

In public speaking he trusted much to excitement, and did little more in his closet than draw the outlines of his speech and reflect on it, till he had received deeply the impressions he intended to make, depending for the turns and figures of language, illustrations and modes of appeal to the passions, on his imagination and feelings at the time. This excitement continued, when the cause had ceased to operate. After debate his mind was agitated, like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves were like the shrouds of a ship, torn by the tempest.

Mr. Ames's character as a patriot rests on the highest and firmest ground. He loved his country with equal purity and fervour. This affection was the spring of all his efforts to promote her welfare. The glory of being a benefactor to a great people he could not despise, but justly valued. He was covetous of the same purchased by desert; but he was above ambition; and popularity, except as an instrument of public service, weighed nothing in the balance by which he estimated good and evil.

It is happy for mankind, when those who engage admiration deserve esteem: for vice and folly derive a pernicious influence from an alliance with qualities that naturally command applause. In the character of Mr. Ames the circle of the virtues seemed to be complete, and each virtue in its proper place.

The objects of religion presented themselves with a strong interest to his mind. The relation of the

world to its Author, and of this life to a retributory scene in another, could not be contemplated by him without the greatest solemnity. The religious sense was, in his view essential in the constitution of man. He placed a full reliance on the divine origin of christianity. If there was ever a time in his life, when the light of revelation shone dimly upon his understanding, he did not rashly close his mind against clearer vision, for he was more fearful of mistakes to the disadvantage of a system, which he saw to be excellent and benign, than of prepossessions in its favour. He felt it his duty and interest to inquire, and discovered on the side of faith a fulness of evidence little short of demonstration. At about thirty-five he made a public profession of his belief in the christian religion, and was a regular attendant on its services. In regard to articles of belief, his conviction was confined to those leading principles, about which christians have little diversity of opinion. Subtle questions of theology, from various causes often agitated, but never determined, he neither pretended nor desired to investigate, satisfied that they related to points ~~uncertain or unimportant~~. He loved to view religion on the practical side, as designed to operate by a few simple and grand truths on the affections, actions, and habits of men. He cherished the sentiment and experience of religion, careful to ascertain the genuineness and value of impressions and feelings by their moral tendency.

He of all men was the last to countenance exclusive claims to purity of faith, founded on a zeal for peculiar dogmas, which multitudes of good men, approved friends of truth, utterly reject. He was no enemy to improvement, to fair inquiry, and christian freedom; but innovations in the modes of worship and instruction, without palpable necessity or advantage, he discouraged as tending to break the salutary associations of the pious mind. His conversation and behaviour evinced the sincerity of his religious impressions. No levity upon these subjects

ever escaped his lips ; but his manner of recurring to them in conversation indicated reverence and feeling. The sublime, the affecting character of Christ he never mentioned without emotion.

He was gratefully sensible of the peculiar felicity of his domestic life. In his beloved home his sickness found all the alleviation, that a judicious and unwearyed tenderness could minister ; and his intervals of health a succession of every heartfelt satisfaction.—The complacency of his looks, the sweetness of his tones, his mild and often playful manner of imparting instruction, evinced his extreme delight in the society of his family, who felt that they derived from him their chief happiness, and found in his conversation and example a constant excitement to noble and virtuous conduct. As a husband and father, he was all that is provident, kind, and exemplary. He was riveted in the regards of those who were in his service. He felt all the ties of kindred. The delicacy, the ardour, and constancy, with which he cherished his friends, his readiness to the offices of good neighbourhood, and his propensity to contrive and execute plans of public improvement, formed traits in his character, each of remarkable strength. He cultivated friendship by an active and punctual correspondence, which made the number of his letters very great, and which are not less excellent than numerous.

He had no envy, for he felt no personal rivalry. His ambition was of that purified sort, which is rather the desire of excellence than the reputation of it : he aimed more at desert, than at superiority. He loved to bestow praise on those who were competitors for the same kind of public consideration as himself, not fearing that he should sink by their elevation.

He was tenacious of his rights, but scrupulous in his respect to the rights of others. The obloquy of political opponents, was sometimes the price he paid for not deserving it. But it could hardly give him pain, for he had no vulnerable points in his character.

He had a perfect command of his temper ; his anger never proceeded to passion, nor his sense of injury to revenge. If there was occasional asperity in his language, it was easy to see there was no malignity in his disposition. He tasted the good of his existence with cheerful gratitude ; and received its evils as became a christian.

In faint lines we have sketched the character of this man of worth. If the reader ask, why he is represented without blemishes, the answer is, that, though as a man he undoubtedly had faults, yet they were so few, so trivial, so lost among his virtues, as not to be observed, or not to be remembered.

Section XVI.

THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

Brutus killed his benefactor and friend, Cæsar, because Cæsar had usurped the sovereign power.—Therefore Brutus was a patriot, whose character is to be admired, and whose example should be imitated, as long as republican liberty shall have a friend or an enemy in the world.

This short argument seems to have, hitherto, vindicated the fame of Brutus from reproach and even from security ; yet, perhaps, no character has been more over-rated, and no example worse applied. He was, no doubt, an excellent scholar and a complete master, as well as a faithful votary of philosophy ; but, in action the impetuous Cassius greatly excelled him. Cassius alone of all the conspirators acted with promptness and energy in providing for the war, which, he foresaw, the death of Cæsar would kindle ; Brutus spent his time in indolence and repining, the dupe of Anthony's arts, or of his own false estimate of Roman spirit and virtue. The people had lost a

kind master, and they lamented him. Brutus summoned them to make efforts and sacrifices, and they viewed his cause with apathy, his crime with abhorrence.

Before the decisive battle of Phillipi, Brutus seems, after the death of Cassius, to have sunk under the weight of the sole command. He still had many able officers left, and among them Messala, one of the first men of that age, so fruitful of great men; but Brutus no longer maintained that ascendant over his army, which talents of the first order maintain every where, and most signally in the camp and field of battle. It is fairly, then, to be presumed, that his troops had discovered, that Brutus, whom they loved and esteemed, was destitute of those talents; for he was soon obliged by their clamours, much against his judgment, and against all prudence and good sense, to give battle. Thus ended the life of Brutus and the existence of the republic.

Whatever doubt there may be of the political and military capacity of Brutus, there is none concerning his virtue: his principles of action were the noblest that ancient philosophy had taught, and his actions were conformed to his principles. Nevertheless, our admiration of the man ought not to blind our judgment of the deed, which, though it was the blemish of his virtue, has shed an unfading splendour on his name.

For, though the multitude to the end of time will be open to flattery, and will joyfully assist their flatterers to become their tyrants, yet they will never cease to hate tyrants and tyranny with equal sincerity and vehemence. Hence it is, that the memory of Brutus, who slew a tyrant, is consecrated as the champion and martyr of liberty, and will flourish and look green in declamation, as long as the people are prone to believe, that those are their best friends, who have proved themselves the greatest enemies of their enemies.

Ask any one man of morals, whether he approves of assassination ; he will answer, No. Would you kill your friend and benefactor ? No. The question is a horrible insult. Would you practise hypocrisy and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening, to gain his confidence and to lull him into security, in order to take away his life ? Every honest man, on the bare suggestion, feels his blood thicken and stagnate at his heart. Yet in this picture we see Brutus. It would, perhaps, be scarcely just to hold him up to abhorrence ; it is, certainly, monstrous and absurd to exhibit his conduct to admiration.

He did not strike the tyrant from hatred or ambition ; his motives were admitted to be good ; but was not the action nevertheless, bad ?

To kill a tyrant, is as much murder, as to kill any other man. Besides, Brutus, to extenuate the crime, could have had no *rational* hope of putting an end to the tyranny ; he had foreseen and provided nothing to realize it. The conspirators relied, foolishly enough, on the love of the multitude for liberty—they loved their safety, their ease, their sports, and their demagogue favourites a great deal better. They quietly looked on, as spectators, and left it to the legions of Anthony, and Octavius, and to those of Syria, Macedonia, and Greece, to decide, in the field of Phillipi, whether there should be a republic or not. It was, accordingly, decided in favour of an emperor ; and the people sincerely rejoiced in the political calm, that restored the games of the circus, and the plenty of bread.

Those, who cannot bring their judgments to condemn the killing of a tyrant, must nevertheless agree that the blood of Cæsar was unprofitably shed. Liberty gained nothing by it, and humanity lost much ; for it cost eighteen years of agitation and civil war, before the ambition of the military and popular chieftains had expended its means, and the power was concentrated in one man's hands.

Shall we be told, the example of Brutus is a good one, because it will never cease to animate the race of tyrant-killers—But will the *fancied usefulness* of assassination overcome our instinctive sense of its horror? Is it to become a part of our political morals, that the chief of a state is to be stabbed or poisoned, whenever a fanatick, a malecontent, or a reformer shall rise up and call him a tyrant? Then there would be as little calm in despotism as in liberty.

But when has it happened, that the death of an usurper has restored to the public liberty its departed life? Every successful usurpation creates many competitors for power, and they successively fall in the struggle. In all this agitation, liberty is without friends, without resources, and without hope. Blood enough, and the blood of tyrants too, was shed between the time of the wars of Marius and the death of Anthony, a period of about sixty years, to turn a common grist-mill; yet the cause of the public liberty continually grew more and more desperate. It is not by destroying tyrants, that we are to extinguish tyranny; nature is not thus to be exhausted of her power to produce them. The soil of a republic sprouts with the rankest fertility; it has been sown with dragon's teeth. To lessen the hopes of usurping demagogues, we must enlighten, animate and combine the spirit of freemen; we must fortify and guard the constitutional ramparts about liberty. When its friends become indolent or disheartened, it is no longer of any importance how long-lived are its enemies: they will prove immortal.

Nor will it avail to say, that the famous deed of Brutus will for ever check the audacity of tyrants. Of all passions fear is the most cruel. If new tyrants dread other Brutis, they will more naturally sooth their jealousy by persecutions, than by the practice of clemency or justice. They will say, the clemency of Cæsar proved fatal to him. They will augment their force and multiply their precautions; and

their habitual dread will degenerate into habitual cruelty.

Have we not then a right to conclude, that the character of Brutus is greatly over-rated, and the fashionable approbation of his example horribly corrupting and pernicious?

Chapter II.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

The ends of speaking at the Bar are different from those of Popular Assemblies. In the latter the great object is persuasion ; the Orator aims at determining the hearers to some choice or conduct, as good, or fit, or useful. For accomplishing this end, it is incumbent on him to apply himself to all the principles of action in our nature ; to the passions and to the heart, as well as to the understanding. But at the former, conviction is the great object. There, it is not the speaker's business to persuade the judges to what is good, or useful, but to shew them what is just and true : and of course it is chiefly, or solely to the understanding that his eloquence ought to be addressed. The Speaker at the Bar addresses himself to one or a few Judges, and these too, persons generally of age, gravity, and authority of character. The Speaker who addresses a popular audience has all the advantages, which a mixed and numerous assembly affords for employing, to his advantage, all the arts of Speech. The nature and management of the subjects which belong to the Bar, require, therefore, a different spe-

cies of **Oratory** from that of popular assemblies, both in matter and delivery. In the latter the Speaker has a much wider range. He is seldom confined to any precise rule; he can fetch his topics from a greater variety of quarters, and employ every illustration which his fancy or imagination can suggest. Here he is at liberty to embellish his delivery with every thing that is elegant, graceful and animated. But at the **Bar**, the field of speaking is limited to precise law and statute. **Imagination** is not allowed to take its scope. The advocate has always before him the line, the square and the compass. These it is his business to be continually applying to the subjects under the debate. His delivery, therefore, is considerably circumscribed, when compared with that of the popular orator. It should be adapted to the nature of his composition, accurate, precise and impressive. The ancients took a much larger range in their pleadings than the moderns. The judicial **Orations** of Demosthenes and Cicero are, therefore, not exact models of the manner of speaking which is adapted to the present state of the **Bar**. For although these were pleadings spoken in civil or criminal causes, yet, in fact, the nature of the bar **anciently**, both in Greece and Rome, allowed a much nearer approach to **Popular Eloquence**, than what it now does. This will evidently appear from the different specimens of ancient and modern pleading which are annexed.

Section I.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Impressive dignity—awful elevation—sublime enthusiasm—solemn, but decisive fortitude. The acknowledgement of former habits of persecution should be marked in a tone and manner expressive of ingenuous, but by no means abject contrition. The recapitulation of the words of the heavenly vision, demands the mingled expressions of supernatural awe, and a restrained, but conscious exultation.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews ; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews ; whereof I beseech thee hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews ; who knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify,) that after the most rigorous sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers ; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For this hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible to you, that God should raise the dead ? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth ; which things I also did in Jerusalem ; and many of the saints did shut up in prison ; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them ; and I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them often to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly

mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." And I said, "Who art thou, lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; but arise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from this people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but shewed first to them of Damascus and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea; and then to the Gentiles, that should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come,—that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead; and should shew light unto this people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." But he said,—

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth

the words of truth and soberness : for the king know-
eth of these things, before whom also I speak freely :
for I am persuaded that none of these things are hid-
den from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner.

King Agrippa ! believest thou the prophets ? I know
that thou believest.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, " Almost thou per-
suadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said,—

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all
that hear me this day, were both almost, and alto-
gether, such as I am, except these bonds.

Section II.

SENTENCE PASSED BY JUDGE WILDS, ON JOHN SLA-
TER, FOR THE INHUMAN MURDER OF HIS SLAVE,
IN JANUARY 1806.

John Slater, you have been convicted, by a Jury
of your country, of the wilful murder of your own
slave ; and I am sorry to say, the short, impressive,
uncontradictory testimony, on which that conviction
was founded, leaves but too little room to doubt its
propriety.

The annals of human depravity might be safely
challenged, for a parallel to this unfeeling, bloody,
and diabolical transaction.

You caused your unoffending, unresisting slave
to be bound hand and foot, by a refinement in cru-
elty, compelled his companion, perhaps, the friend of
his heart, to chop off his head with an axe ; and to
cast his body, yet convulsed with the agonies of
death into the water ! And this deed you dared to
perpetrate in the harbour of Charleston, within a
few yards of the shore, unblushingly in the face of
open day.

Had your murderous arm been raised against your
equal, whom the laws of self-defence, and the more

efficacious laws of the land, unite to protect, your crime would not have been without precedent, and would have seemed less horrid. Your personal risque would at least have proved, that though a murderer you were no coward. But, you too well knew, that this unfortunate man, whom chance had subjected to your caprice, had not, like yourself, chartered to him by the laws of the land, the sacred rights of nature ; and that a stern but necessary policy, had disarmed him of the rights of self-defence : Too well you knew, that to you alone he could look for protection, and that your arm alone could shield him from insult, or avenge his wrongs ; yet that arm you cruelly stretched out for his destruction.

The counsel, who generously volunteered his services in your behalf, shocked at the enormity of your offence, endeavoured to find a refuge, as well for his own feelings, as for those of all who heard your trial, in a derangement of your intellect. Several witnesses were examined to establish this fact, but the result of their testimony, it is apprehended, was as little satisfactory to his mind, as to those of the Jury, to whom it was addressed : I sincerely wish this defence had proved successful ; not from any desire to save you from the punishment which awaits you, and which you so richly merit ; but from the desire of saving my country from the foul reproach, of having in its bosom so great a monster.

From the peculiar situation of this country, our fathers felt themselves justified, in subjecting to a very slight punishment, the man who murders a slave : Whether the present state of society requires a continuation of this policy, so opposite to the apparent rights of humanity, it remains for a subsequent legislature to decide. Their attention, would long ere this have been directed to this subject ; but, for the honour of human nature, such hardened sinners as yourself, are rarely found, to disturb the repose of society ; the grand Jury of this district, deeply impressed with your daring outrage against the laws

both of God and Man, made a very strong expression of their feelings on this subject to the legislature ; and from the wisdom and justice of that body, the friends of humanity may confidently hope soon to see this blackest in the catalogue of human crimes, pursued with appropriate punishment.

In proceeding to pass the sentence, which the law provided for your defence; I confess, I never felt more forcibly the want of power, to make respected the laws of my country whose minister I am. You have already violated the majesty of those laws—you have profanely pleaded, the law under which you stand convicted—as a justification of your crime—you have held that law in one hand, and brandished your bloody axe in the other, impiously contending that the *one* gave a licence to the unconstrained use of the *other*.

But though you will go off unhurt in person by the present sentence, expect not to escape with impunity : your bloody deed has set a mark upon you, which I fear the good actions of your life will not efface. You will be held in abhorrence by an impartial world, and shunned as a monster by every honest man—your unoffending posterity will be visited for your iniquity, by the stigma of deriving their origin from an unfeeling murderer—your days which will be few, will be spent in wretchedness ;—and, if your conscience is not steeled against every virtuous emotion ; if you be not entirely abandoned to hardness of heart, the mangled, and mutilated corpse of your murdered slave will be ever present in your imagination : obtruding itself into all your amusements, and haunting you in the house of silence and repose.

But should you not regard the reproaches of an offended world ; should you bear with callous insensibility the gnawing of a guilty conscience ; yet remember ! I charge you remember ! that an awful period is fast approaching, and with you is close at hand when you must appear before a tribunal, whose want of power can afford you no prospect of impunity.

ty ; when you must raise your bloody hands at the bar of an impartial, omnipotent judge ! Remember ! I pray you remember ! whilst you have time, that God is just, and that his vengeance will not sleep for ever.

Section III.

Speech dictated by Doctor Johnson in defence of a school-master, in Scotland, charged with severity in the chastisement of his scholars, who had been deprived of his office by an inferior court, and afterwards restored by the court of Session ; the court considering it to be dangerous to the interests of learning and education, to lessen the dignity of teachers, and make them afraid of too indulgent parents, instigated by the complaints of their children ; which was appealed against by his enemies to the House of Lords.

The charge is, that he has used immoderate and cruel correction :—Correction in itself is not cruel ; yet as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when is correction immoderate ? When is it more frequent, or more severe than is required for reformation and instruction ? No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary ; for the greatest cruelty would be to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much hardened for reproof. Locke, in his treatise on education, mentions a mother, with applause who corrected her child eight times before she subdued it ; for had she stopped at the seventh act of correction, her daughter, says he, would have been ruined.

The degrees of obstinacy in young minds are very different : as different must be the degrees of persevering severity. A stubborn scholar must be cor-

rected till he is subdued. The discipline of a school is military. There must be either unbounded licence, or absolute authority. The master, who punishes, not only consults the future happiness of him who is the immediate subject of correction, but propagates obedience through the whole school; and establishes regularity by exemplary justice. The victorious obstinacy of a single boy would make his future endeavours of reformation or instruction totally ineffectual. Obstinacy, therefore, must never be victorious. Yet it is well known, that there sometimes occurs a sullen and hardy resolution, that laughs at all common degrees of pain. Correction must be proportioned to occasions. The flexible will be reformed by gentle discipline, and the refractory must be subdued by harsher methods. The degrees of scholastic, as of military punishment, no stated rules can ascertain. It must be enforced till it overpowers temptation; till stubbornness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular.

Custom and reason have, indeed, set some bounds to scholastic penalties. The school-master inflicts no capital punishments; nor enforces his edicts by either death or mutilation. The civil law has wisely determined, that a master who strikes at a scholar's eye shall be considered as a criminal. But punishments, however severe, that produce no lasting evil, may be just and reasonable, because they may be necessary. Such have been the punishments used by the respondent. No scholar has gone from him either blind or lame, or with any of his limbs or powers injured or impaired. They were irregular and he punished them; they were obstinate, and he enforced his punishment. But, however provoked, he never exceeded the limits of moderation, for he inflicted nothing beyond present pain; and how much of that was required, no man is so little able to determine, as those who have determined against him;—the parents of the offenders. It has been said, that he used unprecedented and improper instruments of correction.

Of this accusation the meaning is not very easy to be found. No instrument of correction is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain, without lasting mischief. Whatever were his instruments, no lasting mischief has ensued ; and therefore, however unusual, in hands so cautious they were proper.

In a place like Campbell-town, it is easy for one of the principal inhabitants to make a party. It is easy for that party to heat themselves with imaginary grievances. It is easy for them to oppress a man poorer than themselves, and natural to assert the dignity of riches, by persisting in oppression. The argument which attempts to prove the impropriety of restoring the respondent to the school, by alledging that he has lost the confidence of the people, is not the subject of juridical consideration ; for he is to suffer, if he must suffer, not for their judgment, but for his own actions. It may be convenient for them to have another master, but it is a convenience of their own making. It would be likewise convenient for him to find another school ; but this convenience he cannot obtain.—The question is not what is now *convenient*, but what is generally *right*. If the people of Campbell-town be distressed by the restoration of the respondent, they are distressed only by their own fault ; by turbulent passions and unreasonable desires ; by tyranny, which law has defeated, and by malice, which virtue has surmounted.

Section IV.

PART OF THE SPEECH OF THE HONOURABLE THOMAS (NOW LORD) ERSKINE, FOR THE PROSECUTION AGAINST WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER OF PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

GENTLEMEN,

How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the chris-

tian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no ideas for the discussion of? How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion proposed to be called in question, is not previously adopted in belief and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligation can I call upon you, (the jury representing your country) to administer justice? Surely upon no other than that you are sworn to administer it under the oaths you have taken.

The whole judicial fabric from the king's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation. The whole is built both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, as God shall help them hereafter. What God? and what hereafter? That God undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule, and judges to decree justice; who has said to witnesses not only by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments—thou shalt not bear false testimony against thy neighbour; and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances, and the awful punishments which shall wait upon their transgressions.

But it seems this is an age of reason, and the time and the persons are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak.

In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light.—But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a christian ! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fitters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy ; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him of the essence of his creator.

What then shall be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on ? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine to look up through nature to nature's God. Yet the result of all his contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief of all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.—But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of a due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth.—Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the foundation of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by shewing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ra-

tiocination, putting a rein besides upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

Gentlemen ! in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never to be forgotten sir Matthew Hale presided ; whose faith in christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author that the christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies ? Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world ? No, they were the subjects of his immortal song ; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he pour'd them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew ; and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man—

“ He passed the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze ;
He saw till blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night.”

But it was the light of the body only that was extinguished : “ The celestial light shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.”— The result of his thinking was nevertheless not the same as the author’s. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemous in

words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of the *Paradise Lost*, the rest of his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings; all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by the clashing opinions, distinguishing them from one another, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

Section V.

ON THE CHARACTER OF A JUDGE.

EXTRACT FROM MR. MARTIN'S SPEECH IN THE TRIAL OF JUDGE CHASE.

Before judge Chase went from Baltimore, to hold the circuit court at Richmond, he knew that the sedition law had been violated in Virginia. I had myself put into his hands, *The Prospect Before Us*. He felt it his duty to enforce the laws of his country. What, sir, is a judge in one part of the United States, to permit a breach of our laws to go unpunished, because they are there unpopular, and in another part to carry them into execution, because there they may be thought wise and salutary? And would you really wish your judges, instead of acting from principle, to court only the applause of their auditors? Would you wish them to be what sir Michael Foster has so correctly stated, the most contemptible of all

characters, popular judges: Judges who look forward in all their decisions, not for the applause of the wise, and good; of their own consciences; of their God; but of the rabble or any prevailing party? I flatter myself that this honourable senate will never, by their decision, sanction such principles? Our government is not, as we say, tyrannical, nor acting on ~~whim~~ or caprice. We boast of it as being a government of *laws*. But how can it be such, unless the laws, while they exist, are *sacredly* and *impartial-ly*, without regard to popularity, carried into execution? What sir, shall judges discriminate? Shall they be permitted to say, "this law I will execute, and that I will not; because in the one case I may be benefited, in the other I might make myself enemies? And would you really wish to live under a government where your laws were thus administered? Would you really wish for such unprincipled, such time serving judges? No, sir, you would not. You will with me say, "Give me the judge who will firmly, boldly, nay, even *sternly*, perform his duty, equally uninfluenced, equally unintimidated by the "*Instantis, vultus tyranni*," or the "*ardor civium prava Jubentium*!"—Such are the judges we *ought* to have, such I hope *we have and shall have*. Our *property*, our *liberty*, our *lives*, can only be protected and secured by *such judges*. With this honourable court it remains, whether *we shall have such judges*!

Section VI.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. WIRT, ON THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR FOR HIGH TREASON.

A plain man who knew nothing of the curious transmulations which the wit of man can work, would

be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal in this treason. It is an honour, I dare say, for which Mr. Blennerhassett is by no means anxious ; one which he has never disputed with Colonel Burr, and which I am persuaded, he would be as little inclined to dispute on this occasion, as on any other. Since, however, the modesty of Colonel Burr declines the first rank, and seems disposed to force Mr. Blennerhassett into it in spite of his blushes, let us compare the cases of the two men and settle the question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

In making this comparison, sir, I shall speak of the two men and of the part they bore as I believe it to exist and to be substantially capable of proof ; although the court has already told us, that as this is a motion to exclude all evidence, generally, we have a right, in resisting it, to suppose the evidence which is behind, strong enough to prove any thing and every thing compatible with the fact of Burr's absence from the island. If it will be more agreeable to the feelings of the prisoner to consider the parallel which I am about to run or rather the contrast which I am about to exhibit, as a fiction, he is at liberty to do so ; I believe it to be a fact.

* Who then is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction ? He is its author ; its projector ; its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, his brain conceived it ; his hand brought it into action. Beginning his operations in New-York, he associates with him, men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the main spring, his personal labour contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New-York to New-Orleans, he draws into his plan by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks, and all descriptions. To youthful ardour he presents

danger and glory, to ambition, rank and titles and honours ; to avarice the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste : his recruiting officers are appointed ; men are engaged throughout the continent : civil life is indeed quiet upon the surface ; but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which with the slightest touch of his match produces an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived ; and in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth for the last time to apply this match.— On this excursion he meets with Blennerhassett.

Who is Blennerhassett ? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shews that war is not the natural element of his mind ; if it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth ; and “lo, the desert smiled.” Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him ; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his ; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him ; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature ; peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him ; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of her children. The *evidence* would convince you, sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquility, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the destroyer comes—he comes to turn this paradise into a hell—yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitorial shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others, it wears no guards before its breast: every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of **Eden**, when the serpent entered its bowers.

The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and a desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubbery in vain blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air—he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar; even the prattle of his babes once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ec-

stacy so unspeakable, is now unfelt, and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of dia-dems, and stars and garters and titles of nobility : he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His en-chanted island is destined soon to relapse into a des-ert ; and in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately “ per-mitted not the winds of” summer “ to visit too rough-ly,” we find her shivering, at midnight, on the win-ter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfor-tunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordi-nate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender ; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory.

Sir, neither the human heart nor the human under-standing will bear a perversion so monstrous and ab-surd ; so shocking to the soul ; so revolting to rea-son. O ! no sir. There is no man who knows any-thing of this affair, who does not know that to every-body concerned in it, Aaron Burr was as the sun to the planets which surround him ; he bound them in their respective orbits, and gave them their light, their heat and their motion. Let him not then shrink from the high destination which he has courted ; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, cha-racter and happiness forever, attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between him-self and punishment.

Section VII.

THE ORATION OF ÆSCHINES AGAINST DEMOSTHENES, ON THE CROWN.

In such a situation of affairs, and in such disorder, as you yourselves are sensible of, the only method of saving the wrecks of government, is, if I mistake not, to allow full liberty to accuse those who have invaded your laws. But if you shut them up, or suffer others to do this, I prophecy that you will fall insensibly, and that very soon under a tyrannical power. For you know, Athenians, that government is divided into three kinds ; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. As to the two former, they are governed at the will and pleasure of those who reign in either ; whereas established laws only, reign in a popular state. I make these observations, therefore, that none of you may be ignorant, but on the contrary, that every one may be entirely assured that the day he ascends the seat of justice, to examine an accusation upon the invasion of the laws, that very day he goes to give judgment upon his own independence. And, indeed, the legislature, which is convinced that a free state can support itself no longer than the laws govern, takes particular care to prescribe this form of an oath to judges, "I will judge according to the laws."

The remembrance, therefore, of this, being deeply implanted in your minds, must inspire you with a just abhorrence of any person whatsoever who dare transgress them by rash decrees ; and that far from ever looking upon a transgression of this kind as a small fault, you always consider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not suffer, then, any one to make you depart from so wise a principle—But as, in the army, every one of you would be ashamed to quit the post assigned him by the general ; so let every one of you be this day ashamed to abandon the

post which the laws have given you in the common-wealth. What post? that of protectors of the government.

Must we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or must we destroy him? And, indeed, what unexpected revolutions, what unthought of catastrophes have we not seen in our days?—The king of Persia, that king who opened a passage through Mount Athos; who bound the Hellespont in chains; who was so imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge him sovereign both of sea and land; who in his letters and dispatches presumed to style himself the sovereign of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun; fights now, not to rule over the rest of mankind, but to save his own life.—Do we not see those very men who signalized their zeal in the belief of Delphi, invested both with the glory, for which that powerful king was once so conspicuous, and with the title of the chief of the Greeks against him? As to Thebes, which borders upon Attica, have we not seen it disappear in one day from the midst of Greece?—And with regard to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have not befallen them only for taking but a small part of the spoils of the temple.

They who formerly assumed a superiority over Greece, are they not now going to send ambassadors to Alexander's court; to bear the name of hostages in his train; to become a spectacle of misery; to bow the knee before the monarch; submit themselves and their country to his mercy; and receive such laws as a conqueror, they attacked first, shall think fit to prescribe them? Athens itself, the common refuge of the Greeks? Athens formerly peopled with ambassadors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection, is not this city now obliged to fight, not to obtain a superiority over the Greeks, but to preserve itself from destruction? Such are the misfortunes which Demosthenes has brought upon us, since his intermeddling with the administration.—

Imagine then, Athenians, when he shall invite the confidants and accomplices of his abject perfidy to range themselves around him, towards the close of his harangue ; imagine then, Athenians, on your side, that you see the ancient benefactors of this commonwealth drawn up in battle array, round this rostrum where I am now speaking, in order to repulse that audacious band. Imagine you hear Solon, who strengthened the popular government by such excellent laws ; that philosopher, that incomparable legislator, conjuring you with a gentleness and modesty becoming his character, not to set a higher value upon Demosthenes' oratorical flourishes, than upon your oaths and your laws.

Imagine you hear Aristides, who made so exact and just a division of the contributions imposed upon the Greeks for the common cause : that sage dispenser, who left no other inheritance to his daughters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion ; imagine, I say, you hear him bitterly bewailing the outrageous manner in which we trample upon justice, and speaking to you in these words. What ! because Arthmius of Zelia, that Asiatic, who passed through Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hospitality, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece ; your ancestors were going to send him to the place of execution, and banished him, not only from their city, but from all the countries dependent on them ; and will not you blush to decree Demosthenes, who has not, indeed, brought gold from the Medes, but has received such sums of money from all parts to betray you, and now enjoys the fruit of his treasures ; will not you, I say, blush to decree a crown of gold to Demosthenes ? Do you think that Themistocles, and the heroes who were killed in the battle of Marathon and Platea, do you think the very tombs of your ancestors will not send forth groans, if you crown a man who, by his own confession, has been forever conspiring with barbarians to ruin Greece ?

As to myself, O earth ! O sun ! O virtue ! and you who are the springs of true discernment, lights both natural and acquired, by which we distinguish good from evil,—I call you to witness, that I have used all my endeavours to relieve the state, and to plead her cause. I could have wished my speech had been equal to the greatness and importance of the subject: at least, I can flatter myself with having discharged my duty, according to my abilities, if I have not done it according to my wishes. Do you, Athenians, from the reasons you have heard, and those which your wisdom will suggest, do you pronounce such a judgment, as is conformable to strict justice, and the common good demands from you.

Section VIII.

EMMET'S VINDICATION.

I am asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence, but a man in my situation, has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also with the difficulties of prejudice; the sentence of the law which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives, and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am accused of being an emissary of France: 'tis false ! I am no emissary; I do not wish to deliver my country to any foreign power, and least of all to France. No ! never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland. I did not create the rebellion for France, but for Liberty:—God forbid ! On the contrary, it is evident from the introductory paragraph

of the address of the Provisional Government, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country. When the fluctuating spirit of *French* freedom was not fixed and bounded by the chains of a *military* despot, it might have been an excusable policy to have sought the assistance of France, as was done in the year 1798 ; then it might not have been so great a hazard to have accepted of French aid under a guaranteeing treaty such as Franklin obtained for America. But, in the present day, could the Provisional Government have formed such a plan they would have exhibited such a proof of mental imbecility, as to unfit them for the common offices of life. Small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. If such an inference is drawn from any part of the Proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates their views, and is not warranted by the fact. How could they speak of freedom to their countrymen—how assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power, which has been the enemy of Freedom in every part of the globe ? Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries ; seeing how she had behaved to Italy, to Holland, and to Switzerland, could we expect better conduct towards us ? No !—Let not then any man attaint my memory by believing that I could have hoped freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of Liberty, by committing it to her most determined foe. Neither let any man hereafter, abuse my name, or my principles, to the purpose of so base and wicked a delusion. Oh ! my countrymen, believe not those who would attempt so parricidal an imposition upon your understandings. Deliver my country into the hands of France ! What ! meditate such a cruel ad-

sassination of her political life ! Had I done so, I had not deserved to live ; and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French, for I am certain, the Swiss are hostile to the French. In the dignity of Freedom, I would have expired on the threshhold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corse. Is it, then, to be supposed, that I should be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land ? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country—who resigned for that service the worship of another idol I adored in my heart, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence—am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France ?

My Lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold, but worse to me than the scaffold's shame or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of French despotism and ambition ; and while I have breath, I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and their happiness. Though you, my Lord, sit there a Judge, and I stand here a culprit—yet, you are but a man, and I am another ; I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny ; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and my memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of our affairs. Did I live to see a French army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore, with a torch in one hand, and a sword in the other—I would receive them with all the destruction of war ! I would animate my countrymen to immo-

late them in their very boats, before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them—raze every house—contend to the last for every inch of ground—and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot would I make my grave ! What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained footing in this island."

Section IX.

FIRST PART OF MR. GRIFFIN'S SPEECH, IN THE TRIAL OF M. LIVINGSTON, ESQ. AGAINST J. CHEETHAM, FOR A LIBEL, IN 1807.

The defendant (Cheetham) stands convicted of the serious offence of publishing against the plaintiff (Livingston) a false and defamatory accusation. And you (gentlemen) are the organ to pronounce the sentence of violated law.

What damages will you give ? This libel, gentlemen, is not a solitary ebullition of passion. It is a part and parcel of a deliberate and extended system of attack. The defendant foretold that he would wage "a terrible warfare" against the plaintiff : and this prediction he has indeed tremendously accomplished. With a step steady as time, and an appetite keen as death, he has been seen waging against the plaintiff a warfare, not of conquest, but of extermination. He has been seen opening on the plaintiff the batteries of the press. Yes, gentlemen, the defendant has forced the press to become the disturber of domestic quiet, the assassin of private reputation. Our press, gentlemen, was destined for other purposes. It was destined not to violate, but to protect the sanctity of private

rights. It was kindly ordained by a beneficent providence to inform, expand and dignify the public mind. It was ordained the watchful guardian, the undaunted champion of liberty:—

Not that syren word liberty, which is sometimes used as an *ignis fatuus* to allure mankind through the mire and swamps and mountains and precipices of revolution;—but that liberty which spreads the banners of its protection over man in the walks of private life, and gives him the proud consciousness of security in the enjoyment of property, person and character. It is for these high purposes our press was ordained; but the defendant has rendered it the degraded vehicle of foul defamation. Of this I complain, not merely as counsel for the plaintiff, but as the humble advocate of my country. This is a crime against liberty herself. It is corrupting her sentinel; it is debauching her vestal. There was a time when the press of our country had an exalted character;—when at the call of the press the American pulse beat high,—when the press was capable of stirring the best blood in American veins,—of rousing a nation to glorious enthusiasm,—of calling from the plough the ploughman, from the closet the scholar, to fight with a Washington and a Hamilton the immortal battles of American independence. Why had the press this resistless influence? Because it was then the vehicle of truth. But now our press has lost its character for veracity. The demon of party has forced it to become a prostitute in the service of licentiousness. It requires the avenging arm of a jury to redeem it from its degradation and restore it to its pristine utility and grandeur.

In his attack on the character of the plaintiff, we are constrained to admit that the defendant has been but too successful. When so much is said, something will be believed. Constant attrition wears away the solid rock. But character, gentlemen, is not made of rock. It is at once the most valuable and delicate of all human possessions: it is tarnished

even by too much handling. The plaintiff has been *written down*. Any man in society may be *written down*. No man is proof against the artillery of the press. But has it come to this? Shall the press of our country be indeed converted into a tremendous engine for *writing down* characters? Why, gentlemen, if it is to be thus prostituted, instead of being a blessing, it would be a scourge. Instead of rendering national thanksgiving for its institution, our country ought to be on bended knees in fervent supplication to heaven for its abolition. For it would be a scourge, compared with which, the inquisitorial wheel and revolutionary guillotine would be instruments of mercy.

During this assassination of his character, it is not to be supposed that the mind of the plaintiff has been at rest. Put yourselves in his situation. What would be your feelings while slanders the most vile, while calumnies the most base, were circulating against you through the medium of a widely extended public newspaper: to be read by your contemporaries—your friends—and sneering enemies; to descend to posterity, and be read by your children and grand-children; to be re-published perhaps by some future libeller when you would be slumbering in your grave, to the mortification and disgrace of your descendants, who might then be destitute of the means of detecting the calumny? Oh, gentlemen, your hearts would be tortured on the wheel of agonizing sensibility. You would find no balm in innocency—no physician there. What you would suffer, the plaintiff has suffered. I should think meanly of him did I suppose him capable of retiring from the feelings of nature, and wrapping himself up in the mantle of insensibility. He this day appeals to a jury of his country. He has a right to demand of you, and in his name, gentlemen, do I solemnly demand of you, full remuneration for every honest man's confidence which has been estranged from him, for every wretched hour, for every sleepless night that he or

his may be presumed to have endured from the circulation of this calumny.

What damages will you give? Look, gentlemen, at the libel. It accuses the plaintiff of cheating at cards—of being *detected* in cheating at cards. It superadds to the imputation of dishonesty, the charge of foul dishonor. Were the plaintiff accused of treason or murder, he might arm himself with a stern denial, and appear intrepidly before the tribunal of the public. But this loathsome charge, this rotting accusation, this “pestilence which walketh in darkness”, deprives the unfortunate accused even of the miserable comfort of a public denial. Where is this offence charged to have been committed. At an assembly-room—where the fascination of music and enchantment of beauty, the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of elegant conviviality would elevate any man not lost in debasement,—the plaintiff comes. He comes, not to participate the bounties of the temple of festivity, but to profane its rites. With an eye darkly bent on gain he comes—leagued with his brother, not in the prosecution of some honorable enterprise, but for the polluted and polluting purpose of treacherously robbing an unsuspecting friend. Is the plaintiff guilty of this charge? With his standing in society, without the excuse of poverty, or the extenuation of sordid education, has he indeed sunk to *this*? Then he ought to be branded with a mark as indelible as that stamped by the hand of omnipotence on the forehead of Cain. The hiss of contempt, and murmur of indignation are the music to which he should be forced to march all the days of his life. But if the plaintiff is innocent—and who doubts his innocence?—what shall we say of the defendant? In the solitude of the closet he composed the libel. Deliberately did he publish it through the extended medium of the press. He commissioned the four winds of heaven, to tell the tale of infamy to a hissing world. Nor was his malice yet appeased. Knowing that news-papers might be destroyed, impressions on memory impaired by

the lapse of time, he stamped his libel on the records of the court. He wrote it with a pen of iron on tablets of marble. There it has insultingly remained for months: there it will remain forever.

With what apology does the defendant come into court?—He acknowledges the innocence of the plaintiff. After permitting his loathsome publication to range uncontradicted for more than two years, he now comes forward, not with a news-paper recantation co-extensive with the circulation of the libel, but he insults the plaintiff with a mere oral acknowledgement of his innocence. Is this extorted acknowledgement to be forced on us as a peace offering for past sufferings? Does it eradicate impressions on the public mind? Can it tear the libel from the records of the court—This death bed repentance will not save him. A jury can look forgivably on the humble defendant who approaches in the sack-cloth of sincere contrition, but they frown with indignation at the penitence of the tongue when the heart is known to be yet filled with the bitterness of gall.

I am one of those who believe that the heart of the wilful and the deliberate libeller is blacker than that of the high-way robber, or who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the high-way, may have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An affectionate wife may demand subsistence: a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The mild features of the husband and the father may intermingle with those of the robber and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which “not enricheth him,” though it makes his neighbour “poor indeed.”—The man who at the midnight hour consumes his neighbours dwelling, does him an injury which perhaps is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may indeed descend upon him until charity opens a neighbouring door: the

rude winds of heaven may whistle around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days: he has yet a hook left to hang a hope on. No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the Heavens; but he must be constrained to feel that this world is to him a wilderness. For whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fire-side? "There, there's the rub." The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathising agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing sneering domestics? Will his children receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father? Gentlemen I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the ruthless hand of malice his character has been wantonly massacred;—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress?—Is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things to argue which is treason against nature. The author of our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion, but with his own hand has he kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive *love of character*. This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul: and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the *love of character*. It is the *love of character* for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the *love of character* which wrought miracles at ancient Greece: the *love of character* is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire. And it is the *love of character* animating

the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property—of that religion which enables its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness and complacency to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise—but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world.

SECOND PART OF MR. GRIFFIN'S SPEECH.

In a case like the present, where the jury have a right, and where it is their duty, to award exemplary damages, it becomes you, gentlemen, to look around and enquire what amount of verdict the interests of the nation demand. We ought to be a happy people. Omnipotence has exhausted itself in scattering blessings around us.—But is there no blot on the map of our prosperity? Yes, gentlemen, there is a foul, a deadly blot. A fiend has entered our political Eden;—and this fiend is the *spirit of licentiousness*. I speak of the licentiousness of the tongue, and the licentiousness of the press. This is the monster that stalks through our land "seeking whom he may devour," and scattering around him "fire-brands arrows, and death." He obtrudes his "miscreated front" into the hallowed retirements of private life—beckons the man of honour to the field of death—tears the laurel from the brow of the "war-worn" soldier—and wrests from the venerable patriot his hard earned honours. Innocency is no shield against him:

he delights to sport on the ruins of spotless integrity. He spares not even the sanctuary of the grave. All men, of all parties, groan under his oppression.—It is a melancholy remark, but made, I fear with too much correctness, that there is no portion of the globe where the licentiousness of the tongue and of the press has become so outrageous as in these United States. It is an increasing evil amongst us. And it feeds on the vitals of our country. It has driven into retirement, our most estimable characters, whatever may be their political denomination : for who will expose himself to the laceration of calumny? Individuals have been found, and individuals will again be found, who, for the salvation of their country, will expose themselves to death—will even court it in the “imminent, deadly breach.” But where are the individuals who will expose themselves to the daggers of defamation? This spirit of licentiousness vitiates the public sentiment, and contaminates the very mind of the nation. It turns into worm-wood and gall the benevolent feelings of the human heart,—makes man the foe of man, and may unsheathe the sword of civil war. If permitted to continue, it will render our country tired of freedom ; and if freedom must be attended with this torrent of licentiousness, perhaps the sooner our country becomes tired of it the better. For “dear as freedom is, and in my soul’s just estimation, prized above all price,”—reputation is still dearer ;—and if reputation cannot be preserved under the protection of freedom, our countrymen *will* seek shelter, they *ought* to seek shelter under the strong arm of despotism—of that despotism which palsies the tongue and fetters the pen. What has destroyed other republics? The enemy was not from without : the world in arms could never extinguish a nation of freemen. Let those who doubt this, look to the streights of Thermopylæ ;—let them look to Bunker-Hill. The enemies of republics is within. The destroying angel of freedom has ever been the spirit of licentiousness. Our na-

tion must be saved from this spirit, or we are lost ; shortly shall we follow to the tomb, the republics of other times. The friend of his country looks around him, and anxiously enquires, what power is there to save us. But one power on earth can save us : and that power is—a jury. If America is to be saved from the fate of other republics, jurors must be our saviours. Jurors can do more for us than generals. The heroes of the revolution created our nation ;—it is the high prerogative of jurors to preserve it. How are they to preserve it ? By keeping pure and dignified the mind of the nation—by preserving un-contaminated its morality. If it is asked, how does the existence of a nation of freemen depend on their morality ? I answer ; were men angels, they would scarcely need the form of government ;—were they devils, they must be bound in fetters of iron ; and as they approximate the one state, or the other, their government may be free, must be severe. It is thine, virtue, to preserve empires ! Thou hast ever been the guardian angel of freedom ! Preserve pure and dignified the mind of a nation, and its body is invincible. It may defy an armed world. It is a very Sampson in might. It is the depravation of its might that severs the locks of its strength. How are jurors to preserve the morality of our nation ?—how arrest the devastations of licentiousness ? By their verdicts ; by writing upon the records of our courts, in legible characters, the unchangeable decree, that the violator of character shall be as surely and as severely punished by a verdict in damages as the violator of property or of person. Were jurors in earnest to pursue this course, we should find that the fiend defamation would not dare to stalk thus boldly through our land ;—the tongue of slander would be constrained to remain silent ;—and fear would hermetically seal the lips of calumny. But that great work is not to be accomplished by trifling verdicts. A nation is not to be saved by an oblation of pence. Trivial damages may exasperate, but can-

not intimidate malice. The times require exemplary verdicts—and mercy to individuals is treason against the nation. This is not the cause of individual against individual only. The nominal parties to this suit dwindle into comparative unimportance ; and the American nation rears her august form, entreating to be saved from her worst enemy,—to be saved from licentiousness. This is the cause of man against the worst passion of man ; it is the cause of virtue against vice. I address myself to you, gentlemen, as the grand inquest of the nation. I appeal to you as the Areopagus of America. I invoke you as that only power which can bind in fetters, and cast out from amongst us, the destroying demon of licentiousness. The spirit of our beloved country looks to you. You are convened in the justly proud metropolis of the land of freedom. What you are about to do will be “recorded as a precedent.” In the eyes of the nation, in the eyes of the world, you are this day to pronounce the value of American characters. The honour of our city—the honour of the nation—your own honour is at stake. Act worthy of the dignity of your station—act worthy of yourselves.

Section X.

CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons ; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his

riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution (fathers) at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one whose conduct has been such, that in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favor of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you (fathers) upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor; but justice, and adequate punishment.

For, as those acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me; lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him, whose whole life has been a continued series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of

his youth, what does his questorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies ; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer ; a consul stripped and betrayed ; an army deserted and reduced to want ; a province robbed ; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries ; in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his questorship, bringing by his bad practices Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him ; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home ? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge ? Let those who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his praetorship in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of praetors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness or been neglected by the satiety of that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary tax-

es, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors belonging to a province, under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of their images. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one, who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Now, Verres, I ask what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked praetor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested, as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked praetor. With eyes darting fury,

and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretus, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." That blood-thirsty *praetor*, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! Once sacred! now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Chapter III.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

Section I.

REMARKS ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and effect. To enlighten the understanding, please the imagination, move the passions, and influence the will, are the important ends it proposes to accomplish. The darkness which envelopes the human understanding, must be dispelled by a clear exhibition of truth.—A combination of noble images presented to the mind, in the rich or agreeable colouring of a finely finished picture, tends to swell the imagination with vast conceptions, and transport the soul with sublime ideas.—The creative faculty, from her exuberant stores, produces those expressive figures, and exhibits those vivid features, which, when associated with objects of desire or aversion, love or hatred, pity or contempt, awaken the liveliest sensibility and precipitate the passive assembly, into all the perturbation of passion.—Would the orator not only agitate the soul, and inspire generous feeling, but produce volition, and propel to action, he must employ an artful mixture of the truths which convince, and the imagery which interests; he must incorporate argumentation with pathos, and the efforts of reason with the ebullitions of passion, before he can force his way to the heart, and wield at will its active powers.

The eloquence of the pulpit possesses advantages peculiar to itself. The dignity and importance of its subjects tend to solemnize Christian assemblies, and ought to interest every heart. The preacher has liberty and leisure to chuse his theme, and appears in public with all the advantages of mature preparation. The largeness and solemnity of his audience inspire animation, and powerfully prompt to exertion. His style may be embellished with the highest ornaments, and his delivery adorned with all the variegated graces of action.

Candidates for the sacred ministry should possess good natural talents: a clear understanding, to discriminate truth from error; a lively imagination, to open extensive fields of thought, and exhibit interesting objects in the most advantageous points of view; a retentive memory, to which he may commit the different sets of ideas, and the various parts of knowledge he collects in the course of his study, and may have occasion to use in the discharge of his duty; and an original gift of utterance, to fit him for speaking with freedom and fluency, on any subject which he thoroughly understands. Without a considerable share of such inestimable talents, I may venture to affirm, all the learning and industry in the world will be unable to render him an eloquent preacher.

Besides the possession of these natural and necessary qualities, much remains to be acquired by study and observation: An extensive knowledge of natural and revealed religion; of the theory and practice of moral, relative, and religious duties; of the doctrines of grace, the practice of piety, and pure experimental godliness: A comprehensive knowledge of the scriptures in their connection, dependence, and leading design; of the meaning and application of particular passages; of the principal idea contained in every text he undertakes to illustrate, and of the best method of dividing, explaining and impressing the instructions deduced from it, on the hearts of his hearers; An intimate acquaintance with the opinions, pas-

sions, and propensities of mankind ; the various scenes and circumstances through which they pass, the motives by which they are most easily actuated, and the avenues which lead most directly to the heart ; with the characters, sentiments and humours, which prevail among the people he is destined to address.

The preacher must be acquainted with books as well as with men. The clearest commentaries on scripture, and the most judicious systems of divinity should hold the highest rank in his estimation ; but such as possess sublime moral sentiments, unfold the obligations, characters, and connection of men, explain the principal sciences with elegance and accuracy, inspire the brightest train of thought, enrich the soul with exalted perceptions, improve the taste for composition, give a compass and purity of expression, and afford materials for forming a style, in which simplicity and grandeur, elegance and chastity, animation and ease, copiousness and perspicuity, harmoniously unite ;—are also entitled to a frequent and attentive perusal. Every book of real merit, indeed, may contribute to assist him in his official capacity, but such as contain the best precepts and specimens of eloquence which either ancient or modern times have produced, should be selected with judgement, studied with diligence, digested by mature reflection, and rendered subservient to the great end of the gospel ministry. It must always be recollected, however, that the most extensive reading will be of little advantage to the Christian clergyman, unless it be accompanied by the reiterated practice of careful composition. It is this which converts the materials of reading to the nourishment of thought, which establishes a habit of arrangement, of viewing objects with accuracy and distinction, and of expressing sentiments with variety, fulness, and freedom.

The gospel preacher must retain an unremitting regard to the great ends of his office ; which are, to honour his divine Master, by a faithful exhibition of revealed truths, and an ample declaration of his coun-

sels to men ; to promote the best interests of his fellow creatures, by conscientiously explaining the doctrines, and enforcing the duties of religion, by endeavouring to confirm their faith, increase their comfort, and influence their practice ; to adapt his discourses to the nature of the times, and the capacities of his hearers ;—by trying to stop the progress of prevailing vices, directing to the proper uses of national calamities, and exciting to the grateful acknowledgment of public mercies ; by avoiding unedifying conjectures about points confessedly obscure, matters of mere speculation, and the peculiarities of party opinion, which tend to foster a disputatious temper, and to “ minister questions rather than godly edifying ;”—by guarding against those minute criticisms, abstracted reasonings and learned investigations, which are not level to the comprehension of a common audience, and turning his thoughts into such a shape, as shall bid fairest for drawing the attention, enlightening the minds, and affecting the hearts of his hearers ;—by confining himself in every discourse to a single leading truth, character, virtue, or vice, which, when properly explained, placed in interesting views, and enforced by suitable motives, can scarcely fail to penetrate and possess the heart.

Section II.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

And God spake all these words, saying ;
I am the Lord, thy God, which brought thee out
of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage :

Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,
or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above,
or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water
under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to
them, nor worship them ; for I the Lord thy God, am
a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers up-
on the children, unto the third and fourth generation
of them that hate me ; and shewing mercy unto thou-
sands of them that love me, and keep my command-
ments.

Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God
in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that
taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six
days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. But the
seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God : in
it thou shalt not do any work ; thou, nor thy son, nor
thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant,
nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy
gates : For in six days the Lord made heaven and
earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the
seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath
day and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother ; that thy days
may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God
giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness againt thy neigh-
bour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Section III.

NATHAN'S PARABLE.

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David ; and he went unto him, and said unto him :

“ There were two men in one city ; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds : But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had nourished and brought up ; and it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

“ And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him ; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him.”

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man ; and he said to Nathan :

“ As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die ; And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.”

And Nathan said unto David, “ Thou art the man.”

Section IV.

PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

The parable of the prodigal is no less beautiful and pathetic, than it is instructive and consolatory. It sets before us, in the most striking view, the progress and the fatal consequences of vice, on the one hand ; and, on the other, the parental readiness of our Almighty Father to receive the returning penitent to pardon and mercy. It is peculiarly instructive to youth ; and would become very instrumental to preserve them from the pernicious allurements of sin and folly, if they would seriously reflect upon it ; if they would contemplate, in the example of the prodigal before them, the nature and the effects of those vices which brought him to extreme distress, and which will ever bring to distress all those who indulge them.

A certain man had two sons : and the youngest of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the youngest son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his field to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat : and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger ?' I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, 'Father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants.' And he arose, and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son, was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, 'Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.' And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering, said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments, and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.' And he said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again : and was lost, and is found.'

Section V.

THE ATHEIST—HIS STUPENDOUS ATTAINMENTS, IF HE KNOWS THERE IS NO GOD.

How wonderful the process by which a man can grow to the immense intelligence that can *know* that

there is no God. What ages and what lights are necessary for this *stupendous* attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For, unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which even he would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, unless he precludes another Deity by being one himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects, does not exist. But he must know that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection and acts accordingly. And yet a man of *ordinary* age and intelligence may present himself to you with an avowal of being thus distinguished from the crowd; and if he would describe the manner in which he has attained this eminence, you would feel a melancholy interest in contemplating that process of which the result is so portentous.

Surely the creature that thus lifts his voice, and defies all invisible power within the possibilities of infinity, challenging whatever unknown being may hear him, and who may, if he will, appropriate that title of Almighty which is pronounced in scorn, to evince his existence, by his vengeance; surely this man was not as yesterday a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile.

Section. VI.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,
AND THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF MAN.

It is a cause for wonder and sorrow, to see millions of rational creatures growing into their permanent habits, under the conforming efficacy of every thing which they ought to resist, and receiving no part of those habits from impressions of the Supreme Object. They are content that a narrow scene of a diminutive world, with its atoms and evils, should usurp and deprave and finish their education for immortality, while the Infinite Spirit is here, whose transforming companionship would exalt them into his sons, and lead them into eternity in his likeness.

Oh why is it so possible that this greatest inhabitant of every place where men are living, should be the last whose society they seek, or of whose being constantly near them they feel the importance? Why is it impossible to be surrounded with the intelligent reality which exists wherever we are, with attributes that are infinite, and not feel respecting all other things which may be attempting to press on our minds and affect their character, as if they retained with difficulty their shadows of existence, and were continually on the point of vanishing into nothing? Why is this stupendous Intelligence so retired and silent, while present, over all the scenes of the earth, and in all the paths and abodes of men? Why does he keep his glory invisible behind the shades and visions of the material world? Why does not this latent glory sometimes bear forth with such a manifestation as could never be forgotten, nor ever be remembered without an emotion of religious fear? And why, in contempt of all that he *has* displayed to excite either fear or love, is it still possible for a rational creature so to live, that it must finally come to an interview with

him in a character completed by the full assemblage of those acquisitions which have separately been disapproved by him through every stage of the accumulation.

Why is it possible for feeble creatures to maintain their little dependent beings fortified and invincible in sin, amidst the presence of divine purity? Why does not the thought of such a being strike through the mind with such intense antipathy to evil as to blast with death every active principle that is beginning to pervert it, and render gradual additions of depravity, growing into the solidity of habit, as impossible as for perishable materials to be raised into structures amidst the fires of the last day? How is it possible to forget the solicitude which should accompany the consciousness that such a being is continually darting upon us the beams of observant thought, (if we may apply such a term to omniscience,) that we are exposed to the piercing inspection, compared to which the concentrated attention of all the beings in the universe besides, would be but as the powerless gaze of an infant? Why is faith, that faculty of spiritual apprehension, so absent, or so incomparably more slow and reluctant to receive a just perception of the grandest of its objects, than the senses are adapted to receive the impressions of theirs? While there is a spirit pervading the universe with an infinite energy of being, why have the few particles of dust which enclose *our* spirits the power to intercept all sensible communication with it, and to place them as in a vacuity where the sacred Essence had been precluded or extinguished?

If there is such a being as we mean by the term God, the ordinary intelligence of a serious mind will be quite enough to see that it must be a melancholy thing to pass through life, and quit it, just as if there were not. Through what defect or infatuation of mind then have you been able, during so many years spent in the presence of a God, to continue even to this hour as clear of all marks and traces of any divine influ-

ces having operated on you, as if the Deity were but a poetical fiction, or an idol in some temple of Asia? Obviously, as the immediate cause, through want of thought concerning him.

And why did you not think of him? Did a most solemn thought of him never *once* penetrate your soul, while admitting the proposition that there is such a Being? If it never did, what is reason, what is mind, what is man? If it did once, how could its effects stop there? How could a deep thought, on so singular and momentuous a subject, fail to impose on the mind a permanent necessity of frequently recalling it: as some awful or magnificent spectacle will haunt you with a long recurrence of its image, even if the spectacle itself were seen no more?

Why did you not think of him? How could you estimate so meanly your mind with all its capacities, as to feel no regret that an endless series of trifles should seize, and occupy as their right, all your thoughts, and deny them both the liberty and the ambition of going on to the greatest Object? How, while called to the contemplations which absorb the spirits of heaven, could you be so patient of the task of counting the flies of a summer's day.

Why did you not think of him? You knew yourself to be in the hands of some Being from whose power you could not be withdrawn; was it not an equal defect of curiosity and prudence, to indulge a careless confidence that sought no acquaintance with his nature and his dispositions, nor ever anxiously inquired what conduct should be observed toward him, and what expectations might be entertained from him? You would have been alarmed to have felt yourself in the power of a mysterious stranger of your own feeble species; but let the stranger be omnipotent, and you cared no more.

Why did you not think of him? One would suppose that the thought of him must, to a serious mind, come second to almost every thought. The thought of virtue would suggest the thought of both a law-

giver and a rewarder ; the thought of crime of an avenger ; the thought of sorrow of a consoler ; the thought of an inscrutable mystery, of an intelligence that understands it ; the thought of that ever-moving activity which prevails in the system of the universe, of a supreme agent ; the thought of the human family, of a great father ; the thought of all being, of a creator ; the thought of life, of a preserver ; and the thought of death, of a solemn and uncontrollable disposer. By what dexterity therefore of irreligious caution, did you avoid precisely every track where the idea of him would have met you, or elude that idea if it came ? And what must sound reason pronounce of a mind which in the train of millions of thoughts, has wandered to all things under the sun, to all the permanent objects or vanishing appearances in the creation, but never fixed its thoughts on the Supreme Reality ; never approached, like Moses, "to see this great sight ?"

It would be interesting to record, or to hear, the history of a character which has received its form, and reached its maturity, under the strongest operations of religion. We do not know that there is a more benificent or a more direct mode of the divine agency in any part of the creation than that which "apprehends" a man, as apostolic language expresses it, amidst the unthinking crowd, and leads him into serious reflection, into elevated devotion, into progressive virtue, and finally into a noble life after death. When he has long been commanded by this influence, he will be happy to look back to its first operations, whether they were mingled in early life almost insensibly with his feelings, or came on him with mighty force at some particular time, and in connexion with some assignable and memorable circumstance, which was apparently the instrumental cause. He will trace all the progress of this his better life, with grateful acknowledgment to the sacred power which has advanced him to a decisiveness of religious habit which seems to stamp eternity on his

character. In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt: in religious character, it is a grand felicity. The devout man exults in the indications of his being fixed and irretrievable. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God, which will never let him go. From this advanced state he looks with firmness and joy on futurity, and says, I carry the eternal mark upon me, that I belong to God; I am free of the universe; and I am ready to go to any world to which he shall please to transmit me, certain that every where, in height or depth, he will acknowledge me for ever.

Section VII.

THE LIBERTY OF MAN AND THE FOREKNOWLEDGE AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The foreknowledge and providence of the Deity and that liberty which doth truly belong to man as a moral agent, are things perfectly consistent and naturally connected. The proof of our liberty is to every individual of the human race the very same, I am persuaded, with the proof of his existence. I *feel* that I *exist*, and I *feel* that I *am free*; and I may with reason turn a deaf ear upon every argument that can be alledged in either case to disprove my feelings. I *feel* that I have power to flee the danger that I dread—to pursue the good that I covet—to forego the most inviting pleasure, although it be actually within my grasp, if I apprehend that the present enjoyment may be the means of future mischief—to expose myself to present danger, to submit to present evils, in order to secure a future good—I *feel* that I have power to do the action I approve—to abstain from another that my conscience would condemn;—In a word, I *feel* that I act from

my own hopes, and my own fears ; and whenever I act from other motives, I feel that I am misled by my own passions, my own appetites, my own mistaken views of things. A feeling always succeeds these unreasonable actions, that, had my mind exerted its natural powers, in considering the action I was about to do,—the propriety of it in itself and its consequences, I might and I should have acted otherways.—Having these feelings, I feel all that liberty which renders the morality of a man's actions properly his own, and makes him justly accountable for his conduct.

The liberty, therefore, of man, and the foreknowledge and providence of God, are equally certain, although the proof of each rest on different principles. Our feelings prove to every one of us that we are free : reason and revelation teach us that the Deity knows and governs all things,—that even “the thoughts of man he understandeth long before,”—long before the thoughts arise—long before the man himself is born who is to think them. Now, when two distinct propositions are separately proved, each by its proper evidence, it is not a reason for denying either, that the human mind, upon the first hasty view, imagines a repugnance, and may perhaps find a difficulty in connecting them, even after the distinct proof of each is clearly perceived and understood.

There is a wide difference between a paradox and a contradiction. Both, indeed, consist of two distinct propositions ; and so far only are they alike : for of the two parts of a contradiction, the one or the other must necessarily be false.—of a paradox, both are often true, and yet when proved to be true, may continue paradoxical. This is the necessary consequence of our partial views of things. An intellect to which nothing should be paradoxical would be infinite. It may naturally be supposed that paradoxes must abound the most in metaphysics and divinity, “for who can find out God unto perfection ?” yet they occur in other subjects ; and any one who

should universally refuse his assent to propositions separately proved, because when connected they may seem paradoxical, would, in many instances, be justly laughed to scorn by the masters of those sciences which make the highest pretensions to certainty and demonstration.

In all these cases, there is generally in the nature of things a limit to each of the two contrasted propositions, beyond which neither can be extended without implying the falsehood of the other, and changing the paradox into a contradiction : and the whole difficulty of perceiving the connection and agreement between such propositions arises from this circumstance, that, by some inattention of the mind, these limits are overlooked.

Thus, in the case before us, we must not imagine such an arbitrary exercise of God's power over the minds and wills of subordinate agents, as should convert rational beings into mere machines, and leave the Deity charged with the follies and the crimes of men,—nor must we, on the other hand, set up such a liberty of created beings, as, necessarily precluding the Divine foreknowledge of human actions, should take the government of the moral world out of the hands of God, and leave him nothing to do with the noblest part of his creation.

Section VIII.

ON THE CHARACTER AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

He is the unsearchable God, and his government must be like himself. *Facts*, concerning both, he has graciously revealed. These we must admit upon the credit of his own testimony ; with these we must satisfy our wishes, and limit our inquiry. “To intrude into those things which he hath not seen” because

God has not disclosed them, whether they relate to his arrangements for this world or the next, is the arrogance of one "vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind." There are secrets in our Lord's procedure which he will not explain to us in this life, and which may not, perhaps, be explained in the life to come. We cannot tell how he makes evil the minister of good: how he combines physical and moral agencies of different kind and order, in the production of blessings. We cannot so much as conjecture what bearings the system of redemption, in every part of its process, may have upon the relations of the universe; nor even what may be all the connections of providence in the occurrences of this moment, or of the last. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us: it is high, we cannot attain it." Our Sovereign's 'way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters; and his footsteps are not known." When, therefore, we are surrounded with difficulty; when we cannot unriddle his conduct in particular dispensations, we must remember that he is God; that we are to "walk by faith;" and to trust him as implicitly when we are in the "valley of the shadow of death," as when his "candle shines upon our heads." We must remember that it is not for us to be admitted into the cabinet of the King of kings; that creatures constituted as we are could not sustain the view of his unveiled agency; that it would confound, and scatter, and annihilate our little intellects. As often, then, as he retires from our observation, blending goodness with majesty, let us lay our hands upon our mouths and worship. This stateliness of our King can afford us no just ground of uneasiness. On the contrary, it contributes to our tranquility. For we know, that if his administration is mysterious, it is also wise.

"Great is our lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite." That infinite understanding watches over, and arranges, and directs all the affairs of his church and of the world. We are perplexed at every step; embarrassed by opposition; lost in con-

fusion ; fretted by disappointment ; and ready to conclude in our haste, that all things are against our own good, and our Master's honour. But "this is our infirmity ;" it is the dictate of impatience and indiscretion. We forget the "years of the right hand of the Most High." We are slow of heart in learning a lesson which shall soothe our spirits at the expense of our pride. We turn away from the consolation to be derived from believing that though we know not the connections and results of holy providence, our Lord Jesus knows them perfectly. With him there is no irregularity, no chance, no conjecture. Disposed, before his eye, in the most luminous and exquisite order the whole series of events occupy the very place and crisis where they are most effectually to subserve the purposes of his love. Not a moment of time is wasted, nor a fragment of action misapplied. What he does, we do not, indeed, know at present, but so far as we shall be permitted to know hereafter, we shall see that his most inscrutable procedure was guided by consummate wisdom : that our choice was often as foolish as our petulence was provoking ; that the success of our own wishes would have been our most painful chastisement : would have diminished our happiness, and detracted from his praise.

Let us therefore, study to subject our ignorance to his knowledge ; instead of prescribing, to obey ; instead of questioning, to believe ; to perform our part without that despondency which betrays a fear that our Lord may neglect his ; and tacitly accuses him of a less concern than we feel for the glory of his own name. Let us not shrink from this duty as imposing too rigorous a condition upon our obedience, for a third character of his administration is *righteousness*.

"The sceptre of his kingdom is a right sceptre." If "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." In the times of old his redeemed "wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ; but, nevertheless, he led them forth by the right way, that they

right go to a city of habitation." He loves his church and the members of it too tenderly to lay upon them any burdens, or expose them to any trials, which are not indispensable to their good. It is right for them 'to go through fire and through water,' that he may 'bring them out into a wealthy place,'—right to 'endure chastening,' 'that they may be partakers of his holiness'—right to 'have the sentence of death in themselves,' that they may 'trust in the living God, and that his strength may be perfected in their weakness.' It is right that he should 'endure with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction :' that he should permit 'iniquity to abound, the love of many to wax cold,' and the danger of his church to accumulate, till the interposition of his arm be necessary and decisive. In the day of final retribution not one mouth shall be opened to complain of injustice. It will be seen that 'the Judge of all the earth has done right ; that the works of his hands have been verity and judgment, and done every one of them, in 'truth and uprightness.' Let us, then, think not only respectfully, but reverently of his dispensations, repress the voice of murmur, and rebuke the spirit of discontent ; wait, in faith and patience till he becomes his own interpreter, when 'the heavens shall declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.'

Section IX.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

I cannot find, in the lively oracles, a single distinctive mark of Deity which is not applied, without reserve or limitation, to the only begotten Son. 'All things that the Father hath are his.' Who is that mysterious WORD that was 'in the beginning, with God?' Who is the 'Alpha and Omega, the begin-

ning and the ending, the first and the last, the Almighty? *Who* is he that ‘knows what is man,’ because he searches the deep and dark recesses of the heart? *Who* is the Omnipresent, that has promised, ‘Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them?’ the light of whose countenance is, at the same moment, the joy of heaven, and the salvation of earth: who is incircled by the Seraphim on high, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks: who is in this assembly; in all the assemblies of his people: in every worshipping family: in every closet of prayer: in every holy heart. ‘*Whose* hands have stretched out the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth?’ *Who* hath replenished them with inhabitants, and garnished them with beauty; having created all things that are in both, ‘visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers?’ By *Whom* do ‘all things consist?’ *Who* is “the governor among the nations, having on his vesture and on his thigh a name written ‘King of kings and Lord of lords.’” *Whom* it is the Father’s will that ‘all men should honour, even as they honour himself?’ *Whom* has he commanded his angels to worship? *Whom* to obey? Before *Whom* do the devils tremble? *Who* is qualified to redeem millions of sinners ‘from the wrath to come,’ and preserve them, by his grace, to his everlasting kingdom? *Who* raiseth the dead, in trespasses and sins? ‘having life in himself, to quicken whom he will,’ at *Whose* voice shall all that are in their graves ‘come forth; and death and hell’ surrender their numerous and forgotten captives? *Who* shall weigh, in the balance of Judgment, the destinies of angels and men? dispose of the thrones of paradise? and bestow eternal life? Shall I submit to the decision of reason? Should I ask a response from heaven? Shall I summon the devils from their ‘chains of darkness?’ The response from heaven sounds in my ears; reason approves, and the devils confess—This, O Christians, is none other than the GREAT GOD OUR SAVIOUR!

Indeed the doctrine of our Lord's divinity is not, as a *fact*, more interesting to our faith, than, as a *principle*, it is essential to our hope. If he were not 'the true God,' he should not be 'eternal life.' When pressed down by guilt and languishing for happiness, I look around for a deliverer such as my conscience and my heart and the word of God assure me I need, insult not my agony by directing me to a creature—to a man, a mere man like myself! A creature! a man! My Redeemer owns my *person*. My immortal spirit is his *property*. When I come to die, I must commit it into his hands. My soul! My infinitely precious soul, committed to a mere man! become the property of a mere man! I would not thus entrust my *body* to the highest angel in heaven. It is only the 'Father of spirits,' that can have *property* in spirits, and be their refuge in the hour of transition from the present to the approaching world.— In short, the divinity of Jesus, is in the system of grace, the sun to which all its parts are subordinate, and all their stations refer—which binds them in sacred concord; and imparts to them their radiance, and life, and vigour. Take from it this central luminary, and the glory is departed—Its holy harmonies are broken—The elements rush to chaos—The light of salvation is extinguished for ever.

But it is not the deity of the Son, simply considered, to which our attention is directed. We are to contemplate it as subsisting in a personal union with the human nature.

Long before this epistle was written (the epistle to the Hebrews) had he 'by himself purged our sins, and sat down at the right hand of majesty on high.' It is, therefore, as 'God manifested in the flesh,' as my own brother, while he is 'the express image of the Father's person,' as the Mediator of the new covenant, that he is seated on the throne. Of this throne, to which the pretensions of a creature were mad and blasphemous, the Majesty is, indeed, maintained by his divine power; but the foudation is laid in his

Mediatorial character. I need not prove to this audience, that all his gracious offices and all his redeeming work originated in the love and the election of his Father. Obedient to that will, which fully accorded with his own, he came down from heaven ; tabernacled in our clay ; was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs ;” submitted to the “contradictions of sinners ;” the temptations of the old Serpent, and the wrath of an avenging God. In the merit of his obedience which threw a lustre round the divine law ; and in the atonement of his death by which he offered “himself a sacrifice without spot unto God,” repairing the injuries of man’s rebellion, expatiating sin through the blood of his cross ; and conciliating its pardon with infinite purity, and unalterable truth ; summarily, in his performing those conditions on which was suspended all God’s mercy to man, and all man’s enjoyment of God, in these stupendous “works of righteousness” are we to look for the cause of his present glory. “He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross ; wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name ; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.” “Exalted” thus “to be a Prince and a Saviour,” he fills heaven with his beauty, and obtains from its blest inhabitants the purest and most reverential praise. “Worthy” cry the mingled voices of his angels and the redeemed, “worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.” “Worthy” again cry his redeemed in a song which belongs not to the angels, but in which with holy ecstacy, we will join, “worthy art thou, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.”

Section X.

REMARKS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The sufferings of the Saviour may be exemplified in numberless instances, but in none so easily and so fully, as in the redemption of the world by the means of a Mediator, "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The sun never beheld such a scene. History records no such a transaction. The scheme would never have entered the mind of any finite intelligence—"It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in your eyes." "The thing proceedeth forth from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." "It is the wisdom of God in a mystery;" and the more we are enlightened from above to examine its sublime contents, the more of their perfection shall we discover, the more worthy of God will they appear. "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

The sufferings of the Saviour are described in the gospels with simplicity and grandeur combined. Nothing can add to the solemnity and force of the exhibition; and if we are not affected with the relation, it shews that our hearts are harder than the rocks, which could not retain their insensibility when "the Lord of life and glory" expired. The subject has often come under your review. Sometimes we have called upon you to consider his sufferings as peculiar and unparalleled; and you have heard a plaintive Saviour saying, "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." We have sometimes considered his sufferings as foreknown, and led you to imagine what were his

feelings while reading the prophecies, or foretelling himself the circumstances of his passion. From your eye futurity is kindly concealed. Could some of you be immediately informed of the troubles through which perhaps one year only will require you to wade, you would be overwhelmed in the prospect. But he saw the end from the beginning, and advanced with Judas, and the high-priest, and the nails, and the cross, full in view. You have seen that his sufferings were not the sufferings of an hour or a day ; they were perpetual : from Bethlehem to Calvary "he was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief." You have seen him suffering in his condition, in his character, in his body, in his soul. This morning you have been led to another view of the same interesting subject, the accomplishment which our Saviour derived from them ; he was "made perfect through sufferings."

In perusing history, what characters principally engage and improve us ? Those who have struggled through trying and awful scenes. Read the Scriptures ; fix your eyes on Job, and Joseph, on David and Daniel, and Paul : were they not all "made perfect through sufferings ?" The picture would have no beauty or effect without shades. It is on the rainy cloud, the heavenly bow spreads its variegated tints. The character of the hero is formed, and his laurels are gathered only in the hostile field, among "the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood." Never was the glory of a prince, however illustrious, rendered complete, without some sudden reverse of fortune which tried him ; some heavy calamity, under which he had an opportunity to discover his internal resources. That nobility is the truest, which a man derives, not from his pedigree, but from himself ; that excellency is the greatest, which is personal ; that glory is the most estimable, which is fixed in our intellectual and moral attributes ; not that which a man locks up with his cash, or puts by with his ribbon ; all these are extrinsical, they are no parts

of the man ; they are appendages ; additions suppose deficiencies : he is the most perfect who needs them not.

Suppose our Saviour had passed through the world smoothly, attended with all the littleness of riches, and all the insignificance of pomp ; how limited would have been his example ! how insipid the narrative of his life ! how uninteresting his character ! If there had been any thing of the beautiful, there would have been nothing of the sublime. How does he appear “Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God ?” “As crucified.” Where did he spoil “principalities and powers, making a shew of them openly, and triumphing over them ?” On the “cross.” To what period does he refer, when he says, “now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out ?” The hour of his death. This he viewed as the season, in which he was to be magnified and adored : “the hour is come, that the son of man should be glorified.” This was the consummation of his unexampled career of excellence : “I must do wonders to day and to-morrow, and the third day I must be perfected.” Here is the finish ; and the wonders and miracles which attended his sufferings, were not to be compared with the principles and virtues, which he displayed in enduring them.

Of what in his history did Moses and Elias speak, when they appeared in the transfiguration ? “They spake of the decease, which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem.” In what does every Christian rejoice ? “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” What is the theme of every minister ? “I determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” What is the language of the glorified above ? “Worthy is the lamb that was slain.” Thus the sufferings of the Saviour were the means of displaying the glories of his character, and of procuring for him unbounded and everlasting honours.

Section XI.

PURE RELIGION AND GENUINE
DEVOTION.

The great sentiment which, upon this subject, I wish to impress upon your mind, and which I seize every opportunity to inculcate, is this,—that in whatever point of light you place religion, whatever you consider it as an act, or an affection ; morality, from a pure and proper principle, comprises the whole of it. The spirit of religion is the love of rectitude, rectitude living and realized in the divine nature ; the exercise of religion is the practice of that rectitude. Justice and mercy are not the adjuncts of religion, but religion itself.

In giving this account of it, I repeat the definition which one of the apostles has left us. “ Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father” “ pure religion”—not only calls for, as its appendage, but “ *is this*,” this is its constituent substance, “ to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”— This,—the exercise of humanity to the whole circle of its objects, from among whom the particular situations of distress, which are set before us in this passage, are selected by the scriptures, as being prominent figures in the group of human miseries, to express, in one word, the various objects of mercy, and to represent the sons and daughters of affliction ;— this discharge of the duties of humanity, this active service of God, this worship of the life is *all* that, *in itself* considered, communicates any pleasure to the Almighty.

The great sacrifice which is alone immediately, and directly acceptable to the Infinite Spirit is neither any thing that cometh out of the ground, or that goeth forth from the mouth of man : it is the sacrifice of our faculties upon the broad, immortal alter of society. The substance of divine service is social

service. Benevolence to man is the "beauty of holiness." The ground, wherever it be, upon which honest goodness relieves the indigent; consoles the dejected; protects the oppressed; defends the defamed; communicates the truth; or inculcates virtue; the ground, wherever it be, upon which good is done from a good principle; or upon which impotent pity drops an honest tear, and but wishes to do it; is better consecrated, in the eye of heaven, by such transactions, or by such tears, than by all the religious ceremonies, which could have been performed upon it.

The house of mourning, the hovel of poverty, the prison of despair, when they receive the visit of charity, are temples, upon which the object of worship looks down with more complacency, than upon any other temples. The sphere of usefulness is the chief church of man: this is the most "holy place:" the "holy of holies:" the most sacred court in the temple of God: those that minister here are the high priests, whose office has most sanctity in his sight. Devotedness to society is the truest dedication to God. Generous offices are the noblest sort of religious exercises. He that teaches the sighing "heart to sing for joy," awakes the harp which best befits the fingers of devotion. He that tunes his animated instrument, he that raises this holy hymn, he that sends up this sacred music, he is the psalmist that, in the ear of heaven, excels all others in sweetness. Whoever wipes another's tear, lifts another's head, binds another's heart; performs religion's most beautiful rite, most decent and most handsome ceremony. To go on an errand of mercy, is to set out on the only holy pilgrimage.

All other worship with whatever height of solemnity, with whatever sublimity of circumstance, with whatever comeliness of form, it be accompanied, considered independently of this, and as terminating in itself, contains no degree of recommendation to the Divine Being. All the voices of assembled man-

kind, joined together in a chorus of praise to God ; all the musical instruments in the world, united in a sacred concert ; all knees of all the nations, bent together before the throne of high heaven ; the sort of praise, ascending from all the earth at once, in itself considered, would yield no satisfaction to the object of worship, any more than all the frankincense of the earth, ascending in one cloud to heaven, or all the fruits of the earth, presented upon one spacious altar :—but peace prevailing among all nations : equity reigning all around the globe ; all mankind concurring to promote the general good, and dwelling in fraternal amity together ; this social order, this moral harmony, this concord of faculties, this music of minds, were an anthem that would enter the ear of him who “is a spirit :” of him who hearkens to the silver chime of the spheres, and who set the silent harmonies of nature.

Section XI.

TRANSITION FROM TIME TO ETERNITY.

Whoever left the precincts of morality without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him ? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyment even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them : We have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find its objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste, and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power, to charm the mind and make us cry out, “It is good for us to be here.”

When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs

must it give to the heart, to think of parting forever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects.

The tree under whose shade we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends,—how great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life: to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part forever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away.

At the resurrection of the just, in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender and the generous affections, have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which occasionally delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens!

Section XIII.

EARLY PIETY.

Now is your golden age. When the morning of Life rejoices over your head, every thing around you

puts on a smiling appearance. All nature wears a face of beauty, and is animated with a spirit of joy: You walk up and down in a new world; you crop the unblown rose, and drink the untasted spring. Full of spirit, and high in hope, you set out on the journey of life: Visions of bliss present themselves to view: Dreams of joy, with sweet delusion, amuse the vacant mind.

You listen, and accord to the song of hope, "To-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant." But ah! my friends, the flattering scene will not last. The spell is quickly broken, the enchantment soon over. How hideous will life appear when experience takes off the mask, and discovers the sad reality? Now thou hast no weariness to clog thy walking hours, and no care to disturb thy repose. But know, child of the earth, that thou art born to trouble, and that care through every subsequent part of life, will hunt thee like a ghost. Health now sparkles in thine eye, the blood flows pure in thy veins, and thy spirits are gay as the morning: But alas! the time will come, when diseases, a numerous and direful train, will assail thy life; the time will come, when pale and ghastly, and stretched on a bed, "chastened with pain, and the multitude of thy bones with strong pain, thou wilt be ready to choose strangling and death, rather than life."

You are now happy in your earthly companions. Friendship, which in the world is a feeble sentiment, with you is a strong passion. But shift the scene for a few years and behold the man of thy right hand become unto thee as an alien. Behold the friend of thy youth, who was one with thine own soul, striving to supplant thee, and laying snares for thy ruin! I mention not these things, my friends, to make you miserable before the time. God forbid that I should anticipate the evil day, unless I could arm you against it. Now, remember your Creator, consecrate to him the early period of your days, and the light of his countenance will shine upon you through life. Amid

all the changes of this fluctuating scene, you have a friend that never fails. Then, let the tempest beat, and the floods descend, you are safe and happy under the shelter of the Rock of ages.

Section XIV.

DEVOTION A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Whatever promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion produces these effects in a remarkable degree. It inspires composure of spirit, mildness, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cherishes the pleasing emotions, and, by these means, carries on the life of a pious man in a smooth and placid tenor.

Besides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire strangers; enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement when the world leaves us, and to adversity when it becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort. For let him be placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God, and to devotion, how drear will the gloom of solitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will disease, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits! But for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared.

From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrosion of its cares and sorrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and surrounds him there with such objects as

are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart. If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things about to rise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that supreme Being, who, though every other friend fail, will never forsake him.—Consult your experience, and you will find that the two greatest sources of inward joy are, the exercise of love directed towards a deserving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and assured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion ; and therefore we have no reason to be surprised, if, on some occasions, it fills the heart of good men with a satisfaction not to be expressed.

These are pleasures which belong to the highest powers, and best affections of the soul.—To thee, O Devotion ! we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue, and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts : Thou calmest the passions : Thou exaltest the heart. Thy communications, and thine only, are imparted to the low, no less than to the high ; to the poor, as well as to the rich. In thy presence, worldly distinctions cease ; and under thy influence, worldly sorrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable ; inaccessible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginnest on earth the temper of heaven. In thee the hosts of angels and blessed spirits eternally rejoice.

Section XV.

REFLECTIONS ON GOD AS OUR
CREATOR.

The contemplation of God in the light of a creator, cannot fail to excite in us the most profound veneration. This idea of deity is adapted to plunge us into the depths of that astonishment, into which it is pleasing to the mind of man to be thrown by a sublime object. He who has pleasure in looking at what is grand in the highest degree, will hither repair to receive it. He that delights to have his mind distended to the utmost stretch of admiration, must come to this idea for his delight.

It is impossible to think of the maker of all things, without being fixed in all the stillness and stupor of astonishment; whether we consider the amazing multiplicity and magnificence of his productions, or the complete sense in which he is the author of them, compared with the imperfect sense, in which man is the maker of what are called the works of man. If some of the greater works of man excite our amazement, how much more is this idea adapted to awaken it, who made the materials out of which those works were framed: who formed the fingers by means of which they were fashioned; and who inspired the understandings by the light of which they were designed. If we admire the inventors of inanimate machines that move, with what admiration must we think of him who made "the moving creature that hath life."

All the works of all the human race combined, all the fabrics they have constructed, all the systems of matter or motion they have composed, how complicated soever their parts, or extensive their dimensions, or beautiful their appearance, or powerful their effect, or excellent their uses, are proofs of a faint and feeble power, compared with the production of a fly.

All the engines which human ingenuity has framed, whatever the variety, or the vigour, or the value of their movements, display a hand that shrinks into nothing before that energy, that rolls the blood through the veins of a reptile ; that communicates to a worm its faculty of creeping upon the earth ; that induces the meanest creature, which moves and feels, with its wondrous power of willing and perceiving.—Where is the artist, beneath the sun, who can breath into insensate clay the breath of life ? who can kindle a soul of the dullest degree ? who can animate, for one moment, one particle of dust ?

The consideration that God is our maker, makes it evident that he must be our preserver. This inference cannot be made with respect to any human artist ; because no human artist is the framer of any thing, in that radical and strict sense, in which the Almighty is the former of all things. That which man has made may continue to be what he made it, when its maker is distant, when its maker is dead. The work of man may subsist in the absence, may survive the dissolution of its author : it may exist for successive ages, and for successive ages remain “a work to wonder at,” when the hand, that gave it its beauty and excellence, has lost its cunning for ever.

For want of deeply reflecting upon the difference between the forming hand of the creature, and that of the Creator of all, we are some of us apt, perhaps, carelessly and inconsiderately, to conceive of our continuance in life as depending upon certain powers and properties in our animal composition, which were originally communicated to it by its author, but which are now entirely its own ; inherent in itself, without hanging on the divine support. We do not, with sufficient closeness to the idea, consider, that he who put together, and put into motion, the great machinery of nature, is its author in a scene, which requires the incessant action of his hand, in order to hold it together, and to support its operations.

It is not so proper to say, that the creator has communicated a principle of life to the animated world, as that he is himself the great principle of universal vitality. It is not so accurate to say, that he has laid down laws for nature to observe, as that he himself perpetually operates with that benignant regularity which is necessary to the welfare of his living works. He is the great spring and impulse that actuates all things. He is himself the attracting power that holds the particles of all bodies together, and combines all bodies into the beautiful systems we see them compose. He is himself the living soul that inhabits and animates every living thing; that propels every drop through every vein; that produces every pulsation of every artery, every motion of every limb, every action of every organ, throughout the whole animal kingdom. Every operating principle, through the ample compass of things, is God, that moment willing, God, that moment acting. He is the life of the world: at once the maker, the inspector, and the mover, of all things. Water we call the element of one animal: air, we say, is the element of another: the vital presence of God himself is the universal element, in which all living creatures "live and move, and have their being."

This is the voice of reason and philosophy, as well as of scripture. He that made all things, must be every moment necessary, to the support of every thing. As according to that particular constitution of nature, under which we live, when you lift with your hand a body high in the air, if you wish to prolong its elevation, you must not only lift it thither, but hold it there; as, if you take away your hand from under it, that instant it falls; so, according to the eternal nature of things, the being, that called us into existence, must every moment hold our souls in the life to which he has raised us. If he withdraw his hand, we drop. "In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." Whatever we subsist upon, subsists itself, upon him.

All that sustains us, it is God that sustains. Our dependence upon him is the most comprehensive, complicated, and profound nature. Whatever name we give to its prop, God is the staff of every life. That whatever it be, on which it leans, leans upon him. When your seasons are fruitful, it is not only he who covers your vallies with corn, who causes to rise the sun that ripens it, who prevents your bread from failing ;—but who gives to that bread its nutritive power. When your seasons are healthful, it is not only he who preserves your air from pollution, but who empowers the purest air to supply you with life. When your slumbers are sound, it is not only he who protects your pillow from pain, but who imparts to sleep its restorative property. The civil policy, that defends your person from violence, is the result of wisdom which he has illuminated, and of passions which he has implanted. The medical art, that raises you from the bed of sickness, proceeds from understandings, which his inspiration hath given, and is supplied with materials, which his hand hath furnished. The arm, that saves you from violent death, is an instrument made, and moved by him.

So completely is our breath in the hand of God. He is the soul within us ; he is the shield without us ; the word by which we live ; the word by which we die. So the Scripture tells us it is ; so reason tells us it must be. Man, the partial maker of a single thing, possesses but a partial power over it ; God the perfect maker of all things, must be every moment necessary to the support of every thing.

The habitual recollection of this close and intimate connection between the giver and the receiver of life, between the living God, and the living creature, is what I would earnestly recommend to all before me, as being adapted, in the highest degree, at once to entertain the understanding of contemplative, and gratify the heart of affectionate, piety. The perfectly uninterrupted, and the infinitely extended activity of divine power, in the preservation of universal na-

ture, present to reason a contemplation, of all others the most sublime ; while religious sensibility is soothed by the idea of being completely in the hand of a power, to whom it feels the most animated love, and in whom it reposes the most tranquil trust.

Section XVI.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE AND THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

Sharp is the sting of death, great the victory of the grave, shrill and terrible in their triumph, when simply considered in themselves, and without regard to Jesus, the restorer of life, the vanquisher of the grave.

Terrible, in the first place, are the harbingers of death, formidable his menaces, tremendous the preparatives he makes for the destruction of life and the subversions of happiness. What a sable host of disasters, of diseases, of pestilences, march before him ! What infirmities, what pains, what struggles announce his arrival ! What tears, what sobs, what wringing of hands, what shrieks of agony are seen and heard in his train ! And how numerous, how deeply-wounding, the darts supplied him for destruction ! Is there any motion, any occupation, any affliction, any enjoyment, any gratification which may not prove mortal to man ? How every thing shudders at his approach ! How quickly as he advances fades every flower on the path of life ! How every sound of joy and gladness is hushed at his tremendous call.

What profound and awful silence, what dejection, what doleful apprehensions reign where he appears ! How ghastly is the countenance of the man who lies pale and wan, faint and spiritless, on the bed of sickness, longing in vain for help, for relief and recovery, sinking ever lower under the burden of pains and

miseries, continually more incapable of joy, ever more insensible to comfort, anxiously fluctuating between death and life, between fear and hope, wishing for the return of his fleeting life, and trembling as he beholds the near approach of death !

The dominion of death is, moreover universal, and this too increases his furious triumph. It stretches over every living thing upon the earth. His devastations on this sublunary scene are in a manner unbounded. No species of living creatures are exempt from the lot of mortality, no one is safe from the power of dissolution and corruption. As the flower fades, the leaf withers, the tree dies, so likewise man, the lord of the whole animal and inanimate creation, is a prey to death and the grave. Numerous and manifold are the victims which the grim spoiler daily and hourly demands of the human race, throwing all of them into the dust, without distinction of age, of rank, of dignity, of merit.

Here the saint has no pre-eminence over the sinner, the benefactor and reliever of his brethren no pre-eminence over the destroying conqueror and the cruel tyrant. Here lies the babe, who scarcely saw the light of the sun, close by the aged head which could no longer sustain its beams. There are mingled the ashes of blooming youth with those of riper man, the ashes of the great and powerful with the ashes of their meanest slaves. Here falls the strong man, who seemed to brave every toil, every burden, every misfortune ;—there decays the beauty, who flourished like a vernal flower, and promised herself and others so rich a harvest of delight. All, all that is of the earth must revert to the earth from which it was taken. Whoever thou art, O man, that walks on the ground, thou walkest on the territory of death ; wherever thou settest thy foot, thou treadest on the graves of the dead, thou raisest the dust that was formerly animated, the fleshy garment of thy brother.

Terrific is the triumph of death, as his arrival is generally unexpected, and his power is irresistible.

Now he seizes one of us in the intoxication of pleasure, then in the careless repose of the night, now amid preparatives for the enjoyment of life, then in the various distractions of business and affairs. Now he suddenly snatches one from the circle of his gay comrades, then the poor man from his bosom friend, now an unexpected mischance at once strikes him down, then an apparently trifling disorder in a few days or hours becomes incurable. Rarely do we hear his footsteps from afar, seldom are we aware of his approach, ere his hand is already lifted for the fatal blow. And of how little avail are in general the earlier warnings of his approach ! How vain all the efforts of art, how fruitless the struggles of nature ! Here neither youth nor vigour, nor grandeur and authority, nor virtue and merit can protect. Death appears, and the most subtle energies of man recoil dismayed, and his most shining prerogatives disappear, and every attempt at resistance, is a proof of the utmost imbecility.

And the proper business of death, how tremendous ! Who is not seized with profound horror at the sight of it ! Gradual decay of the vital powers, total cessation of all spontaneous and mechanical motion of the body, universal darkness, profound night, frigidity, numbness, rigor, separation from the whole visible world, the grave, corruption, dissolution : this is the work of death ; this the victory which he obtains over all that is mortal ! And now consider besides, the circumstances of this awful scene, the agony that seizes on the dying person, the wishes for longer life which are only abandoned so late, the ties which knit him to the bystanders soon to be dissolved, the multiplication of his sufferings by theirs, the reproaches which his conscience often makes him, and the apprehensions that so frequently torment him with prospects of an uncertain futurity : how much more dreadful must all this make the triumph of death !

Yes, terrific is this triumph ; since even the consequences that attend the ravages which death commits, are deplorable, are abundant sources of tears and la-

mentation. How painful the separation, how deep, how incurable the wounds of the widow and the orphan ; how irreparable is frequently their loss ! Here a worthy father taken from his still weak uneducated sons, a careful affectionate mother from her daughter, still in want of her further support and example ; there one hearty, generous friend carried off from another. Here a thousand wise, public-spirited plans and projects are rendered abortive ; there the quickest and most lively parts are checked in their activity and hopeful capacities prevented from unfolding. Here the industrious man is deprived of the fruits of his labour : there the buds of noble actions blighted in their first efforts. Here pleasure, transports, hopes, happiness of a thousand kinds are destroyed, there full and various sources of want, of trouble and misery are opened. Here the forlorn widow and helpless orphan, sit bathed in tears ; there distress and indigence surround others who are bewailing the loss of their benefactors, their patrons, their guides. Thus sad and gloomy, my dear friends, is the path of death ! Thus terrific his appearance and the doleful consequence of his destructive sway ! Thus tremendous his triumph over all that lives and breathes ! Yes, in this ghastly form must death appear to every one who considers it solely in itself, solely in its proximate effects, and without the light of superior information, without the prospect of a better futurity.

Is then, however, this triumph of death entirely what it appears to be ? Is it likewise to the christian, what it must be to the unbeliever and to the doubter ? Rests it on a solid basis ? Will it last for ever ? No, christians, to day ye are celebrating with me the resurrection of our Master and Lord. To day we are celebrating the triumph of life, of life regained and fixed for ever by the risen Jesus. Oh rejoice in this with me, and ponder with me, how much grander, more glorious, more substantial in his triumph than the specious, evanescent triumph of death.

Is the dominion of death universal, does it extend over all that is transitory and mortal; so is the dominion of life no less, and yet far more extensive, as it extends over all that was, and is, and is to come. Nothing perishes, nothing dies totally and forever. Nothing perishes that shall not be restored, nothing dies that shall not live again. Even in the vegetable kingdom, death and corruption are the germ and preparatives for new entrances and forms of life. The seed corn cannot spring up, not blossom, not bear fruit, except it die. And if the winter with its frosts seem to starve and kill, yet the genial spring revives all again with renovated pomp and beauty. Let then the earth be covered with graves, and the dead be heaped on the dead; all this is no more than sowing for the future general harvest, and this harvest will be the richer and more glorious, the richer the sowing was.

In the long, wide field of God, the father of mankind, nothing is sown that shall not again shoot up, and bloom in far more beauty and perfection, than it did in its former state. Nay, even without regard to this revivification of all that once was dead, the dominion of death, apparently so universal, is not so in fact. No, only dust, only substances that are formed of dust, only the visible, gross, terrestrial shell of living and spiritual beings are subject to his destructive power. The energy by which they are animated, is indestructible, the spirit that inhabits them has no death to fear, no dissolution and corruption; it thinks and lives and acts even then, and thinks and lives and acts still more freely and nobly, when its shell is demolished, when its shell in the grave lies a prey to corruption. Only the dust returns to the earth from whence it is taken; but the spirit ascends to God, whose breath, whose image it is, with whom it has already been in affinity and communion. And to whom it is destined and able ever nearer to approach, with whom to have ever greater communion. O death, where is then thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? How limited is thy power! How fallacious is

thy triumph! Thou hast demolished the tabernacle of clay, but the inhabitant of the tabernacle which thou hast destroyed, has risen upon its ruins, is not destroyed with it: that still lives which thou didst intend to annihilate. The immortal, which thou thoughtest to shut up in the dark and silent tomb, and to bind with the bonds of corruption at the same time with the mortal, has soared aloft to its creator God, and lives and rejoices in the splendor of his light.

Section XVII.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Nothing can more usefully engage our attention than **Human Nature** and **Human Life**. The proper study of mankind is **Man**. His origin and his end; the structure of his body and the powers of his mind; his situation and his connexions; are all capable of yielding us boundless and edifying instruction.

In observing mankind, the private and familiar views of their character are by far the most curious, interesting, and profitable. The greater part of our history is composed of minute and common incidents; and little and ordinary things serve more to discover a man, and conduct more to render him useful than splendid and rare occurrences. Abroad a man appears cautious; at home he is unreserved. Abroad he is artificial; at home he is real. Abroad he is useful; at home he is necessary; and of this we may be fully assured, that a man is in truth what he is in his own family, whether vicious or virtuous, tyrannical or mild, miserable or happy.

One of the most agreeable scenes we can ever survey upon earth, is a peaceful and happy family; where friendship comes in to draw more closely the bonds of nature; where the individuals resemble the human body, and if one member suffer, all the mem-

bers suffer with it, and if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice ; where every care is divided, every sorrow diminished, every joy redoubled, by discovery, by sympathy, by communion ; where mutual confidence prevails, and advice, consolation, and succour are reciprocally given and received. To such a sight God himself calls our attention ; "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Some things are good but not pleasant, and some things are pleasant but not good. Here both are combined, and the effect is fragrant as the sacred perfume, and reviving as the influences of Heaven.

"Who will shew me any good?" is the cry. The world passing along hears it, and says, Follow me, emulate this splendour, mix with this throng, pursue these diversions. We comply. We run, and we run in vain. The prize was nigh us when we began ; but our folly drew us away from it. Let us return home, and we shall find it. Let us remember that happiness prefers calmness to noise, and the shades to publicity ; that it depends more upon things cheap and common, than upon things expensive and singular ; that it is not an exotic which we are to import from the ends of the earth, but a plant which grows in our own field and in our own garden.

It does not depend upon RANK and AFFLUENCE. It is confined to no particular condition ; the servant may enjoy it as well as the master ; the mechanic as well as the nobleman. It exhilarates the cottage as well as the palace. What am I saying ? What says common opinion ? Does it not invariably associate more enjoyment with the lowly roof, than with the towering mansion ? Ask those who have risen from inferior life, whether their satisfaction has increased with their circumstances ; whether they have never advanced to the brow of the eminence they have ascended, and looking down sighed, "Ah ! happy vale, from how much was I sheltered while I was in thee !" There can be indeed but one opinion concern-

ing the wretchedness of those who have not the necessaries of life. But "Nature is content with little, and Grace with less." "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife."

*"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
"Thy homely joys and destiny obscure,
"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
"The short and simple annals of the poor."*

In vain will he be tempted to go abroad for company or for pleasure, whose home supplies him with both. "And what," says he, "are the amusements and dissipations of the world? I have better enjoyments already; enjoyments springing fresh from our rural walks, from our social evenings, from our reading and conversation, from our cheerful lively mutual devotion. Here are pleasures perpetually renewing and which never cloy. Here are entertainments placed easily within our reach, and which require no laborious preparation, no costly arrangement. Here I acknowledge only the dominion of nature; and follow only the bias of inclination. Here I have no weakness to hide, no mistakes to dread. Here my gratifications are attended with no disgrace, no remorse. They leave no stain, no sting behind. I fear no reproach from my understanding, no reckoning from my conscience; my prayers are not hindered. My heart is made better. I am softened, prepared for duty, allured to the Throne of Grace. And can I be induced to exchange all this, O ye votaries of the world, for your anxieties, confusion, agitations, and expense? Shall I part with my ease and independence, for the trammels of your silly forms, the encumbrance of your fashions, the hypocrisies of your crowds? Shall I resign my freedom for the privilege of your slavery, which so often compels you to disguise your sentiments, to subdue your gen-

uine feelings, to applaud folly, to yawn under a lethargy of pleasure, and to sing for the hours of retirement and release? Shall I sacrifice my innocent endearments, to pursue the fatal routine of your dissipation, the end of which is heaviness, and from which you return deprived of seasonable rest, robbed of peace of mind, galled by reflection, disinclined to prayer, feeling the presence of God irksome, and the approach of death intolerable?"

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
 "Of Paradise that has escap'd the fall!
 "Thou art not known where pleasure is ador'd,
 "That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist,
 "Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
 "Of honour, dignity, and fair renown."

Section XVIII.

ON PATIENCE.

Patience is to be displayed in bearing PROVOCATION. "It must needs be that offence will come." Our opinions, reputations, connections, offices, businesses, render us widely vulnerable. The characters of men are various; their pursuits and their interests perpetually clash. Some try us by their ignorance, some by their folly, some by their perverseness, some by their malice. There are to be found persons made up of every thing disagreeable and mischievous; born only to vex, a burden to themselves, and a torment to all around them. Here is an opportunity for the triumph of patience, here is a theatre on which a man may exhibit his character, and appear a fretful, waspish reptile, or a placid, pardoning God. We are very susceptive of irritation; anger is eloquent; revenge is sweet. But to stand calm and collected; to suspend the blow,

which passion was urgent to strike; to drive the reasons of clemency as far as they will go; to bring forward fairly in view the circumstances of mitigation; to distinguish between surprise and deliberation, infirmity and crime; or if an infliction be deemed necessary, to leave God to be both the judge and the executioner—This a christian should labour after.

His peace requires it. People love to sting the passionate. They who are easily provoked, commit their repose to the keeping of their enemies; they lie down at their feet, and invite them to strike.—The man of temper places himself beyond vexations, interruption and insult. “He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls,” into which enter over the ruins, toads, serpents, vagrants, thieves, enemies; while the man, who in patience possesses his soul, has the command of himself, places a defence all around him, and forbids the entrance of such unwelcome company to offend or discompose.

His wisdom requires it. “He that is slow to anger is of great undersanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.” “Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.” Wisdom gives us large, various, comprehensive, sailing-round views of things: the very exercise operates as a diversion, affords the mind time to cool, and furnishes numberless circumstances tending to soften severity. Such is the meekness of wisdom. Thus candour is the offspring of knowledge.

His dignity requires it. “It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression.” “Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.” The man provoked to revenge, is conquered, and loses the glory of the struggle; while he who forbears, comes off a victor, crowned with no common laurels; for, “he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.” A flood assails a rock, and rolls off, unable to make

an impression ; while straws and boughs are borne off in triumph, carried down the stream, "driven with the wind, and tossed."

It is also required by examples the most worthy of our imitation. What provocations had Joseph received from his brethren ! but he scarcely mentions the crime, so eager is he to announce the pardon : " and he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt : now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither ; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Hear David : "they rewarded me evil for good, to the spoiling of my soul. But as for me, when they were sick my clothing was sackloth : I humbled my soul with fasting, and my prayer returned into my bosom. I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother : I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother !" View Stephen, dying under a shower of stones : he more than pardons ; he prays ; he is more concerned for his enemies, than for himself ; in praying for himself, he stood in praying for his enemies, he kneeled ; he kneeled and said, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." A greater than Joseph, a greater than David, a greater than Stephen, is here. He endured every kind of insult ; but "when he was reviled, he reviled not again : when he suffered, he threatened not ; but committed himself to Him that judged righteously."

Go to the foot of the cross, and behold him suffering for us, leaving us an example "that we should follow his steps." Every thing conspired to render the provocation heinous ; the nature of the offence, the meanness and obligations of the offenders, the righteousness of his cause, the grandeur of his person ; all these seemed to call for vengeance. The creatures were eager to punish. Peter drew his sword. The sun resolved to shine on such criminals no longer. The rocks asked leave to crush them. The earth trembles under the sinful load. The very dead cannot remain in their graves. He suffers them

all to testify their sympathy, but forbids their revenge ; and lest the Judge of all should pour forth **his** fury, he instantly cries, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." " Here is the patience of" a God.

Section XIX.

CHRISTIANITY A PRACTICAL PRINCIPLE.

All the doctrines of the Gospel are practical principles. The word of God was not written, the Son of God was not incarnate, the Spirit of God was not given, only that christians might obtain right views, and possess just notions. Religion is something more than mere correctness of intellect, justness of conception, and exactness of judgement. It is a life-giving principle. It must be infused into the habit, as well as govern in the understanding : it must regulate the will as well as direct the creed. It must not only cast the opinions into a new frame, but the heart into a new mould. It is a transforming as well as a penetrating principle. It changes the tastes, gives activity to the inclinations, and, together with a new heart, produces a new life.

There is a class of visionary, but pious writers who seem to shoot as far beyond the mark, as mere moralists fall short of it. Men of low views and gross minds may be said to be wise *below* what is written, while those of too subtle refinement are wise *above* it. The one grovel in the dust from the inertness of their intellectual faculties ; while the others are lost in the clouds by stretching them beyond their appointed limits. The one build spiritual castles in the air, instead of erecting them on the " holy ground" of Scripture ; the other lay their foundation in the sand instead of resting it on the rock of ages. Thus, the superstructure of both is equally unsound.

God is the fountain from which all the streams of goodness flow ; the centre from which all the rays of blessedness diverge. All our actions are, therefore, only good, as they have a reference to Him : the streams must revert back to their fountain, the rays must converge again to their centre.

If love of God be the governing principle, this powerful spring will actuate all the movements of the rational machine. The essence of religion does not so much consist in actions as affections. Though right actions, therefore, as from an excess of courtesy they are commonly termed, may be performed where there are no right affections ; yet are they a mere carcase, utterly destitute of the soul, and, therefore, of the substance of virtue. But neither can affections substantially and truly subsist without producing right actions ; for never let it be forgotten that a pious inclination which has not life and vigour sufficient to ripen into act when the occasion presents itself, and a right action which does not grow out of a sound principle, will neither of them have any place in the account of real goodness. A good inclination will be contrary to sin, but a mere inclination will not subdue sin.

The love of God, as it is the source of every right action and feeling, so it is the only principle which necessarily involves the love of your fellow creatures. As man we do not love man. There is a love of partiality but not of benevolence ; of sensibility but not of philanthropy ; of friends and favourites, of parties and societies, but not of man collectively. It is true we may, and do, without this principle, relieve his distresses, but we do not bear with his faults. We may promote his fortune, but we do not forgive his offences ; above all, we are not anxious for his immortal interests. We could not see him want without pain, but we can see him sin without emotion. We could not hear of a beggar perishing at our door without horror, but we can, without concern, witness an acquaintance dying without repentance. Is it not

strange that we must participate something of the divine nature, before we can really love the human ; It seems, indeed, to be an insensibility to sin, rather than want of benevolence to mankind, that makes us naturally pity their temporal and be careless of their spiritual wants ; but does not this very insensibility proceed from the want of love to God ?

All virtues, it cannot be too often repeated, are sanctified or unhallowed according to the principle which dictates them : and will be accepted or rejected accordingly. This principle, kept in due exercise, becomes a habit, and every act strengthens the inclination, adding vigour to the principle and pleasure to the performance.

Every individual should bear in mind, that he is sent into this world to act a part in it. And though one may have a more splendid, and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of each is equally, is awfully accountable. Though God is not a hard, he is an exact Master. His service, though not a severe, is a reasonable service. He accurately proportions his requisitions to his gifts. If he does not expect that one talent should be as productive as five, yet to even a single talent a proportionable responsibility is annexed.

What an example of disinterested goodness and unbounded kindness, have we in our heavenly father, who is merciful over all his works, who distributes common blessings without distinction, who bestows the necessary refreshment of life, the shining sun and the refreshing shower, without waiting, as we are apt to do, for personal merit, or attachment, or gratitude ; who does not look out for desert, but want as a qualification for his favours ; who does not afflict willingly, who delights in the happiness, and desires the salvation of all his children, who dispenses his daily munificence and bears with our daily offences ; who in return for our violation of his laws, supplies our necessities, who waits patiently for our repentance, and even solicits us to have mercy on our own souls !

What a model for our humble imitation, is that divine person who was clothed with our humanity ; who dwelt among us, that the pattern being brought near, might be rendered more engaging, the conformity be made more practicable ; whose whole life was one unbroken series of universal charity ; who in his complicated bounties, never forgot that man is compounded both of soul and body ; who after teaching the multitude, fed them ; who repulsed none for being ignorant ; was impatient with none for being dull ; despised none for being condemned by the world ; rejected none for being sinners ; who encouraged those whose importunity others censured ; who in healing sicknesses converted souls, who gave bread and forgave injuries !

There cannot be a more striking instance, how emphatically every doctrine of the Gospel has a reference to practical goodness, than is exhibited by St. Paul, in that magnificent picture of the Resurrection, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, which our Church has happily selected, for the consolation of survivors at the last closing scene of mortality. After an inference as triumphant, as it is logical, that because "Christ has risen, we shall rise also ;" after the most philosophical illustration of the raising of the body from the dust, by the process of grain sown in the earth and springing up into a new mode of existence ; after describing the subjugation of all things to the Redeemer, and his laying down the mediatorial Kingdom ; after sketching with a seraph's pencil, the relative glories of the celestial and terrestrial bodies ; after exhausting the grandest images of created nature, and the dissolution of nature itself ; after such a display of the solemnities of the great day, as makes this world, and all its concerns shriek into nothing : In such a moment, when, if ever, the rapt spirit might be supposed too highly wrought for precept and admonition—the apostle wound up, as he was, by the energies of inspiration, to the immediate view of the glorified state—the last trump sounding—the change

from mortal to immortality effected in the twinkling of an eye—the sting of death drawn out—victory snatched from the grave—then, by a turn, as surprising as it is beautiful, he draws a conclusion as unexpectedly practical as his premises were grand and awful:—“*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.*” Then at once, by another quick transition, resorting from the duty of the reward, and winding up the whole with an argument as powerful, as his rhetoric had been sublime, he adds—“*forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.*”

Chapter IV.

SELECT SPEECHES.

ON PREJUDICE.

A man deceives himself oftener than he misleads others ; and he does injustice from his errors, when his principles are all on the side of rectitude. To exhort him to overcome his prejudices, is like telling a blind man to see. He may be disposed to overcome them, and yet be unable because they are unknown to himself. When prejudice is once known, it is no longer prejudice, it becomes corruption ; but so long as it is not known, the possessor cherishes it without guilt ; he feels indignation for vice, and pays homage to virtue ; and yet does injustice. It is the apprehension that you may thus mistake—that you may call your prejudices principles, and believe them such, and that their effects may appear to you the fruits of virtue ; which leads us so anxiously to repeat the request, that you would examine your hearts, and ascertain that you do not come here with partial minds. In ordinary cases there is no reason for this precaution. Jurors are so appointed by the institutions of our country, as to place them out of the reach of improper influence on common occasions ; at least as much so as frail humanity will permit.

But when a cause has been a long time the subject of party discussion—when every man among us belongs to one party or the other, or at least is so considered—the necessary consequence must be, that opinion will progress one way—that the stream of incessant exertion will wear a channel in the public mind ; and the current may be strong enough to carry away those who may be jurors, though they know not how, or when, they received the impulse that hurries them forward.

I am fortunate enough not to know, with respect to most of you, to what political party you belong. Are you republican federalists? I ask you to forget it; leave all your political opinions behind you; for it would be more mischievous, that you should acquit the defendant from the influence of these, than that an innocent man, by mistake, should be convicted. In the latter case, his would be the misfortune, and to him would it be confined; but in the other, you violate the principle, and the consequence may be ruin. Consider what would be the effect of an impression on the public mind, that in consequence of party opinion and feelings, the defendant was acquitted. Would there still be recourse to the laws, and to the justice of the country? Would the passions of the citizen, in a moment of phrenzy, be calmed by looking forward to the decision of courts of law for justice? Rather every individual would become the avenger of imaginary transgression—Violence would be repaid with violence: havoc would produce havoc; and instead of a peaceable recurrence to the tribunals of justice, the spectre of civil discord would be seen stalking through our streets, scattering desolation, misery and crimes.

Such may be the consequences of indulging political prejudice on this day; and if so, you are amenable to your country and your God. This I say to you who are federalists; and have I not as much right to speak thus to those who are democratic republicans? That liberty which you cherish with so much ardour depends on your preserving yourselves impartial in a court of justice. It is proved by the history of man, at least of civil society, that the moment the judicial power becomes corrupt, liberty expires. What is liberty but the enjoyment of your rights, free from outrage or danger? And what security have you for these, but an impartial administration of justice? Life, liberty, reputation, property, and domestic happiness, are all under its peculiar protection. It is the judicial power, uncorrupt-

ted, that brings to the dwelling of every citizen, all the blessings of civil society, and makes it dear to man. Little has the private citizen to do with the other branches of government. What to him are the great and splendid events that aggrandize a few eminent men and make a figure in history? His domestic happiness is not less real because it will not be recorded for posterity: but this happiness is his no longer than courts of justice protect it. It is true, injuries cannot always be prevented; but while the fountains of justice are pure, the sufferer is sure of a recompense.

Contemplate the intermediate horrors and final despotism, that must result from mutual deeds of vengeance, when there is no longer an impartial judiciary, to which contending parties may appeal, with full confidence that principles will be respected. Fearful must be the interval of anarchy; fierce the alternate pangs of rage and terror; till one party shall destroy the other, and a gloomy despotism terminate the struggles of conflicting faction. Again, I beseech you to abjure your prejudices. In the language once addressed from Heaven to the Hebrew prophet, "Put off your shoes for the ground on which you stand is holy." You are the open friends, the devoted worshippers of civil liberty; will you violate her sanctuary? Will you profane her temple of justice? Will you commit sacrilege while you kneel at her altar?

Section II.

DISQUISITION ON PATRIOTISM.

It is the opinion of many, that self-love is the grand impelling spring in the human machine. This sentiment is either utterly false, or the principle, as displayed in some actions, becomes so exceedingly refined, as to merit a much more engaging name. For,

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if the man, who weeps in secret for the miseries of others and privately tenders relief ; who sacrifices his ease, his property, his health, his reputation, and even his life, to save his country, be actuated by self love ; it is a principle inferior only to that, which prompted the Saviour of the world to die for man ; and is but another name for perfect disinterestedness.

Patriotism, whether we reflect upon the benevolence which gives it birth, the magnitude of its object, the happy effect which it produces, or the height to which it exalts the human character, by the glorious actions of which it is the cause, must be considered as the noblest of all the social virtues. The patriot is influenced by love for his fellow men, and an ardent desire to preserve sacred and inviolate their natural rights. His philanthropic views, not confined to the small circle of his private friends, are so extensive, as to embrace the liberty and happiness of a whole nation.—That he may be instrumental under heaven to maintain and secure these invaluable blessings to his country, he devotes his wealth, his fame, his life, his all ; glorious sacrifice ! what more noble !

To the honour of humanity, the histories of almost every age and nation are replete with examples of this elevated character. Every period of the world has afforded its heroes and patriots : men who could soar above the narrow views and grovelling principles, which actuate so great a part of the human species, and drown every selfish consideration in the love of their country. But we need not advert to the annals of other ages and nations, as the history of our own country points with so much pleasure, veneration, and gratitude, to the illustrious WASHINGTON. Before him the heroes of antiquity, shorn of their beams, like stars before the rising sun, hide their heads with shame. Uniting in his own character, the courage and enterprising spirit of Hannibal, the prudent wisdom of Fabius, the disinterestedness of Cincinnatus, and the virtues and military talents of the Scipios, he could not fail to succeed in the glorious undertaking

of giving liberty and happiness to a people who dared to be free. Whilst he lived, he proved a rich blessing to his country, a bright example to the dawning patriotism of the old world, the terror of despotism, and the delight and admiration of all mankind.

Section III.

BURKE'S EULOGY ON HIS SON.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring, of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute; has ordained it in another manner, and

(whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me ; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours ; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth ! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But while I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dung-hill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone, I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in this world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury ; it is a privilege ; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct ; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I lived in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me ; I owe it to him to shew that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

Section IV.

THE IMPORTANCE AND BLESSINGS
OF UNION.

It has often given me pleasure to observe, that independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories, but that one connected, fertile, wide-spreading country, was the portion of our western sons of liberty. Providence has in a particular manner blessed it with a variety of soils and productions, and watered it with innumerable streams, for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants. A succession of navigable waters form a kind of chain round its borders, as if to bind it together; while the most noble rivers in the world, running at convenient distances, present them with highways for the easy communication of friendly aids, and the mutual transportation and exchange of their various commodities.

With equal pleasure I have as often taken notice, that Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people; a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs; and who, by their joint counsels, arms, and efforts, fighting side by side, throughout a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general liberty and independence.

This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it was the design of Providence, that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren, united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous, and alien sovereignties.

Similar sentiments have hitherto prevailed among all orders and denominations of men among us. To all general purposes, we have uniformly been one peo-

ple. Each individual citizen every where enjoying the same national rights, privileges, and protection. As a nation, we have made peace and war : as a nation, we have vanquished our common enemies : as a nation, we have formed alliances, and made treaties, and entered into various compacts and conventions with foreign states.

Queen Ann, in her letter of the 1st July, 1706, to the Scotch Parliament, makes some observations on the importance of the *Union* then forming between England and Scotland, which merit our attention.

I shall present the public with one extract from it. "An entire and perfect union will be the solid foundation of lasting peace : it will secure your religion, liberty, and property ; remove the animosities amongst yourselves, and the jealousies and difference betwixt our two kingdoms. It must increase your strength, riches, and trade ; and by this union the whole island being joined in affection, and free from all apprehensions of different interests, will be enabled to resist all its enemies. We most earnestly recommend to you calmness and unanimity in this great and weighty affair, that the union may be brought to a happy conclusion, being the only *effectual* way to secure our present and future happiness ; and disappoint the designs of our and your enemies, who will, doubtless, on this occasion, *use their utmost endeavours to prevent or delay this union.*"

A strong sense of the value and blessings of Union induced the people, at a very early period, to institute a federal government to preserve and perpetuate it. They formed it almost as soon as they had a political existence ; nay, at a time, when their habitations were in flames, when many of them were bleeding in the field.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first, but every succeeding Congress, as well as the Convention, invariably joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depended on its Union. To preserve and perpetuate it, was the great object of the

people in forming the Convention ; and it is also the great object of the plan which the Convention has advised them to adopt. With what propriety, therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made, by some men, to deprecate the importance of the Union ? or why is it suggested that three or four confederacies would be better than one ? I am persuaded in my own mind, that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachments to the cause of the Union, rests on great and weighty reasons.

They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy : that certainly would be the case ; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim, in the words of the Poet, "**FAREWELL ! A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS !**"

Section V.

ON THE DANGER OF WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

If these states should either be wholly disunited, or only united in partial confederacies, a man must be far gone in Utopian speculations, who can seriously doubt that the subdivisions into which they might be thrown, would have frequent and violent contests with each other. To presume a want of motives for such contests, as an argument against their existence, would be to forget that men are ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious. To look for a continuation of harmony between a number of independent unconf-

nected sovereignties, situated in the same neighbourhood, would be to disregard the uniform course of human events, and to set at defiance the accumulated experience of ages.

The causes of hostility among nations are innumerable. There are some which have a general and almost constant operation upon the collective bodies of society. Of this description are the love of power, or the desire of pre-eminence and dominion—the jealousy of power, or the desire of equality and safety. There are others which have a more circumscribed, though an equally operative influence, within their spheres: such are the rivalships and competitions of commerce between commercial nations. And there are others, not less numerous than either of the former, which take their origin entirely in private passions; in the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes, and fears, of leading individuals in the communities of which they are members. Men of this class, whether the favourites of a king or of a people, have in too many instances abused the confidence they possessed; and assuming the pretext of some public motive, have not scrupled to sacrifice the national tranquility to personal advantage, or personal gratification.

To multiply examples of the agency of personal considerations, in the production of great national events, either foreign or domestic, according to their direction, would be an unnecessary waste of time. Those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the sources from which they are to be drawn, will themselves recollect a variety of instances; and those who have a tolerable knowledge of human nature, will not stand in need of such lights, to form their opinion either of the reality or extent of that agency.

From what has taken place in other countries, whose situations have borne the nearest resemblance to our own, what reason can we have to confide in those reviews, which would seduce us into the ex-

pectation of peace and cordiality between the members of the present confederacy, in a state of separation? Have we not already seen enough of the fallacy and extravagance of those idle theories which have amused us with promises of an exemption from the imperfections, the weaknesses, and the evils incident to society in every shape? Is it not time to awake from the deceitful dream of a golden age, and to adopt as a practical maxim for the direction of our political conduct, that we, as well as the other inhabitants of the globe, are yet remote from the happy empire of perfect wisdom and perfect virtue?

So far is the general sense of mankind from corresponding with the tenets of those, who endeavour to lull asleep our apprehensions of discord and hostility between the States, in the event of disunion, that it has, from long observation of the progress of society, become a sort of axiom in politics, that vicinity or nearness of situation, constitutes nations natural enemies. An intelligent writer expresses himself on this subject to this effect: " *Neighbouring nations* (says he,) are naturally *enemies* of each other, unless their common weakness forces them to league in a *confederate republic*, and their constitution prevents the differences that neighbourhood occasions, extinguishing that secret jealousy, which disposes all states to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their neighbours." This passage, at the same time, points out the *evil* and suggests the *remedy*.

Section VI.

SUBJECT CONTINUED.

It is sometimes asked, with an air of seeming triumph, what inducements the states could have, if disunited, to make war upon each other? It would be a full answer to this question to say,—precisely

the same inducements which have, at different times, deluged in blood all the nations in the world. But unfortunately for us, the question admits of a more particular answer. There are causes of difference within our immediate contemplation, of the tendency of which even under the restraints of a federal constitution, we have had sufficient experience to enable us to form a judgment of what might be expected, if those restraints were removed.

Territorial disputes have, at all times, been found one of the most fertile sources of hostility among nations. Perhaps the greatest proportion of the wars that have desolated the earth have sprung from this origin. This cause would exist among us in full force. We have a vast tract of unsettled territory within the boundaries of the United States. There still are discordant and unsettled claims between several of them, and the dissolution of the union would lay a foundation for similar claims between them all.

In the wide field of western territory, therefore, we perceive an ample theatre for hostile pretensions, without any umpire or common judge to interpose between the contending parties. To reason from the past to the future, we shall have good ground to apprehend, that the sword would sometimes be appealed to as the arbiter of their differences. The circumstances of the dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, respecting the lands at Wyoming, admonish us not to be sanguine in expecting an easy accommodation of such differences. The articles of confederation obliged the parties to submit the matter to the decision of a federal court. The submission was made, and the court decided in favour of Pennsylvania. But Connecticut gave strong indications of dissatisfaction with that determination; nor did she appear to be entirely resigned to it, till by negociation and management, something like an equivalent was found for the loss she supposed herself to have sustained. Nothing here said, is intended to convey the slightest censure on the conduct of that state. She,

no doubt, sincerely believed herself to have been injured by the decision ; and states, like individuals acquiesce with great reluctance, in determinations to their disadvantage.

The competitions of commerce would be another fruitful source of contention. The states less favourably circumstanced, would be desirous of escaping from the disadvantages of local situation, and of sharing in the advantages of their more fortunate neighbours. Each state, or separate confederacy, would pursue a system of commercial policy, peculiar to itself. This would occasion distinctions, preferences and exclusions, which would beget discontent. The habits of intercourse, on the basis of equal privileges, to which we have been accustomed from the earliest settlement of the country, would give a keener edge to those causes of discontent, than they would naturally have, independent of this circumstance. *We should be ready to denominate injuries, those things which were in reality the justifiable acts of independent sovereignties consulting a distinct interest.* The spirit of enterprise, which characterizes the commercial part of America, has left no occasion of displaying itself unimproved. It is not at all probable, that this unbridled spirit would pay much respect to those regulations of trade, by which particular states might endeavour to secure exclusive benefits to their own citizens. The infractions of these regulations on one side ; the efforts to prevent and repel them on the other, would naturally lead to outrages, and these to reprisals and wars.

The public debt of the Union would be a further cause of collision between the separate states or confederacies. The apportionment, in the first instance, and the progressive extinguishment, afterwards, would be alike productive of ill humour and animosity. How would it be possible to agree upon a rule of apportionment, satisfactory to all ? There is scarcely any that can be proposed, which is entirely free from real objections. These, as usual, would be exaggerated by the adverse interest of the parties.

If even the rule adopted should in practice justify the equality of its principle, still delinquencies in payment on the part of some of the states, would result from a diversity of other causes—the real deficiency of resources; the mismanagement of their finances; accidental disorders in the administration of the government; and in addition to the rest, the reluctance with which men commonly part with money, for purposes that have outlived the exigencies which produced them, and interfere with the supply of immediate want. Delinquencies, from whatever causes, would be productive of complaists, recriminations, and quarrels. There is, perhaps, nothing more likely to disturb the tranquility of nations, than their being bound to mutual contributions for any common object, which does not yield an equal and coincident benefit. For it is an observation as true as it is trite, that there is nothing that men differ so readily about, as the payment of money.

America, if not connected at all, or only by the feeble tie of a simple league offensive and defensive, would, by the operation of such opposite and jarring alliances, be gradually entangled in all the pernicious labyrinths of European politics and wars; and by the destructive contentions of the parts into which she was divided, would be likely to become a prey to the artifices and machinations of powers equally the enemies of them all. *Divide et impera* must be the motto of every nation that either hates or fears us.

Section VII.

CHARACTER OF MOSES.

Among those occasions which have lifted man above his ordinary sphere, none have displayed with more splendor, either talents, or virtues, than the revolutions of religion and empire. The conquest of na-

tions, and the subversion of governments, formed, as well as exhibited, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Timur-bec, Kouli Khan, Frederic 2d. Hyder Ali, and various others of a similar character. To all these the pride of victory, the extension of conquest, and the increase of dominion, rose in full view ; and, with a fascination wholly irresistible, prompted them to contrive, to dare, and to attempt, beyond the limits of ordinary belief. When we contemplate these men, however, our admiration is always mingled with disgust ; and the few things in their characters, which claim esteem, are lost in the multitude of those, which force abhorrence. The lustre shed around them is gloomy and dismal : a glare of Avernus ; a "darkness visible ;" at which the eye gazes with a mixture of astonishment and horror. We sicken, while we read their exploits ; and blush, that such scourges of the world should have claimed a common nature with ourselves.

But there have been happier occasions for calling into action, and into light, the superior faculties of man. Empire and religion have, at times, changed for the better. Men have arisen, whom the world has not only admired, but revered, and loved ; to whom applause was not the mere outcry of astonishment, but the silent and steady testimony of the understanding, the cheerful and instinctive tribute of the heart. When oppression was to be resisted, government to be reformed, or the moral state of mankind to be renewed, the Ruler of the universe has always supplied the means, and the agents. Where to the human eye the whole face of things has worn an uniform level ; where every family was lost in insignificance, and every citizen was a peasant, and a slave ; energy, asleep under the pressure of weary circumstances, and talents, veiled by humble and hopeless obscurity, have been roused into action and pushed forward to distinction and glory.

Among the men, who, at such periods, have risen to eminence, the Prophet Moses is unquestionably

the first. In all the talents which enlarge the human mind, and all the virtues which ennoble the human heart, in the amiableness of private life and the dignity of a ruler, in dangers hazarded and difficulties overcome, in splendor of destination and the enjoyment, and proofs, of divine complacency, he is clearly without a rival. Companions, perhaps superiors, he may find in some single walk of greatness; but in the whole progress he is hitherto alone.

For this pre-eminence he was plainly fitted by nature, and education, by the manner of his life, and the field of his employment. Born with a soul superior to his kind, educated in the first school of wisdom, trained to arms, and to policy, in the most improved and powerful court in the world, and nurtured in wisdom still more sublime in the quiet retreats of Midian, he came forth to his great scene of public action, with the most happy preparation both for success and glory. God was about to accomplish a more important revolution than had ever taken place, and had formed and finished the instrument, which so illustrious a design required.

In whatever course of life, in whatever branch of character, we trace this great man, we find almost every thing to approve, and love, and scarcely any thing to lament, or censure. When we see him at the burning bush, sacrificing his diffidence to his duty, and resolving finally to attempt the first great liberation of mankind; when we accompany him to the presence of Pharoah, and hear him demand the release of the miserable victims of his tyranny; when we behold him laying Egypt waste, and summoning all the great engines of terror and destruction to overcome the obstinacy and wickedness of her monarch; when we follow him to the Red Sea, and behold the waters divide at his command, to open a passage for the millions of Israel; and at the same command return, to deluge the Egyptian host; when we trace him through the wonders of Sinai, and of the wilderness; when we mark his steady faith in God, his undoubting obedience to

every divine command, his unexampled patriotism, immovable by ingratitude, rebellion, and insult, his cheerful communication of every office of power and profit to others, and his equally cheerful exclusion of his own descendants from all places of distinction ; when we consider his glorious integrity in adhering always to the duties of his office, unseduced by power and splendor, unmoved by national and singular homage, unawed by faction and opposition, undaunted by danger and difficulty, and unaltered by provocation, obloquy, and distress ; when we see him meek beyond example, and patient and persevering through forty years of declining life, in toil, hazard, and trial ; when we read in his writings the frank records of his own failings, and those of his family, friends, and nation, and the first efforts of the historian, the poet, the orator, and the lawgiver ; when we see all the duties of self government, benevolence, and piety, which he taught, exactly displayed in a life approximating to angelic virtue ; when we behold him the deliverer of his nation, the restorer of truth, the pillar of righteousness, and the reformer of mankind ; his whole character shines with a radiance, like the splendor, which his face derived from the Son of Righteousness, and on which the human eye could not endure to look. He is every where the same glorious person ; the man of God ; selected from the race of Adam ; called up into the mountain that burned with fire ; ascending to meet his Creator ; embosoming himself in the clouds of Sinai ; walking calmly onward through the thunders and lightnings ; and serenely advancing to the immediate presence, and converse, of Jehovah. He is the greatest of all prophets ; the first type of the Saviour ; conducted to Pisgah, unclothed of mortal flesh, and entombed in the dust, by the immediate hand of the Most High.

Section VIII.

THE FORCE OF TALENTS.

Talents, wherever they have had a suitable theatre have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The celebrated Camden, is said to have been the tenant of a garret. Yet from the darkness, poverty, and ignominy, of this residence, he advanced to distinction and wealth, and graced the first offices and titles of our island. It is impossible to turn over the British Biography, without being struck and charmed by the multitude of correspondent examples; a venerable group of *novi homines*, as the Romans called them; men who from the lowest depths of obscurity and want, and without even the influence of a patron, have risen to the first honours of their country, and founded their own families anew. In every nation, and in every age, great talents, thrown fairly into the point of public observation, will invariably produce the same ultimate effect. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancour of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory. When the great earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons, and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament, and the British nation, by the boldness, the force and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the Minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, (from motives very easily understood) exerted all their wit, all their oratory,

all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world—Poor and powerless attempt!—The tables were turned, He rose upon them in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease, as Hercules did the serpent, Python. Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering and sublime! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade—it would be unjust that it should lift them higher.

It is true, there always are, and always will be, in every society individuals, who will fancy themselves examples of genius overlooked, under-rated, or invidiously oppressed. But the misfortune of such persons is imputable to their vanity, and not to the public opinion, which has weighed and graduated them.

In spite of every thing, the public opinion, will finally do justice to us all. The man who comes fairly

before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, (and least of all the truly great man) has reason to droop or repine at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with the view to depress him; since he may rely on the universal and unchanging truth, that talents, which are before the world, will most inevitably find their proper level; and that is certainly, all that a just man should desire. Let, then, the temper of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him: and any attempt to extinguish that will be as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."

Section IX.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S SPEECH TO THE FIRST CONGRESS, APRIL 30TH, 1789.

With the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the counsels of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration, to execute with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Au-

thor of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which, the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

By the article establishing the executive department, it is made the duty of the president "to recommend to your consideration, such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The circumstances under which I now meet you, will acquit me from entering into that subject further than to refer you to the great constitutional charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances, and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me to substitute in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honourable qualifications,

I behold the surest pledges, that as on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests: So, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the pre-eminence of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness—between duty and advantage—between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity. Since we ought to be no less persuaded, that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained. And since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people.

Instead of undertaking particular recommendations in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good: For I assure myself, that whilst you carefully avoid every alteration which might endanger the benefits of an united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience; a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen, and a regard for the public harmony, will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the questions, how far the former can be more impregnably

fortified, or the latter be safely and more advantageously promoted.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since he has been pleased to favour the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this government must depend.

Section X.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.....FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, 1796.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial,

habitual and immovable attachment to it ; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; disowning whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together ; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest.—Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The *north* in an unrestrained intercourse with the *south*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and, precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *south* in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *north*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *north*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated : and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase

the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted.—The *east*, in a like intercourse with the *west*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home.—The *west* derives from the *east*, supplies requisite to its growth and comfort—and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the union, directed by an indissoluble community of interests as *one nation*.—Any other tenure by which the *west* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resources, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations;—and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as a matter of a serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *geographical* discriminations: *northern* and *southern*—*atlantic* and *western*;—whence designing men may endeavour to excite a be-

lief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations ; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations, and associations under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, controul, counteract, or awe the regular deliberations and actions of the constituted authorities, are destructive of the fundamental principles of our government, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction ; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force ; to put it in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprizing minority of the community ; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of fashion, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reigns of government ; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles that have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

THE ORATOR.

Part III.

PIECES IN POETRY.

RULES FOR READING POETRY.

Rule I. As the exact tone of the passion, emotion, or sentiment which verse excites, is not, at the commencement of a piece with which we are not acquainted, easy to hit, it will be proper to begin a poem in a simple and almost prosaic stile, and so proceed till we are warmed by the subject, and feel the passion or emotion we wish to express.

Rule II. Pronounce poetry with that measured, harmonious flow, which distinguishes it from prose. Avoid, in honouring the smoothness and melody of verse, all monotony sing-song, and bombastic cant, which too often usurp the place of graceful and harmonious reading.

Rule III. In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis as in prose. If by observing this rule, some poetry should be reduced to prose, the fault must rest with the poet, not with the reader.

In the first example which follows, the word *as* should have no accent, because it is a light syllable in both lines—the word *excellent* in the second, and *eloquence* in the third example, must have the accent upon the first syllables, and not upon the last, as the verse requires :

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly *as* it flies,
And catch the manners living *as* they rise.

Their praise is still the stile is *excellent* ;
The sense they humbly take upon content.

False eloquence like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place.

Rule IV. The vowel *e*, which is frequently cut off and supplied by an apostrophe, as *th'*, *every*, *gen'-rous*, *dang'rous*, ought to be both written and pronounced.—Such words as *giv'n* and *heav'n*, should have the *e* in the last syllable written but not pronounced.—*To* should not be written *t'* but *to* and also pronounced. Why the present poets write *looked*, *lov-ed*, *asked*, instead of *look'd*, *lov'd*, *ask'd*, when the verse neither admits of them, nor are they ever so pronounced in prose when it is properly read, is a query I leave to themselves to solve.

Rule V. In familiar, strong, argumentative subjects, the falling inflexion should prevail, being more adapted to express activity, force, and precision: whereas light, beautiful, and particularly plaintive subjects, naturally take the rising inflexion as more expressive of such sentiments and feelings.

Rule VI. Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry, frequently require a lower tone of voice, and sameness of inflexion approaching to a monotone.

Rule VII. A simile in poetry must be read in a lower tone than that which precedes it.

Rule VIII. Where there is no pause in the sense at the end of a verse, the last word must have the same inflexion it would have in prose.

Over our heads a chrystal firmament
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the flowery arch.

Chapter I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Section I.

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLES CONTAIN VERSES, THE SOUND OF WHICH IS AN ECHO TO THE SENSE.

Soft and Rough.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother number flows :
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

Slow Motion.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow.

Swift and Easy.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

Felling Trees.

Loud sounds the axe redoubling strokes on strokes :
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown ;
Then rustling, crashing, cracking, thunder down.

Sound of a Bow String.

.....The string let fly,
Twanged short and sharp, like the shrill swallows cry.

Scylla and Charybdis.

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars ; tumultuous boil the waves.

Boisterous and Gentle Sounds.

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain :
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their hawsers ride.

Laborious and Impetuous Motion.

With many a weary step and many a groan,
Up the high hill, he heaves a huge round stone ;
The huge round stone resulting, with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.

Regular and Slow Movement.

First march the heavy mules securely slow :
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go.

Slow and Difficult Motion.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song : [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length

A Rock torn from the Brow of a Mountain.

Still gaining force, it smokes, and urg'd amain, [plain.
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the

Extent and Violence of the Waves.

The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.

Pensive Numbers.

In those deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns.

The Rage of Battle.

.....Arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord ; and the madding wheels
 Of brazen fury rag'd.

Sound Imitating Reluctance.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd :
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

Section II.**OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.**

That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace,
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic.

(For such proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.—

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it, all my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
heaven.

It was my bent to speak.—All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her hence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate :
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

"Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man :—she thank'd
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,

And that would woo her, On this hint I speak ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Section III.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE RETIRING TO REST.

Now came still evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad,
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale.
 She all night long her amorous descant sung :
 Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive : and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest :
 Man hath his daily work of body and mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh Morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'en,
 And at our pleasant labour: to reform

You flowery arbors, yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd :
" My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey : so God ordains.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike,
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet,
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?"

To whom our general ancestor reply'd :
" Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening ; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepar'd they set and rise ;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things ; which these soft fires

Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat
 Of various influence, foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish ; or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though un beheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain ; nor think though men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
 Both day and night. How often, from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others' note,
 Singing their great Creator ? Oft in bands,
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower—

.....There arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd : and under open sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole. "Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
 Which, we in our appointed work employ'd,
 Have finish'd happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
 Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race,
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

Chap II.
DIDACTIC PIECES.

Section I.

NOTHING FORMED IN VAIN.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if ought was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind !
As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole !
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things :
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude,
That this availeth nought ! Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection, to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss !
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns !
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Section II.

INDIGNANT SENTIMENTS ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES
AND HATRED ; AND ON SLAVERY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man. The natural bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own ; and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,
 Makes enemies of nations, who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? and what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 The sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation priz'd above all price ;

I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, that fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the waves
 That part us, are emancipate and loos'd.
 Slaves cannot breath in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
 Of all your empire, that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Section III.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE, FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering tho'ts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see !
 'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth

Of heaven, and earth ! awakening Nature hears
 The new-created world ; and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! Ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge : why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

Section IV.

ON VERSIFICATION.

Many by Number judge a Poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong ;
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their miads, as some to Church repair
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid to join ;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees ;"
In chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep ;"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along,
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar :
When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
While at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor stood subdued by Sound !

Section V.

ON PRIDE.

Of all the causes, which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needless pride !
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.
Pride where wit fails, steps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right Reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring :
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain ;
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But, more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes ;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Chapter III. DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

Section I.

THE MORNING IN SUMMER.

The meek eye'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow :
And from before the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened step
Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward : while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the Morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ;
And, springing from the bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song ?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams

Who would, in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk ?

Section II.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
 The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song;
 The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze :
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness seem'd thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heav'n tun'd song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods :
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceas'd ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
 And, as his stiff unwieldly bulk he rolls,
 His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning-ray.
 But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.

On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screen'd from the winter's cold,
 And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree ;
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
 With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
 Of giving thanks to God, not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but rev'rently,
 With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
 While wand'ring slowly up the river-side,
 He meditates on **Him** whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around the roots : and while he thus surveys
 With elevated joy each rural charm,
 He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)
 To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

Section III.

CHARITY—A PARAPHRASE ON THE 13TH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung ;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine ;
 That thought can reach, or Science can divine ;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth ;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law :
 Yet gracious **Charity**, indulgent guest,

Were not thy power exerted in my breast ;
 Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer :
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice ;
 My faith were form ; my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modesty, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where ever she arrives ;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
 Lays the rough part of peevish nature even ;
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows ;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power ;
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease ;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live ;
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive,

As through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
 A little we discover ; but allow,
 That more remains unseen, than Art can show :
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope ;
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams, and promises of day ;
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,

Seated sublime on his meridian throne,

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shall stand before the host of heaven confess,
For ever blessing, and forever blest.

Section IV.

THE PLEASURE AND BENEFIT OF AN IMPROVED AND WELL-DIRECTED IMAGINATION.

Oh ! blest of Heaven, who not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever blooming sweets, which from the stores
Of nature, fair Imagination culls,
To charm the enliven'd soul ! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envy'd life : though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or Imperial state ;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures, and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptur'd gold.
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfold : for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch

With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence ; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends ; but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home,
To find a kindred order ; to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mién.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the Mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers ?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of Ignorance and Rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ;
Lo ! she appears to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons : all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine : he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like Him,
Benificent and active. Thus the man

Whom nature's works instruct, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls

Chapter IV.

PATHETIC PIECES.

Section I.

REFLECTIONS ON THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand

Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle renders life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social Passions work.

Section II.

LEONIDAS' FAREWELL.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
 Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
 The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow ;
 Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.
 For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,
 His brave companions of the war demand
 Their leader's presence ; then her griefs renew'd,
 Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
 And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
 In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
 She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
 Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
 His soul no longer struggles to confine
 Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
 Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
 Amid his children, who inclose him round,
 He stands indulging tenderness and love
 In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
 Address'd to Heaven : "Thou ever living Pow'r,
 Look down propitious, sire of gods and men !
 And to this faithful woman, whose desert

May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace,
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die !"

Section III.

THE FUNERAL.

.....No place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest :—
Oft at the close of evening pray'r, the toll,
The fun'ral toll, announces solemnly
The service of the tomb ; the homeward crouds
Divide on either hand : the pomp draws near ;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
" *I am the resurrection and the life.*"
Ah me ! these youthful bearers rob'd in white,
They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could,
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoic'd to die ; for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's last days, and, hov'ring round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heav'n was nigh :—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
Her heav'nward eyes suffus'd ! Those eyes are clos'd :
Yet all her loveliness is not yet flown :
She smil'd in death, and still her cold pale face

Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wint'ry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchang'd,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell ! The slow procession stops :
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick emboss'd
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age,)—appears
Unveil'd, and on its dust the dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh ! mark that sullen sound !
On the lower'd coffin the shovell'd clay
Falls fast, and fills the void.—

Section IV.

THE GRAVE.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-light passing through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lies below ;
Sudden he starts ! and hears, *or thinks he hears*,
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dare not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder, at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, *or takes his stand*
O'er some new open'd grave ; and, strange to tell !
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,

Fast falling down her now untasted check.
Prone on the lovely grave of the dear man
She drops : whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still, she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom Love has knit and Sympathy made one !
A tie more stubborn far, than Nature's bond.
Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life and solder of society !
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O ! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors, through the underwood
Sweet murmur'ring : methought the shrill-ton'd thrush
Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note ;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
Vied with his fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh ! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste ; still the full heart
Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Chapter V. PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

Section I.

COLLINS' ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

Few productions of genius are to be found in the English Language, the recital of which is better calculated for that Exercise and preparation of the Organs indispensable for the higher graces of Oratorical expression, than the following Ode of Collins'.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire ;
In lightnings own'd his secret stings.

In one rude clash he struck the lyre—
And swept with hurry'd hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou O Hope ! with eves so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo still through all her song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd and wav'd her golden
hair :

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down.
And, with a withering look,
The war denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo :
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause betwix
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd main ;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state.
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd :
And, now, it courted Love ; now, raving call'd on
Hate.

With eyes up rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd ;
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing)
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste eye'd
 Queen,
 Satyrs, and sylvan Boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
 But, soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids,
 Amid the festal sounding shades,
 To some unweary'd minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound)
 And he amid his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Section II.

A TEA PARTY.

When the party commences, all starch'd and all
glum,
They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit mum;
They will tell you of ribbons, of cambric, of late,
How cheap they were sold—and will tell you the
place.
They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they
cough,
And complain of their servants to pass the time off.
But TEA, that enlivener of wit and of soul,
More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,
Soon loosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the *faults* of mankind.
It brings on the *tapis* their neighbour's defects,
The faults of their friends, or their wilful neglects;
Reminds them of many a good natur'd tale
About those who are *stylish* and those who are *frail*,
Till the sweet temper'd dames are converted by tea,
Into character-manglers—*Gunaikophagi*.
In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a *toast*.
Some gentle *faux pas*, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relish'd as cake:
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
With a little affected good nature, and cry
Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I.

Ah ladies, and was it by Heaven design'd
That ye should be merciful, loving and kind!
Did it form you like angels and send you below,
To prophecy peace—to bid charity flow?

And have you thus left your primeval estate,
 And wander so widely—so strangely of late ?
 Alas ! the sad course I too plainly can see,
 These evils have all come upon you through *Tea*.
 Cursed weed, that can make your fair spirits resign
 The character mild of their mission divine,
 That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,
 Which from female to female forever is due.
 Oh how nice is the texture, how fragile the frame
 Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame !
 'Tis the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath,
 And shrinks from the touch as if pregoant with death:
 How often, how often, has innocence sigh'd,
 Has beauty been reft of its honour, its pride,
 Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light,
 Been painted as dark as a demon of night ;
 All offer'd up victims—an *auto de fe*,
 At the gloomy cabals, the dark orgies of tea.
 If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
 Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
 Let me fall, I implore, in the slang wanger's claw,
 Where the evil is open, and subject to law.
 Not nibbled and mumbled, and put to the rack,
 By the sly undermining of tea party clack :
 Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
 But spare me ! oh spare me, a tea-table toasting !

Section III.

'THE THREE BLACK CROWS, OR THE PROGRESS OF UNTRUTH.'

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other, briskly, by the hand ;
 Hark-ye, says he, 'tis an odd story this,
 About the crows !—I don't know what it is,
 Reply'd his friend—No ! I'm surpris'd at that ;
 Where I come from it is the common chat :

But you shall hear ; an odd affair indeed !
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed :
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short as all the *alley* knows,
Taking a puke has thrown up *three black crows*.
Impossible !—Nay, but it's really true ;
I have it from good hands, and so may you—
From whose, I pray ? so having nam'd the man,
Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, Sir, I did ; and if its worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me ;
But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*.—
Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
Sir,—and so forth—why yes ; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact ;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
The truth of *that* you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case—
Where may I find him ?—Why, in such a place,
Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—
'Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard :
Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow ?—Not I !—
Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
Black crows have been thrown up, *three two and one*,
And here I find all comes at last to *none* !
Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all* ?
Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over—And pray, Sir, what was't ?—
Why, I was *horrid* sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was *as black*, Sir, as a crow.

Section IV.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn.
 While Memory stood sideways, half cover'd with
 flowers,
 And restor'd every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise—
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the
 wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear,
 And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds
 dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
 Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "O God thou hast bless'd me—I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now jarums his ear?

"Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky :
"Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are wringing his knell,
And the Death-Angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

Oh ! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and loves honey'd kiss

Oh ! sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
Unbless'd, and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet
be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea flower thy limbs shall be laid ;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll—
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
Oh ! sailor-boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul.

THE ORATOR.

Part IV.

DIALOGUES.

The player's profession,—
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
The strong felt passion bolts into his face,
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace !
To this one standard, make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret, learn to *Feel*;
Or fool, or monarch, happy or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthening oh !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes ;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

Chapter I.

Section I.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Hardcastle. Blessings on my pretty innocence ?
Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness ! what a
quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee,
girl ! I could never teach the fools of this age, that
the indigent world could be clothed out of the trim-
mings of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the mornings to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner, and in the evening, I put on my house-wife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement ; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss H. I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then to be plain with you Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son has set out, and that he intends to follow him shortly.

Miss H. Indeed ! I wish I had known something of this before. Dear me, how shall I behave ? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him ; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice ; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss H. Is he ?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss H. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss H. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss H. My dear papa, say no more, [kissing his hand.] he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And to crown all Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss H. Eh ! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss H. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there's still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flat-tery; and set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolyed! In the mean time, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we sel-dom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits, on the first muster. [Exit *Hard.*]

Miss H. This news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he puts last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—But I vow I am disposing of the husband be-fore I have secured the lover.

Section II.

CAREY'S LECTURE ON MIMICRY.

Patent and Dowlas.

Patent. Walk in, Sir; your servant, Sir, your ser-vant—have you any particular business with me?

Dowlas. Yes, Sir, my friends have lately discov-ered that I have a genius for the stage.

Pat. Oh, you'd be a player Sir, did you ever play?

Dow. No, Sir, but I flatter myself—

Pat. I hope not, Sir ; flattering one's-self is the very worst kind of hypocrisy.

Dow. You'll excuse me, Sir.

Pat. Ay, Sir, if you'll excuse me for not flattering you.—I always speak my mind.

Dow. I dare say you will like my manner, Sir.

Pat. No manner of doubt, Sir—I dare say I shall—pray, Sir, with which of the ladies are you in love ?

Dow. In love, Sir!—ladies ! [looking round]

Pat. Ay,—Miss Comedy, or Dame Tragedy !

Dow. I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, Sir.

Pat. Very well, Sir ; and where is your forte ?

Dow. Sir ?

Pat. I say Sir, what is your department ?

Dow. Department ?—Do you mean my lodgings, Sir ?

Pat. Your lodgings, Sir ?—no, not I ; ha, ha ha, I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess in the tragic walk—the sighing lover, the furious hero, or the sly assassin ?

Dow. Sir, I should like to play King Richard the Third.

Pat. An excellent character indeed—a very good character ; and I dare say you will play it well, Sir.

Dow. I hope you'll have no reason to complain, Sir.

Pat. I hope not. Well, Sir, have you got any favourite passage ready ?

Dow. I have it all by heart, Sir.

Pat. You have, Sir, have you ?—I shall be glad to hear you.

Dow. Hem—hem—hem—[clearing his throat.] What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground—I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death ; Oh ! may such purple tears, be always shed On those who wish the downfall of our house ; If there be any spark of life yet remaining Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Pat. Hold, Sir, hold—in pity hold, za, za, za, Sir,—Sir—why, Sir, 'tis not like humanity. You won't find me so great a barbarian as Richard ;—you say he had neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*,—now, Sir, you will find that I am possessed of all these feelings for you at present—I *pity* your *conceit*, I *love* to speak my mind ; and—I *fear* you'll never make a player.

Dow. Do you think so, Sir ?

Pat. Do I think so, Sir !—Yes, I know so, Sir ! now, Sir, only look at yourself—your two legs kissing as if they had fallen in love with one another ;—and your arms dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle [mimics him] 'pon my soul, Sir, 'twill never do,—pray, Sir, are you of any profession ?

Dow. Yes, Sir, a linen draper !

Pat. A linen draper ! an excellent business ; a very good business—you'll get more by that than by playing,—you had better mind your thrumbs and your shop—and don't pester me any more with your Richard and your—za, za, za,—this is a genius !—plague upon such geniuses I say.

Section III.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ADDISON AND DR. SWIFT.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a *minister of state*, and me a *divine*.

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right ?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent *bishop*, and I should have governed Great

Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye; so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom; but is there no danger, that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lords lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as Lord Wharton himself: or if the whigs had offended the *statesman*, as they unhappily did the *doctor*, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? pray let me ask you one question between you and me: if you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me; do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above.

You can no more get *that* from the king, than my lords the bishops can the *other*. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest ; so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail divine Hermes ! a question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

Mercury. Dr. Swift I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad ? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver ? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch ? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter ? Is Jack as mad still as ever ? I hear the poor fellow has almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called, Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them ; they would be excellent food for your tooth ; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal ; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skull. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus' teeth : one should not have thought it belonged to a man. Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner ; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respect due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer: but yet I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in unfolding the secret springs of the soul; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some

good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner :—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swoln too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble ; and the last, that, with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would have him also apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of indolent folly or petulent wit. But you Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium—Adieu : I must now return to my business above.

Section IV.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Enter Job THORNBERRY (in a night gown) and BUR.

Bur. Don't take on so—don't you, now pray, listen to reason.

Job. I won't.

Bur. Pray, do.

Job. I won't. Reason bid me love my child, and help my friend :—what's the consequence ? my friend has run one way, and broke up my trade ; my daughter has run another, and broke my—No she shall

never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she sha'n't know she made me.

Bur. Well, but, master —

Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop when the fat church-wardens starved you at the work-house — hang their want of feeling for it ; — and you were thumped about, a poor unoffending, ragged rumped boy, as you were — I wonder you hav'n't run away from me, too.

Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never miss'd a morning.

Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods ; — you won't have the trouble any longer.

Bur. Trouble ! look ye, old Job Thornberry —

Job. Well ! What, are you going to be saucy to me, now I am ruined ?

Bur. Don't say one cutting thing after another. You have been as noted, all round our town, for being a kind man, as being a blunt one.

Job. Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger — they'll find it right. I began upon a little : I made that little great, by industry ; I never cringed to a customer, to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill, for long credit ; I earned my fair profits ; I paid my way ; I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend will be seventeen shillings in the pound. I wish every tradesman may clap his hand on his heart, and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

Bur. 'Twas I kept your ledger all the time.

Job. I know you did.

Bur. From the time you took me out of the work-house. *Job.* Psha ! rot the work house !

Bur. You never mentioned it to me, yourself, till to-day. *Job.* I said it in a hurry.

Bur. And I've always remembered it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been found faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the work-house

boy, after clothing, feeding, and making him your man of trust, for two-and-twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you, now you are in trouble.

Job. (Affected) John, I beg your pardon. (Stretches out his hand.)

Bur. (Taking his hand.) Don't say a word more about it. *Job.* I—

Bur. Pray, now, master, don't say any more! come, be a man! get on your things; and face the bailiffs, that are rummaging the goods.

Job. I can't, John: I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron, and brass, in my shop.

Bur. Nay, consider what confusion!—pluck up courage; do, now! *Job.* Well, I'll try.

Bur. Aye, that's right: here's your clothes. (Taking them from the back of a chair.) They'll play the deuce with all the pots and pans, if you aren't by. —Why, I warrant you'll do! bless you, what should all you?

Job. Ail me? When you have a daughter, John Bur, and she runs away from you, you'll know what ails me.

Bur. Come here's your coat and waistcoat. (Going to help him on with his clothes.) This is the waistcoat young mistress worked, with her own hands, for your birth day, five years ago. Come, get into it as quick as you can.

Job. (Throwing it on the floor vigently.) I'd as lieve get into my coffin. She'll have me there soon. Psha! rot it! I'm going to snivel. Bur, go, and get me another.

Bur. Are you sure you won't put it on?

Job. No, I won't. (Bur pauses.) No I tell you.

[Exit Bur.]

How proud I was of that waistcoat, five years ago! I little thought what would happen, now, when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours, to celebrate the day;—there was Collop, on one side of me, and his wife on the other; and my daughter,

Mary, sat at the further end—smiling so sweetly—like an artful, good-for-nothing—I shou'dn't like to throw away a waistcoat neither: I may as well put it on.—Yes—it would be poor spite not to put it on (*Putting his arms into it.*)—She's breaking my heart; but, I'll wear it, I'll wear it. (*Buttoning it, and crying involuntarily.*) It's my child's—She's undutiful—ungrateful—barbarous—but she's my child—and she'll never work me another.

Section V.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

DUKE, JULIANA, AND BALTHAZER.

Duke.—Put up you weapon, Sir—
'Tis the worst argument a man can use;
So let it be the last! As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife.

Balth. Lawful!—his lawful wife!
I shall go mad. Did you not basely steal her,
Under a vile pretence?

Duke. What I have done I'll answer to the law.—
Of what do you complain?

Balth. Are you not
A most notorious and self-confess'd impostor?

Duke. True! I am somewhat dwindled from the state
In which you lately knew me; nor alone
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder,
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

Balth. How, Juliana?

Jul. 'Tis indeed most true.
I left you, Sir, a foward foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all.

But I have learnt this truth indelibly—
 'That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,
 Is the prime grace of woman ; and with that,
 More than by frowning looks and saucy speeches,
 She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,
 Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

Balth. Amazement ! Why, this metamorphosis
 Exceeds his own !—What spells, what cunning,
 What witchcraft has he employ'd !

Jul. None : he has simply taught me
 To look into myself : his powerful rhetoric
 Hath with strong influence impress'd my heart,
 And made me see at length the thing I have been,
 And what I am, Sir,

Balth. Are you content to live with him ?

Jul. Content !—I am most happy !

Balth. Can you forget your crying wrongs ?

Jul. Not quite, Sir :

They sometimes serve us to make merry with.

Balth. How like a villain he abus'd your father ?

Jul. You will forgive him for my sake !

Balth. Never !

Duke. Why, then, 'tis plain, you seek your own
 revenge,

And not your daughter's happiness !

Balth. No matter : I charge you on your duty as
 my daughter, follow me !

Duke. On a wife's obedience, I charge you, stir not !

Jul. You, Sir, are my father ;
 At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,
 A thousand recollections rise within me,
 To witness you have ever been a kind one :—
 This is my husband, Sir !

Balth. Thy husband : well—

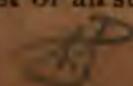
Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon means
 He us'd—I am irrevocably his :
 And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree
 To graft me on himself, he gather'd with me
 My love, my duty, my obedience ;
 And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly

To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours.

Section VI.

SPEECH OF ROLLA, FROM SHERIDAN'S PIZARRO.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No;—*you* have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you,—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*.—*They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder and extended rule—*we* for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—*we* serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns her friends. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—*they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—Yes such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them. They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour is the *people's choice*;—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy;—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us.





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